Saturday Review

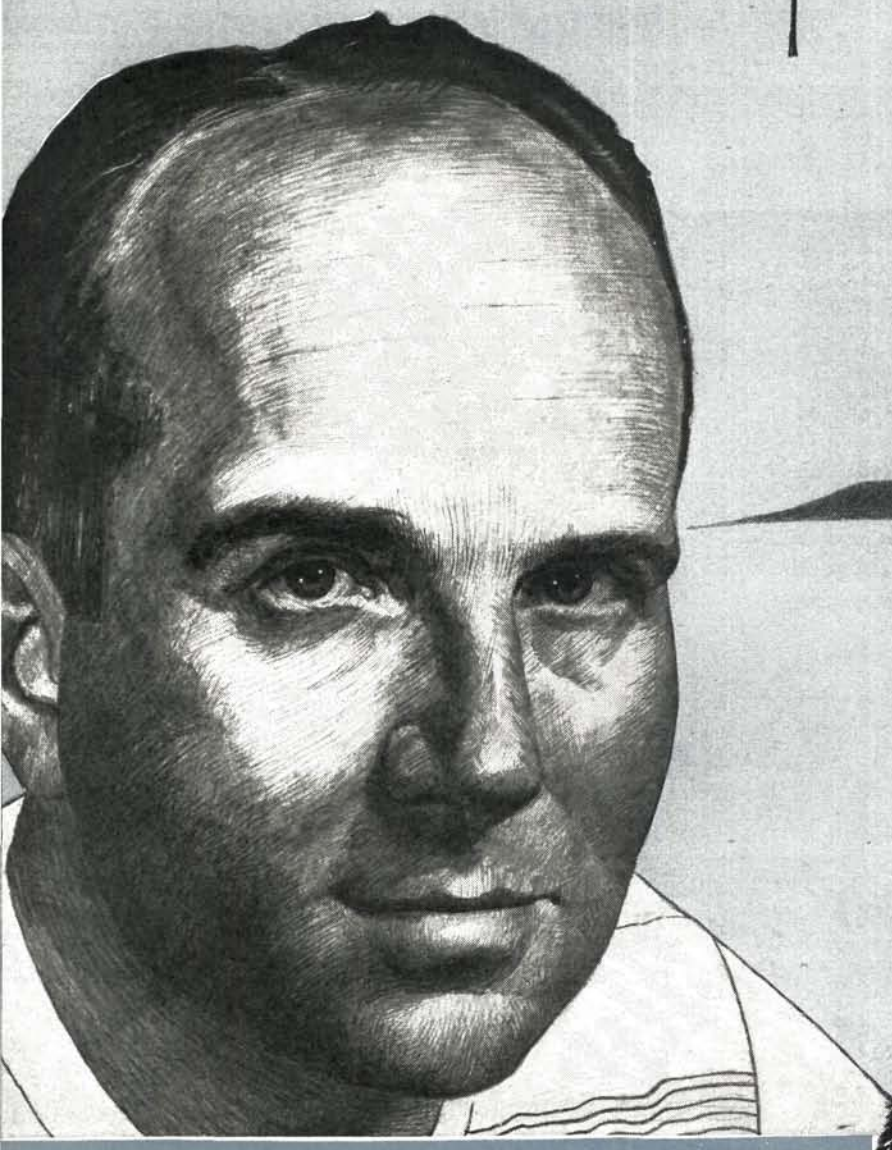
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS APRIL 28, 1951

BRITISH MUSIC BETWEEN FESTIVALS

By IRVING KOLODIN

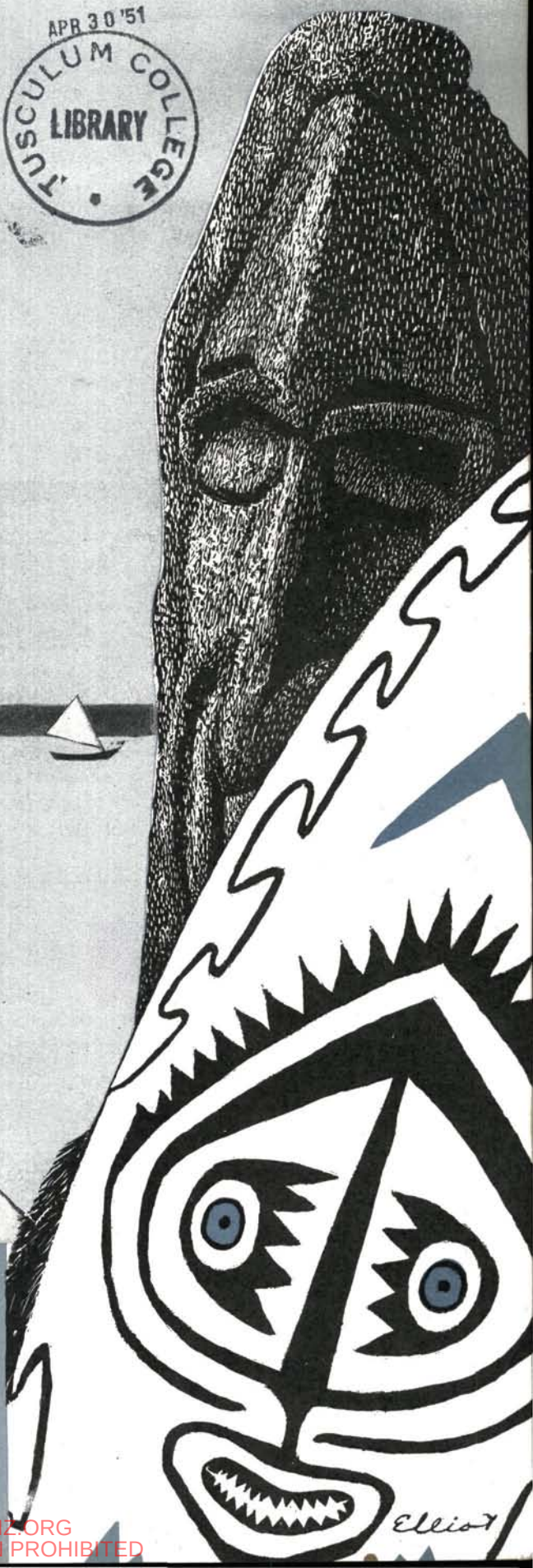
APR 30 '51
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
LIBRARY



James Michener, author of "Return to Paradise." *(See page 10)*

America—A to Zwieback

By BERGEN EVANS



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAIN ON the WIND

"These people are as natural as Irish sunlight after rain . . . these (episodes) are told as if I had seen them taking place," says EDWARD WEEKS in the Atlantic of this Literary Guild selection.

By Walter Macken

A theme of simple grandeur, and a setting as elemental as the theme, are found in this novel of the rivalry between a strong, humble Irish fisherman and his fair-haired and favored brother. "Bound to excite as few things do in a generation."—WILSON FOLLETT $3.00

One of the best in years . . .

Ancient History

By C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

Sweeping from prehistoric man to the death of Justinian, 565 A.D., this handy one-volume history paints a pageant of great civilizations and cultures, and tells the reasons for their rise and decay. One of the most outstanding works on ancient history to appear in years. *With over 220 splendid illustrations.* $8.00

Does socialism lead to tyranny?

The Socialist Tragedy

By IVOR THOMAS

A former English Laborite, now turned Conservative, tells why he believes socialism leads to tyranny, poverty, and finally to communism—showing its ill effects in the arts, religion, trade unions, science, etc. His book provides "interesting and provocative reading," says FOSTER HAILEY, *New York Times.* $2.75

What science knows about man...

Man is a Microcosm

By J. A. V. BUTLER

This illuminating book discusses the place of life in the universe; the nature of proteins, enzymes, vitamins, viruses, genes, and their function in the living organism; nerves and brain; the problems of how thought, creative activity and free will arise in a system of atoms and molecules. $3.00

The story of biology

The Bridge of Life

By AUGUSTO PI SUÑER, M.D.

Telling the fascinating story of biology, the science of life, this book takes the reader into the complex, delicate, and beautifully coordinated world of living matter, beginning with the cell and extending to human consciousness—and even as far as the border of the realm of metaphysics. $3.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

April 28, 1951

Cover Drawing by Lester Elliot

Features

AMERICA—FROM A TO ZWIEBACK
By Bergen Evans..... 8

SRL RECORDINGS FOR MAY.....45

Reviews

RETURN TO PARADISE
Reviewed by Robert Payne.....10

THE WEIGHT OF THE CROSS
Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue.....11

RAIN ON THE WIND
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....12

THE CHAIN AND THE LINK
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman..13

THREE MORE NOVELS OF RONALD FIRBANK
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman....14

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE
Reviewed by Van Meter Ames.....15

WORLD WITHIN WORLD
Reviewed by Horace Gregory.....16

SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Reviewed by Charles Angoff.....17

THIRTY YEARS WITH G. B. S.
Reviewed by William Irvine.....18

HENRY JAMES
Reviewed by C. Hartley Grattan....18

INTRODUCING THE UNIVERSE
THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE
Reviewed by Harrison Brown.....19

IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING?
MEN OF OTHER PLANETS
Reviewed by Willy Ley.....20

STATEMENT ON RACE
Reviewed by William C. Boyd.....30

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY CRYPT.....12

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....24

IDEAS ON FILM
By Cecile Starr.....26

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Hollis Alpert.....27

TV AND RADIO
By Goodman Ace.....28

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....29

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....35

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....36

LITERARY I.Q.....38

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....40

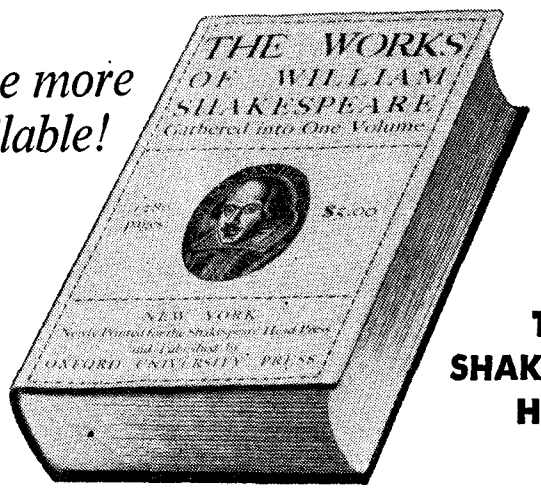
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 892.....44

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 17, April 28, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

Once more available!



THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD

Shakespeare

This giant volume contains, word for word, the authentic text of the great 10 volume *Shakespeare Head Edition* prepared at Stratford-on-Avon and privately printed at $75.00 for subscribers only. It includes all thirty-four plays, the Sonnets, and all the poems.

DESIGNED FOR EASY READING

This superb new edition is printed in large type, with luxuriously wide margins on lightweight opaque paper. Though there are 1,290 pages, the book is easy to hold without tiring the hand. It is bound in genuine buckram for a lifetime of use.

The plays are arranged in the order in which they were written, as defined by the latest research. They are thus revealed as a vital and growing organism, by means of which you can trace Shakespeare's developing personality and genius. Words and phrases whose usage is no longer familiar are explained in the authoritative Craig glossary. A special added feature of this edition is a short synopsis of each of the plays, and an outline of all that is known of Shakespeare's life, contributed by Sir Paul Harvey, editor of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature.*

"No one who is seeking a single volume of Shakespeare will go astray if, when he first sets his eyes on the Shakespeare Head Edition, he says to himself: 'I need look no further'."

—Boston Transcript

The Shakespeare Head Press Edition of

THE WORKS OF

William Shakespeare

edited by ARTHUR HENRY BULLEN

At all bookstores • $5.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Unquestionably the most brilliant novel of the spring season"*

THE DIVIDING OF TIME
"Written beautifully and mysteriously, promises to be a matter of violent discussion in literary circles . . . The wit and beauty of some of the passages are indescribable . . . A literary achievement of distinction."—*Harper's*

THE DIVIDING OF TIME
"There can be no doubt that it reveals great talent, perhaps the first major literary talent since Mr. Saroyan erupted with 'The Daring Young Man' . . . To review this book adequately one would have to be part priest, part lover and part psychoanalyst."—BASIL WOON, *San Francisco News**

THE DIVIDING OF TIME
"Beautiful — she has a brilliant style. Excites the reader to think, to recognize, to ponder. THE DIVIDING OF TIME has flavor, depth, freshness, and sunny clarity . . . showing a sure touch and unusual mastery of technique."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

"She writes like an angel."
—M.F.K. FISHER, *Los Angeles News*

Elizabeth Sewell's
THE DIVIDING OF TIME

One of the most unusual journeys in all fiction. *At all booksellers, $2.75.*

DOUBLEDAY

TRADE Winds

I INTERRUPT a series of rambling travelogues to take care of some of the notes that have been piling up on my desk.

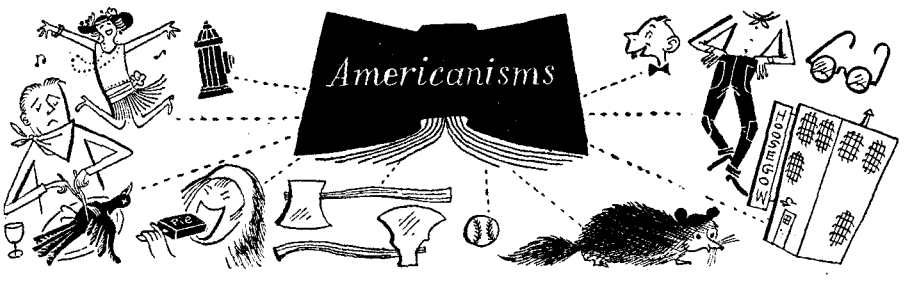
Reverberations of the recent National Book Awards have not died down. Over and over again people ask me, "How could the committee possibly have overlooked John Hersey's 'The Wall'?" I wish I knew, myself. I consider Hersey's novel one of the most memorable of the decade, a triumph in every respect. Obviously, I was pleased to see one of our own authors, William Faulkner, bring down the fiction prize, but, just as obviously, Faulkner's cup of honors was already overflowing, and furthermore not one of the collected stories for which he won the award was written during the year under consideration. The awards to Newton Arvin for non-fiction and to Wallace Stevens for poetry, on the other hand, were approved by everybody. Furthermore, the entire ceremony was conducted with dignity and distinction. Last year the committee in charge overreached itself and put on a flamboyant show that was out of keeping with its avowed purpose. Now, however, the National Book Awards are on the beam and in future years will grow in importance and influence. Pulitzer Prize awards once made the books chosen soar in the sales charts. National Book Awards will come to mean even more.

AFTER PUBLISHING over fifty mysteries by Erle Stanley Gardner, Morrow is going out on a limb by stating in cold type on the jacket that his new one, "The Case of the Fiery Fingers," scheduled for May 2, is "the best he has ever written." . . . Scribner is equally enthusiastic about the newly published "Hill of Fortune," a novel by Robert Wernick, motion-picture editor of *Life*. And Dial Press is beating the drums for Bob Presnell, Jr.'s "Edgell's Island." . . . Macmillan will publish Herbert Hoover's memoirs. The first volume, due in the fall, covers the former President's career through World War One. . . . Bertrand Russell's "Unpopular Essays" is turning out to be very popular indeed. One bookseller sent an urgent wire to S. and S. for "five copies of Russell's '*Unwritten* Essays.'" . . . When Kenneth Mumford, associate professor of English at Oregon State, whimsically chose to be late for his two P. M. freshman composition class in order to hear me speak in Corvallis (details next week) he prepared an assignment that could be handled by his students without his presence. On the blackboard he wrote, "Suppose that a rich uncle calls you this evening and invites you to fly to Europe with him immediately. Would you quit college —break all your dates—and go? Make your decision. Then analyze your reasoning and explain the course of action you would take. I'll see you before three. Teacher." When he reached the classroom it was deserted. Beneath his note on the board he found this message in large, scrawly capitals: "WE HAVE GONE TO EUROPE. THE CLASS." . . . Virgil Long reports that a neighbor entered a San Mateo bookshop with a female Dalmatian on a leash and explained, "I feel rather guilty about this poor dog. I had to have her adjusted today." Long interrupted, "Let's forget this Nice Nelly talk—and call a spayed a spade."

AN INVALUABLE REFERENCE work is the University of Chicago's new two-volume "Dictionary of Americanisms," edited by Mitford M. Mathews. The set is priced at $50, which sounds high but is really moderate in light of the fortune spent in preparation. It will repay the writer who acquires it a hundred times over. Its 2,000 pages include:

1. Words coming into the English language first in the United States. Examples: raccoon, linotype, automobile, gorilla, moron, appendicitis, Congressional, rocking chair, bifocals.

2. Words old in the English language which have acquired a new meaning in the United States. Examples: buffalo, refrigerator, amendment,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranger, faculty, addition, and baseball.

3. American nicknames and phrases coined in the United States. Examples: Big Ditch, Bean Eaters, Uncle Sam, ax to grind, pull up stakes, eat crow, by the great hornspoon, and (the booksellers' standby) let's play ball.

4. Firmly established slang expressions like jazz, hoosegow, baloney, hobo, whoopee, lolapaloosa, and pep.

5. Famous trade names and trademarks like Coca-Cola, Kodak, celluloid, Yale lock, escalator, victrola, BVDs, levis, Pullman, Colt, and even yo-yo and Eskimo Pie. . . . Another book that has proven itself of inestimable value around the house is Joseph Kane's "Famous First Facts" (H. W. Wilson Company), a fascinating collection of data with which to confound your visitors and authenticate your written words. [EDITOR'S NOTE: For more about "Dictionary of Americanisms" see Bergen Evans's article on page 8.]

THE AMERICAN Booksellers Association has two enormous drawing cards to spark its forthcoming convention in Cleveland. The Duke of Windsor will headline a luncheon on May 22. General Omar Bradley will address the banquet on the evening of the 23rd. . . . Farrar, Straus & Young have swallowed up Creative Age Press. . . . Charlie Morton, authentic wit and mainstay of *Atlantic* editor Ted Weeks's declining years, has delivered to Lippincott the manuscript of his new book, "How to Protect Yourself from Women and Other Vicissitudes." It's scheduled for September—and not a moment too soon. . . . Although "Joy Street" is still very much present on current best-seller lists, authoress Frances Parkinson Keyes, Messner's double-barreled answer to the television menace, is disinclined to rest on her laurels (slang for super-secretary Deanie). In fact, she's already half way through her next major opus. Pencil it in for Spring '52. . . . Samuel Gottscho's "Pocket Guide to Wildflowers" is an amazing Pocket Books value at thirty-five cents. The de luxe edition ($2.75) comes from Dodd, Mead. . . . The Signet edition of "The Naked and the Dead" is nearing the magic million mark; Bantam's "What Makes Sammy Run?" is already over it. . . . Marlboro College in Vermont has lined up a power house to officiate at its Fiction Writers Conference from August 19 to September 1. Partial list: Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Shirley Jackson, Fred Babcock, Olin Clark, Ludwig Lewisohn, John Farrar, Charles Jackson, Budd Schulberg, Roger Straus, Norman Mailer, Ed Stanley, Theodore Purdy, Elizabeth Page, Nick Wreden.

A DREAM PROJECT for next season, still on the drafting board, is a new

Selected for "SATURDAY REVIEW" readers

Invitation to the Theater

by Frank Hurburt O'Hara and Margueritte Harmon Bro. Why is a play a delight or a bore? How does it express the playwright's intention? Here is an authoritative, comprehensive "theater-guide" that provides the reader with a foundation for fuller understanding and enjoyment of the theater. Covering every aspect of the drama — ancient and modern, tragedy, comedy and review, it is a book to sharpen the critical faculties and aesthetic appreciation of every theater-goer, student and teacher of the drama. $3.00

How Good is Your School? A HANDBOOK TO HELP PARENTS

by Wilbur A. Yauch, Author of "Improving Human Relations in School Administration." This book is written for every parent and taxpayer who is concerned about the quality of his children's schooling. Meeting the country-wide need for methods of inquiry and proposal to improve our schools, it outlines the best current educational practices and makes practical suggestions for judging and improving the calibre of education in your community. $2.75

The Workshop Way of Learning

by Earl C. Kelley, Professor of Secondary Education, Wayne University. *John Dewey* says of this book: "After familiarizing myself with the activities initiated and conducted by the workshop as you have described it, I have concluded that it supplies the missing and much needed factor in development of the theory of progressive education. For it applies to the *training of teachers* the principles that have been set forth as applicable to and in the education of those under instruction." The first book to explain how this pioneering method of teacher education functions, what it is trying to do, and how well it has succeeded. $2.75

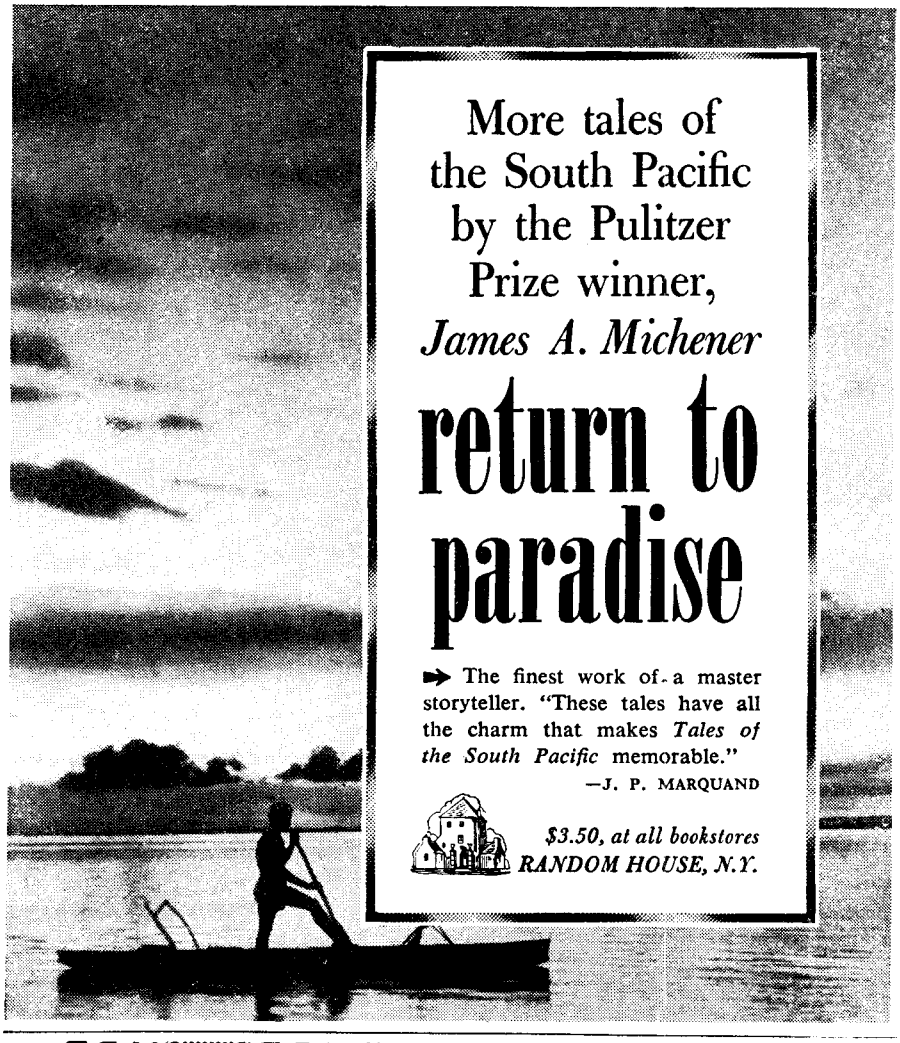
Pattern for Industrial Peace

by William F. Whyte, Professor, New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations, Cornell University. "Undoubtedly this is one of the most thorough and well-documented case studies of union-management relations ever written. It gives a live and vivid picture of day to day — and almost hour to hour — human relations in a medium-sized industrial establishment . . . It 'communicates' almost like a novel . . . a microscopic examination of union-management relations at its best."—*Frederick H. Harbison,* Professor of Industrial Relations, University of Chicago. $3.50

At your bookstore or from

33rd St. • HARPER & BROTHERS • New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



More tales of the South Pacific by the Pulitzer Prize winner,

James A. Michener

return to paradise

➡ The finest work of a master storyteller. "These tales have all the charm that makes *Tales of the South Pacific* memorable."
—J. P. MARQUAND

$3.50, at all bookstores
RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

His final volume of verse

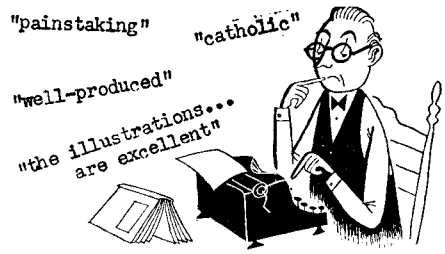
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT'S

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCENE

This last collection of poems by the late poetry editor of *The Saturday Review* shows his unique art at its full maturity. Varying in style from the narrative ballad to the short lyric, it will appear as a living souvenir to the fine artistry of a sensitive, gifted, and thoughtful man.

$3.00 wherever books are sold

Published by ALFRED · A · KNOPF, *New York 22*



comedy by George S. Kaufman and Abe Burrows, to serve as a starring vehicle for Fred Allen. . . . In "Lifemanship" Stephen Potter advises reviewers, "Friendly attacks should begin with faint praise, but be careful not to use adjectives or phrases of which the publisher can make use in advertisements. Safe faint praise adjectives are 'catholic' (too wide in treatment to be anything but superficial) or 'well-produced' (badly written). Also effective are 'painstaking' (dull) and 'the illustrations, of course, are excellent.'" . . . The Churchill memoirs, originally planned for five volumes, will run to at least six and possibly more. . . . What publishers are bidding for MacArthur's own story? Or, rather, what publishers aren't? If the rumored bids go any higher it will take the Federal Reserve to finance the project.

FASTEST SELLING Golden Book in the history of the series is "Dr. Dan, the Bandage Man," which offers in addition to an appealing text a half dozen adhesives with each copy. According to David Dempsey, Dick Simon wired a friend at the Johnson and Johnson Company, "Please ship two million band-aids immediately." Back came a telegram reading, "Band-aids on the way. What the hell happened to you?"
—BENNETT CERF.

The Seal of Shade

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

NOW on the broad expanse of green,
Our mutual scene,
Beside the shadow of the tree
My shadow falls again where it would be—
The actual shadow on the land,
Proof that today I stand
In level brilliance from the west
Upon the ground I love the best.

Beside the long transcription of the tree
Oh, stamp my shadow here perpetually,
Here to abide for me—
The seal, the shade
By body and the sunlight made,
Recurring record and avower
In which are woven presence and t
hour.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What cut would madam prefer?"

This young lady isn't actually having dinner, just a nightmare. (Probably went to bed hungry.)

But the situation is not as incongruous as it seems. Every time you pick your favorite cut of beef, there's a lot of "leftovers" in the background—the rest of the steer that has to be sold.

That's not for you to worry about, of course. But it is a problem for meat packers, retailers, and restaurants. In order to give you that choice sirloin or rib roast you want, around forty other retail cuts from the same animal must be sold—and sold fresh.

A glance at almost any restaurant menu or dealer's showcase will show you how it's done. Buying inducements in the form of price differentials give the less-wanted cuts an even break with those most in demand. This keeps the flow of the various cuts in balance, prevents waste, and gives every meat buyer an equal measure of value.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U.S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

America—from A to Zwieback

BERGEN EVANS

Bergen Evans

NO CONVICTION is more deeply rooted in the mind of the common man than that his particular vocabulary and pronunciation are a standard from which others deviate only through ignorance or affectation. Until a generation ago "Americanism" was a term of contempt among the educated on both sides of the Atlantic, and a dictionary of Americanisms would have been hailed as an elaborate joke or at best an exposition of vulgar errors. But that time is past. The bitterest Blimp must now concede America's greatness, and the most peevish purist must grant, however regretfully, that American ways of speech are now shaping English wherever it is spoken and that Americanisms must be taken seriously.

The "Dictionary of Americanisms,"* edited by Dr. Mitford M. Mathews, of the University of Chicago Press, supplies us at last with an authoritative collection of the vast additions to the English language which have originated on this side of the Atlantic. Many had assumed that this was the function of the "Dictionary of American English," edited by Sir William Craigie (with Dr. Mathews's assistance) and published in 1944. But the earlier work, attempting to treat English as spoken in the United States, was too grand (or vague) in design to have been successful. It would have had to include most of the contents of the "Oxford English Dictionary" (for there have always been Americans who have spoken and written correct standard English) *and* the contents of the "Dictionary of Americanisms"—whereas, actually, it did not include half of all this.

Dr. Mathews attempting less has accomplished more. Perhaps only an American and, indeed, only a backwoods American (Dr. Mathews, a backwoodsAlabamian, may have split more logs than Abe Lincoln) could have done the job. By confining himself to Americanisms he sought to produce not so much a competitor as a supplement to the "Oxford English Dictionary" and his work together with that dictionary and the "English Dialect Dictionary" constitutes a complete survey of the English language as spoken in the past and at present.

Americanisms differ from dialect forms in that their use is not confined to any particular region or class and in that they do not for the most part represent older forms abandoned by standard speech. They are, rather, new forms, aggressive, dominant, the very life and proliferation of the language. They fall into two classes: words which first came into the English language here and English words which have acquired a special meaning here.

Of words in the first class the most obvious are the Indian names (or what were thought to be the Indian names) for the native flora and fauna—tobacco, persimmon, opossum. Then we Americans have been inventive, and our new devices needed new names—bifocals, harmonica, mimeograph. We have made contributions to science—appendicitis, tularemia, moron. We are grandiloquent and dearly love a highfalutin euphemism, with our grave morticians and o'ertaxed cuspadorians. We have eaten strange foods—*succotash* and *pumpernickel*—and found them worthy of their names. And we have been vastly disrespectful, great lovers of verbal horseplay (which, in part, accounts for the grandiloquence), crying nerts, phooey, and bunk, to the indignation of learned dons.

With the exception of the indigenous names these same tendencies have produced the second class of Americanisms. The American robin and polecat, for example, are not the same animals as the European robin and polecat, but the one looked and the other smelled sufficiently like their old-world counterparts to justify transferring the names. And in a like manner new objects, new circumstances, and new customs gradually forced new meanings into old words until they were wholly changed.

OF THE 50,000 terms which the "Dictionary of Americanisms" lists as peculiarly American only about sixteen hundred are borrowings from other languages. We boast of America as the melting pot of nations and of cultures, but, apparently, the pressures toward conformity are very great. When one thinks, for instance, of the number of Greeks in the United States it is curious that all of the Greek words in our vocabulary (about fifty) are learned inventions — telegram, thermos, melodeon, and the like. We do not seem to have taken any words from the Greeks who are a part of us.

It may be, of course, that there is a lag between the adoption of a word and its appearance in a dictionary such as this, where each entry must have passed into printed use. The first generation of immigrants is isolated from common association by its inability to speak the language of the new land.

*A DICTIONARY OF AMERICANISMS ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Edited by Mitford M. Mathews. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Two volumes, 1946 pp. $50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The next generation, which may include in its speech many words from the old tongue, is not likely to produce many writers. It is the third generation, fully Americanized but still to some extent not fully accepted as Americans, that is likely to voice its thoughts in an English colored with words from the grandparents' language. And it is not until the writings of this generation are established that these terms are likely to appear in a dictionary. So it may be that there just hasn't been enough time yet for the effects of the great immigration of seventy and eighty years ago to show in lexicons. Thus, a number of the terms which "Studs Lonigan" shows us were in common use in South Chicago in the Twenties, probably introduced a generation before, would not appear in dictionaries until the Forties, when "Studs Lonigan" had become sufficiently established as a classic to be consulted. It is true that Dr. Mathews and his staff drew many of their illustrations of usage from the daily papers, but newspapers, for all their self-delusions to the contrary, are conservative in matters of speech.

The greatest number of our borrowings are from the Spanish—then, in descending order of their frequency, from the Indians, the French, the Dutch, and the Germans. Few other languages (except Latin and Greek, learned coinages from which are not exactly borrowings) have made any significant contributions. The large number of Spanish words is due to our having incorporated—in Florida, Louisiana, Texas, the Southwest, and California—a number of areas in which Spanish was the established language. These areas differed in many ways from the rest of the country and had many Spanish names which it was easier to adopt than to supplant. Texas and California, at least, had almost from the beginning a self-consciousness that led them (despite their contempt for the genuine Spanish-speaking elements in their populations) to stress their differences—and these differences were chiefly couched in Spanish terms which have acquired a romantic but preserving gloss of synthetic romance, such as adobe, arroyo, mesa, lariat, and buckaroo.

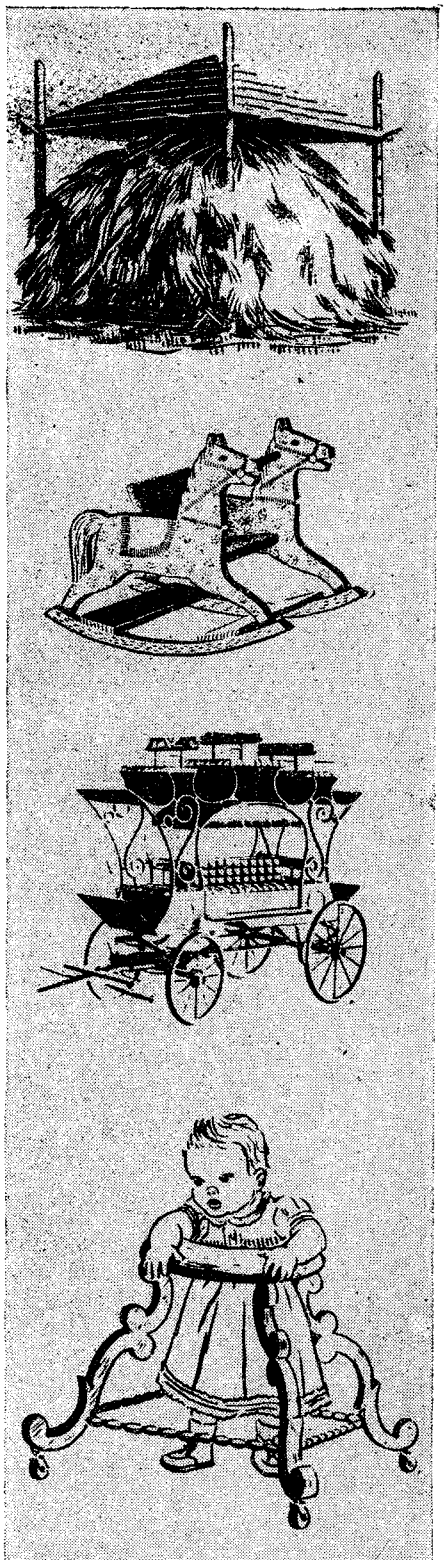
NAMES of places, of plants, and animals comprise the chief borrowings from the Indian languages. But the ways of etymology are devious, and a few Indian words have in time reached strange destinations. Thus the convivial hooch is derived from the unconvivial Hootchinoo, who inhabit the bleak coast of Admiralty Island off Alaska. Muckamuck is Chinook and tuxedo is Algonquin. That does not mean, of course, that Miles Standish came on a band of braves in deerskin dinner jackets. The Tuxedos were a subtribe of the Algonquins, who gave their name to a certain place in New York where, later, a fashionable hotel was built, at which hotel some ultra-fashionable gentlemen abbreviated their tail coats.

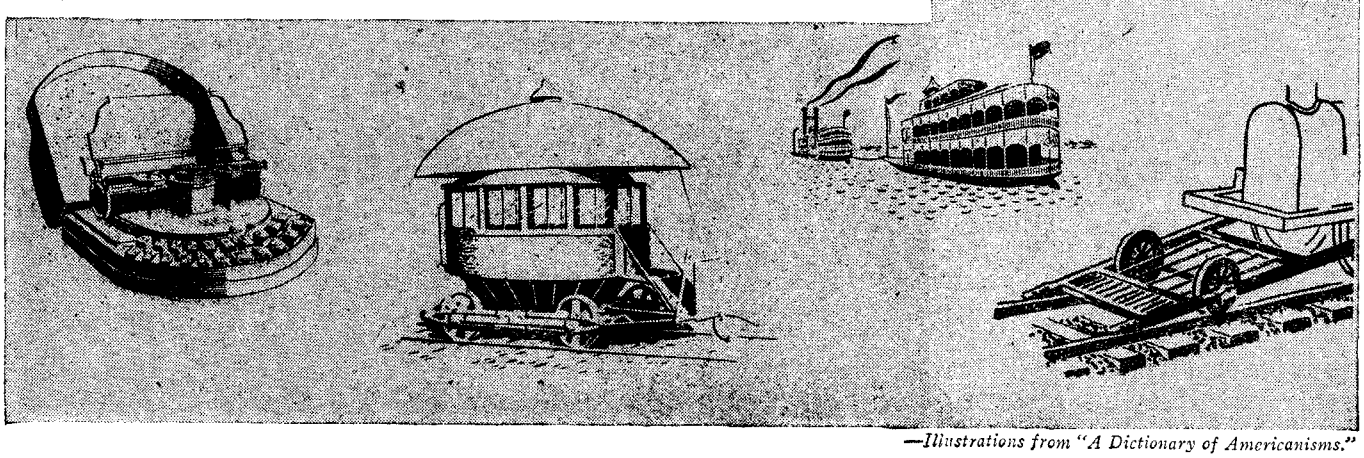
The mass of our French borrowings came from frontier contacts and even yet in such words as detour, prairie, mackinaw, portage, and toboggan suggest the *coureurs de bois* and the great missionary fathers. A curious French word imbedded in our colloquial speech is sashay from *chassé*.

The Dutch borrowings in contrast are domestic, suggestive of well-fed warmth and snugness—waffle, cooky, cruller—with comic overtones, as though this concern with comfort on the fringe of the wilderness were slightly ludicrous. Spook is a borrowing from the Dutch (apparently it was hard to take a dead Dutchman seriously) and so is Santa Claus. Pŏppycock is from the Dutch, too. It meant "soft dung" and was probably taken over as a euphemism to replace its English equivalent, which, however, still flourishes in the vernacular.

The German borrowings are also homely and everyday—wieners, pretzels, hunk, and dunk. Whether the ubiquitous -burger—lopped off hamburger by folks-etymology and false division and now applied, as in cheeseburger, beefburger, nutberger, turtleberger, to almost anything that can

(*Continued on page 38*)





—Illustrations from "A Dictionary of Americanisms."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *In his new book, "Return to Paradise," James Michener goes on telling us of the undiscovered East between China and California. It includes short stories reminiscent of Somerset Maugham and a magnificently told recital of his travels through the islands and lands of the Pacific. An Irish novel, "Rain on the Wind," by Walter Macken, is destined for a wide audience, for it is a lyrical, intense, and often humorous story of love, death, and storms at sea. Those who remember the exotic fascination of Ronald Firbank's satirical and fantastic novels thirty years ago may now rediscover him in "Three More Novels" containing "Vainglory," "Caprice," and "Inclinations." "The Chain and the Link" is a worthwhile novel of Jewish life in Europe during the days of Napoleon, by a new author, David Miller. Robert O. Bowen's "The Weight of the Cross" is a stunning autobiographical novel of Japanese war prisons.*

South Pacific Revisited

RETURN TO PARADISE. By James A. Michener. New York: Random House. 437 *pp.* $3.50.

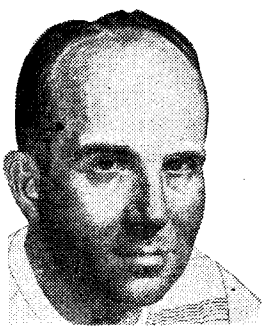
By Robert Payne

WHEN James Michener wrote "South Pacific" he was a neophyte, with few illusions about his lack of strength. A musty and gregarious sentimentality was painted thickly over the landscape, and too often he gave the impression of jogging the reader's elbow with a whispered: "Well, it was more or less like that, don't you think? I'm doing my damndest to be convincing."

He was not altogether convincing, perhaps because he was too close to the things he had suffered to be able to visualize them with precision. He rambled interminably and he told stories as they are told in bars in the Far East. If the stories gained a kind of strength from their happy blur it was nevertheless a synthetic strength compounded of the South Pacific islands—but also of the Deep South. The South Pacific merged imperceptibly and unreasonably with moonlight and magnolia; and his fat Mammas possessed a curious resemblance to the lady who was so often eulogized by Al Jolson. It was perhaps inevitable that those stories should have become in the end a wholly improbable musical play.

With "Return to Paradise" Mr. Michener puts away childish things. The passage from childhood to maturity has not been painless. Some indication of the struggle he has passed through is given by the shape of his new book, which contains chapters on his Pacific travels interspersed with short stories, so that at times he gives the impression of a man who has written two books and then decides to muddle the pages and jam them all together under a single title. Some vestiges of childhood remain, for the stories are bunk. It is when Mr. Michener describes his travels that he is most convincing; and the mature eye, selecting fragments of experience from the past and then setting them against the present, possesses a splendid power of evocation. One elbow is still on the bar-counter, but the things he sees through the open doorways are magnificently told.

The book is mistitled. Mr. Michener is at pains to explain that Paradise is no longer Paradise. The rot has set in; the Indians have conquered Fiji; New Zealand is suffering from shock; Australia is aping Main Street; the remotest atolls are in the process of conversion—into what? Mr. Michener is not quite sure, but the scent of corruption hangs everywhere except in his beloved Tahiti and a few other islands. The book should perhaps have been entitled "Return of the Prodigal"; but the old father has almost forgotten the features of his son and the son rarely tastes the fatted calf. But when—and it happens more often than one might expect—the splendid dishes are placed before him he gives a good account of himself. His evocation of Tahiti is superb; the chapter on Rabaul, with its calm recital of massacres and volcanic explosions, is nearly as good; he can even make the Australians credible. A very human warmth is poured into those chapters where he simply walks around the countries of the South Pacific and



THE AUTHOR: How fundamentally reading can change a man has been long debated. But James Michener is at present testimony to the fact that it can at least keep a man from finishing a garage. From a *National Geographic* article about Central Asia read avidly around 1920 by a boy in Bucks County, Pa., to an unfinished garage in that same county, 1951, there's a straight line, though the intervening bypaths may seem devious—viz., such exploits as a cross-country bumming trip when he was fourteen, a stint of acting with Chautauqua, Swarthmore College on a scholarship, some traveling in Europe, teaching at the George School in Pennsylvania, various other teaching posts including Harvard, some editing with the Macmillan Company. Then came World War II, and waiving his Quaker principles he enlisted in the Navy. The rest is history—his long love affair with things Asian bore fruit and his Pulitzer-prize "Tales of the South Pacific" comes to life every night except Sunday at 8:30 sharp in New York's Majestic Theatre as "South Pacific" and Mary Martin's shampoo. As for the garage: after the war he had only one desire—to live quietly in Bucks County. He built himself a home—but no garage. In 1949 he was invited to return to the South Pacific for eight months. Back home again he built the garage, but before he could get the car in it the *Herald Tribune* asked him to tour Asia. Home once more, he started to paint the garage—but a 10,000-mile tour of the U. S. presented itself. On that tour now, he is speaking on two things closest to his heart (aside from the garage)—the relation of Asia to America and our promising younger writers—"I am very bullish on Frederick Buechner, James Jones, Nelson Algren, and John Hersey." He thinks the great novel of the Pacific War is still to be written. He would like to write like James Gould Cozzens or Robert Penn Warren; "of the past writers I prize most Willa Cather, Dreiser, and Frank Norris." He has a deep hope that the book he will "do two from now may be very good." . . . And of course—the finishing touches on that garage. —K. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listens to people talking about their jobs, their joys, and their fears.

In the stories conventional drama is paramount. It is a pity, for there is more drama in the wayward confidences of the people he met than in the plotted things he built up in his own mind. The stories must fend for themselves. Only the tale of a quite ordinary New Zealand family caught up in the horrors of the war is fairly credible, but even this he spoils by chopping off the head of the most appealing of the girls in the last few pages: not that *grand guignol* is ever improbable but Mr. Michener has not succeeded in giving us the measure of probability. Many of the stories come from stock. The shadow of Somerset Maugham hangs heavily over them.

But a critic should not insist on faults when there are superlative excellences. James Michener knows the ways of the East—that still undiscovered East which lies between the coasts of China and California. He has the sense of being at home there and at the same time, haunted by the past, the recent past when warships filled the bays and when airstrips on desolate islands were stepping stones for conquest.

But what was really conquered? He half hints that the conquest was like Alexander's, so quick and dreamlike that it faded with the morning mists. He sees Asia sprawling over the Pacific. There are signs and portents. He enumerates them carefully, weighs them in the balance, comes to few conclusions—but those conclusions are important and admirably stated. Desperately he had wanted to tell stories; but the best story of all is given in his final paragraph, where he says:

> The Pacific Ocean . . . is the highway between Asia and America, and, whether we wish it or not, from now on there will be an immense traffic along that highway. If we know what we want, if we have patience and determination, if above all we have understanding, we may insure that the traffic will be peaceful, consisting of tractors and students and medical missionaries and bolts of cloth. But if we are not intelligent, or if we cannot cultivate understanding in Asia, then the traffic will be armed planes, battleships, submarines, and death. In either alternative we may be absolutely certain that from now on the Pacific traffic will be a two-way affair. I can foresee the day when the passage of goods and people and ideas across the Pacific will be of far greater importance to America than the similar exchange across the Atlantic. Asia must inevitably become more important to the United States than Europe. That is why we must do all that we can to understand Asia. That is why it is stupid folly to look upon the South Pacific as a lecher's paradise or a wastrel's retreat. It has become, especially as it leads to New Zealand and Australia, one of our highways to the future.

A Man Goes Free

THE WEIGHT OF THE CROSS. By Robert O. Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 369 *pp.* $3.50.

By Thomas Sugrue

WHEN the Japanese Army set up its program of prison camps for American and British soldiers there was surely no notion in its mind that as a by-product of malnutrition, forced labor, and poor sanitation there would emerge a sizable reclamation of Christian souls. The Imperial Staff would have been disturbed at the idea of such a phenomenon, and Shintoist philosophers would have been moved to thoughtful essays by news of it. It happened, of course, because imprisonment by the Japanese simulated conditions of discipline and suffering which only the most dedicated of mystics have ever before had the will to impose upon themselves. Since among any group of men there are a few with potentialities for the spiritual life, when these were forced by imprisonment to accept the problem of subduing the flesh they rose to it and succeeded in uncovering the talent for integration and quiet which latently had from the beginning of life been within them.

In "The Weight of the Cross," a powerful, balanced, only occasionally uneven first novel, Robert O. Bowen has written the case history of one such potential mystic, an American sailor who in the POW camps of the Philippines dug out from his consciousness the identity of himself and exorcised from it the succubi and the incubi which had kept him in the freezing isolation of paranoia.

—*From "The Weight of the Cross."*

On the seventh of December 1941 Tom Daley, a Bridgeport boy who joined the Navy early and who had been in the Pacific too long for his own good, was in the psychopathic ward of a Naval hospital in Manila. His roommate was a boy called Gaddy. Gaddy had tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists; Tom had jumped from his destroyer and was swimming away from it when hauled back, and as he got on deck again he had tried to kill his captain. When the Jap planes came he and Gaddy were evacuated to another hospital, and then, determined to get into the fight, they walked away and went to Manila. From there they tried to walk to Bataan, but the Japs caught them, strung them up for a night by their thumbs, and started them on a round of prison camps which reached its climax at Butai, in the Port Area, where Tom and Gaddy and six hundred other prisoners worked at loading and unloading ships and looted food to keep them strong and free of beriberi and the sores and plagues which fasten on bodies that are worked too hard and fed too little.

Before their capture, when they were free together in the jungle, Tom and Gaddy had confessed their troubles to each other; both were renegade Catholics, both were guilt-ridden, isolated from all other humans, lost in jungles of their own making. Tom had always been alone, hating his father and mother, his employers, and himself; Gaddy had been alone since he lost the sister he loved to another man, her husband. Gaddy had at first been stronger than Tom and had kept him from exploding in destructive wrath against anyone who blocked his way; but in the camps Tom learned to care for others, and a natural aptitude for leadership and group organization grew in him from the necessity he was under for survival and the necessity he felt for keeping his companion alive.

Tom's sin had been against himself, the sin of isolation and retreat; when he reversed the direction of his identity and sent it outward to those who were trapped with him and for whom he developed a protective and identifying love his sin disappeared. Gaddy's sin was of a different sort—he could not evade it and he could not return from his awareness of it and after Tom had saved his life once he gave

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up trying and let himself die of malnutrition in the hospital at Bilibad prison. Tom tried desperately to win him back to a desire for life but failed.

Tom himself survived until liberation and went home on a transport to give himself up to the Navy as an escaped psycho. He didn't mind that, because he knew that the identification no longer fitted him. He had worn around his neck a cross the first person he had really loved—a Filipino prisoner named Pete—gave to him as a death gift; he had worn it until Gaddy died and then he had put it in Gaddy's hands. He had carried its weight and learned its lesson and now he was free and well.

Young Robert Bowen is a Bridgeport boy who served in the Navy and who was a prisoner of the Japs. He has used what is obviously autobiographical material but he has used it only for background and for the detail he paints in so skilfully and with such selection. The story itself, tender and bitter and deep, is from the single human plot of man against the wilderness of his exile, against the darkness which hides his identity. In a framework of reportorial realism this primary dilemma of self-consciousness is handled with artistry, a style that promises much, and an understanding already mature.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 410

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 410 will be found in the next issue.

RHAAGFULL GL

MUFUBGOGHT BIN CRU

MIEK MPC DNGUB

EUXUTIAL CRU AISUNL

IB CRU QGFE.

—QHNOUT ANIPLC.

Answer to Crypt No. 409

The world tolerates conceit from those who are successful but not from anybody else.

—J. BLAKE.

Love and Storm in Erin

RAIN ON THE WIND. By Walter Macken. New York: The Macmillan Co. 312 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

SO MANY contemporary Irish writers have turned to stark realism and have portrayed life under the Republic as barren and hard that, though critics have praised their work, the American reader has sometimes found their novels and stories difficult and unrewarding. The fault is ours, for no other small country has maintained over the last years a literature as excellent in style and characterization or so traditionally colored with poetic feeling. But it has been a minor literature, and we have felt that it has lacked force and passion and the romanticism usually associated with the villagers, the granite seacoast, and the hills of the Emerald Isle.

But Walter Macken's "Rain on the Wind" is an Irish novel that fulfills all of one's desires, for it is passionate in a mild and tender way and romantic in the best meaning of the word. It might be called without too much exaggeration a combination of "Wuthering Heights" and one of James Stephens's beloved novels; its people belong both to present and past.

Mr. Macken has a way with youths and girls and especially with small children that charms the heart of the reader. His style and language have a poetic quality in the emotional passages that creates the illusion of dialect without the use of unfamiliar words and patience-trying idiom. The humor is fresh and original, and although there is death and foreboding and shipwreck in the story there is no feeling of grim tragedy—death by accident or at sea becomes part of nature.

"Rain on the Wind" begins with two small boys in a fisherman's family, whose opposite natures illustrate the division between the old Celtic homeland and the new Eire now ruled by the heroes of the Revolution who have turned, as is the wont of heroes, into self-satisfied and doctrinaire officeholders. Only old Ireland's poverty remains, the immemorial wretched and crowded dwellings, the people poorly nourished.

Mico Mor, one of the sons, grows up to be tall and sturdy but there is a blight on him, the red, rough birthmark like an ugly stain that mars the left side of his face. Slow of speech, lacking his brother Tommy's brilliant but shallow mind, he wants only command of the old family fishing boat. His mother, to whom her son's disfiguration is linked with the ugly recollection of the agony with which she bore him, sends him away to an even poorer land, the wild Western seacoast where the fishermen are too poor to afford a bit of sail for the clumsy boats they row into the ocean. There Mico, now an overgrown lad of fourteen, falls in love on the traditional summer night when the young people dig for the glittering minute fish that yearly thrust themselves deep into the wet sand and the girls and lads go home with their arms around each other, a night of promise and fertility.

Mico's nature is full of love and human understanding, and the girl Maeve on his first meeting with her had said, "Sure the skin never matters. It's what's inside the skin that does." She was the first human being to speak to him of his disfigurement without malice. Maeve is destined to marry Mico's older friend; but when Mico leaves Connemarra he knows that he will never love another. He returns only once, and then a sudden storm, as frightful and overpowering as any sea disaster in recent fiction, kills his friend and leaves Maeve a widow. Later she comes to Galway and they are at last united.

The author of this lyrical and intense novel is by profession an actor as well as a writer of plays and novels. For years he acted and then directed the Galway Gaelic theatre. Galway-born, he has lived with the men and women and children who play their destined parts in "Rain on the Wind."

It is time, when nearly all novelists of his rank write in a mood of despair, for the appearance of a romantic writer who can combine a compassionate feeling for life with a passion for the beauty and the rages of nature. He has been able to recapture a melody that has been forgotten or out of favor, one that we need in our lives today. One of his critics has said of this novel, "It is exactly right and true and made to last . . . a perfect thing and a great thing of its kind."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Search of Self

THE CHAIN AND THE LINK. By David Miller. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 368 pp. $3.50.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE excellence of this novel may be described in several ways, chiefly in terms of its maturity and its integration, the latter especially. All of its materials have been mastered, absorbed, and re-created to form a whole that is alive and dominant in its own right, greater than its parts and dependent upon none of them. It is first of all a story of Jews and Jewish life and philosophy; yet the history of its central character, Ezra, is not swallowed up in that familiar melancholy tapestry of the Jewish tragedy which runs through all Jewish novels.

It is a story illumined by a vital culture, the Jewish Talmudic, here expressed in speech and parable and argument at the inevitable length—for Talmudic argument is like music: its phrases run their course through statement, development, variation, coda and accumulate shape and power in time, as music does. And yet this, too, takes its proper place in the novel, to enhance the story of Ezra, to make him a living and full-dimensioned man. This is the air he breathes and the meat upon which he feeds.

Finally, this is a story in history—specifically in the history of Napoleon's Europe at the time of his coming to power. We are offered several flaring and revelatory glimpses of the man Napoleon, and he is, in fact, presented as a man rather than as one more faded copy of the historic tintype (cocked hat, demonic glare, hand hidden in tunic). This is Napoleon studying the aspects of triumph and the meanings of power as triumph and power come to him and searching amidst the heat and haste of action for a clue to himself. What is he to reach for and what is he to do with what he grasps? It is a measure of Mr. Miller's maturity that the figure of Napoleon does not overawe him any more than the figure of Lipman the Child. He accords to both the analysis of the philosophic novelist.

They are both peripheral figures in the life of Ezra, son of Lipman and again a man in search of himself. Ezra is in childhood that phenomenon so dear to his people: the prodigy, the piping prophet who speaks with authority to his elders. His days and nights are spent in study and argument. His life is in the book of commentaries. His exercise is in endless response to the joyful thrusts of his teachers. Yet there is the nature of man within the pale scholar. There are intimations of flesh, dreams of lusts unknown. These crystallize about the concept of the bride to come, whoever she is to be, up to the moment when he is led at last to meet the bride that has been chosen for him, the obedient and happy Leah—and discovers he cannot leave his dreams to touch reality.

David Miller—"alive and dominant."

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Walter Macken—"lyrical and intense."

—*Borden Deal.*

Robert O. Bowen—"tender and deep."

Thus have been created the materials for this book's essential knot. Ezra is harassed by his contradictory impulses, by his training upon levels of intro- and retrospection. Now he stands paralyzed at the door to his own life, incapable of joy or acceptance, like any conflict-ridden neurotic. "If you look into yourself," says Reb Israel to Ezra, "you will find that you are torn constantly between a hatred of the world and a love of it. You want to rush toward the world and embrace it courageously, and at the same time you feel driven to flee from it in fear . . . you swing in ceaseless motion between love and hate, between acceptance and rejection, between trust and distrust, between desire and undesire. Each emotion struggles with its opposite . . . yet out of the marriage of these opposing qualities a harmony can emerge; and out of the harmony an inner wisdom; and out of the wisdom a compassion that you can show to others."

Here is the theme: a man's passage from distrust and self-contempt to harmony and wisdom and compassion. This is the grail toward which Ezra pushes with Leah beside him, whom he fears and hates and pities and violates and clings to by turns. Leah is indeed the chain that binds him and the link that leads him to peace. This is, it seems to me, a remarkable history of inner travail. No clash of arms could strike more terror to the heart than certain instants of this naked clash of souls in search of a distant consummation of love.

I cannot foresee that this will be a popular novel, since it has nowhere in it the necessary concessions to entertainment or to sensation. Its values are metaphysical rather than romantic. There is love enough here, but it is certainly not a love story. It is more like one of those medieval dialogues between Body and Spirit, made modern and immediate since the two are housed in this instance within the one unwilling and tormented frame. There is the commentary of Jewish philosophy running alongside always, in song and parable and Talmudic speech. Music of custom, profundity of thought, and the agony of one man in search of self are firmly knit to make a book of special worth. I am conscious of pride in commending David Miller to his readers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From the jacket of "Three More Novels."

Giddy and Gay

THREE MORE NOVELS OF RONALD FIRBANK. New York: New Directions. 426 pp. $5.

By Ben Ray Redman

ERNEST JONES begins his introduction to this delightful trio of Firbank's novels with the challenging statement: "Ronald Firbank is a better and a more serious writer than it has ever been fashionable to suppose." This assertion ignores a fact and makes a claim that can be defended only within strict limitations. It ignores the fact that it was once fashionable to suppose that Firbank was a very fine writer indeed. And as for his being serious, it is possible to call him that only if one is thinking exclusively of his devotion to the art of manipulating words. In this activity, certainly, he was serious. But the subjects on which he spent his extraordinary verbal skill, the gay and giddy contents of his elaborately finished forms, were as far as possible from being serious. One may even suspect that he was never happier than when he was saying nothing—or almost nothing—quite perfectly, while impishly conveying the impression that he must be saying much more.

A year or so ago a reading generation that had previously lived in unblessed ignorance of Firbank's unique charms was given a chance to enjoy them by the publication of "Five Novels"—the five being "Valmouth," "The Flower Beneath the Foot," "Prancing Nigger," "Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli," and "The Artificial Princess." Now New Directions gives us a second Firbank collection containing "Vainglory," "Inclinations," and "Caprice." These are the novels that he wrote in 1915, 1916, and 1917, after some early fumblings towards his mature manner and themes. All three are delightful and full of bits and pieces of writing as fine as anything he was to compose during the few remaining years of his life. "Bits and pieces" is a phrase used advisedly, for the parts of a Firbank novel are usually greater than the whole.

"Vainglory" is largely concerned with the efforts of Mrs. Shamefoot to memorialize herself in a cathedral window. "Inclinations" tells how little Mabel Collins went to Greece with a Sapphic soul named Geraldine O'Brookomore and — rather treacherously, perhaps—acquired a husband and a baby. "Caprice" recounts the tale of Miss Sarah Sinquier's sudden and fatal plunge into theatrical and bohemian London. In all these bizarre histories the subtly shifting prose rhythms afford constant pleasure, the choice of words is often inspired, and the play of the author's lambent wit reminds one of the effect of sunshine on rippling water. As always, Firbank suggests more than he says. As usual, he pointedly prepares certain scenes, builds toward them carefully, and then leaps gaily past them, leaving them unwritten but making the reader acutely aware in retrospect of their nature. He abounds in unfinished sentences, hints, allusions, and sly anacolutha.

As I have said before in these pages, it is unkind to Firbank to claim for his satirical-farcical-fantastical little books an importance that they do not possess or to credit him with a seriousness that was alien to his nature. But it has been proved already that readers who enjoyed and admired him greatly thirty years ago can read him with no less admiration and enjoyment today; and such proof gives promise of further survival. Firbank's brief novels, like those of Thomas Love Peacock, stand well apart from the broad highway of English fiction—although Peacock and Firbank are far from standing together—and it may well be that "Vainglory" and its successors, no less than "Crotchet Castle" and its companions, will be cherished through many years by delighted and devoted readers.

Fiction Notes

MR. TILLEY TAKES A WALK. By Bradford Ropes and Val Burton. Austin-Phelps. New York. $2.75. The fact that the authors are Hollywood writers of long standing seems the best explanation of why this novel reads like a grade-C movie. An ineffectual story in print, it is questionable whether a cast of Academy Award winners could make it palatable on the screen. Although "both writers were impressed by the universality of the central character" I doubt if any self-respecting postman would claim kinship with George Augustus Tilley. Nor is it likely that any one mail carrier would find such a collection of eccentrics on his route unless it happened to include an asylum for the mentally weak. This is not meant to imply that Mr. Tilley's friends on Boston's Beacon Hill are any more amusing than their postman. On the contrary the Endicotts, Peterkins, Channings, and Frothinghams compose a rather pathetic group of museum pieces.

Mr. Tilley is a do-gooder who stubbornly sticks his neck out while performing various kindnesses for the Louisburg Square crowd. After falling in love with Cornelia Endicott he doesn't manage quite so well for himself. Their romance progresses until Papa Endicott decides that a South Side Bostonian would not make the most proper of sons-in-law. Tricked into believing Tilley betrayed her, Cornelia goes abroad, marries an alcoholic cousin, bears him a daughter, returns to Boston, and remains antagonistic to the faithful postman until the end of the story. When her daughter finally marries a boy from the wrong side of the tracks Cornelia declares an armistice and rewards Tilley with her friendship. The reader, however, will have to seek rewards elsewhere.

—Joseph M. Grant.

THE CONQUEROR. By John Tebbel. Dutton. $3. The French and Indian Wars of our own Colonial times are in high favor this season as the setting for Technicolored costume romances. John Tebbel has chosen to exercise his fancy on the story of William Johnson. Johnson is portrayed here as an Irish lad of infinite wit and charm, who came to the Colonies in 1737, seduced the wife of his uncle, went on to become a fur trader in the Mohawk Valley, established himself there as a trusted friend of the Indians, and finally as a knighted "Soldier of the King" became a heroic leader in the bitter war between the French and the English.

Mr. Tebbel, a newcomer to the field of costume romance, apparently found all the more plausible heroes preempted. Certainly he has labored mightily to make his William Johnson both historically palatable and fictionally interesting. Historically he has kept all the dates straight. He has mentioned all the battles to be found

(Continued on page 40)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belles-Lettres.

Like writers in fields as disparate as the fine arts and pure science, critics of literature have discovered that they find a readier and more attentive audience if they approach their subject biographically. Stretches of esthetic evaluation are always more palatable if liberally spiced with gossip and anecdote. An influential school now contends that the biographical approach is valid not only for its reader-catching qualities but also because the sociological facts of a writer's life inevitably shape his work. (About this Charles Angoff has some provocative things to say on page 17.) The five major books reviewed below all approach literature biographically. F. W. Dupee's "Henry James" comes closest to pure criticism. But there is valuable self-evaluation in "The Journals of André Gide" and Stephen Spender's "World Within World"; while tucked amid the trivia and vital statistics of Blanche Patch's "Thirty Years with Bernard Shaw" and Irving Howe's "Sherwood Anderson" are many valuable critical insights.

The Great Disturber

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE, Vol. IV. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 341 *pp.* $6.

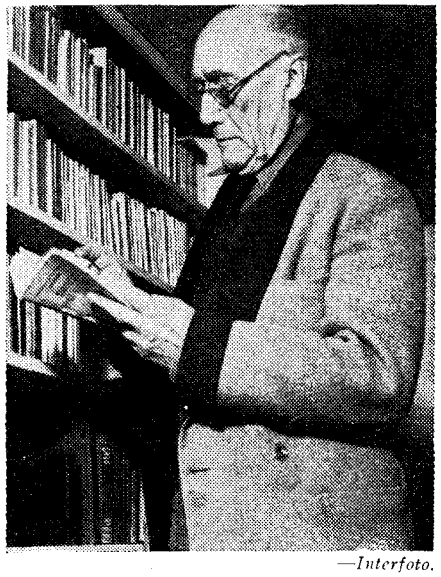
By Van Meter Ames

GIDE SAYS: "Nothing excellent can be done without leisure." While his life was free of the need to make a living, the jotting down of his days was removed from what he lived for, a leisure of the second degree. He lived to write as carefully as he could; he kept a diary to write as carelessly as he was able. He could not help being a perfectionist. To the end he noted grammatical faults in great writers yet envied those who could dash off their thoughts without retouching. He admits even polishing his "Journal" for publication. And this fine translation of the final volume, again with helpful notes and explanatory list of persons mentioned, reads as if written in English.

To write well, with or without care, was not just pride with Gide. Primarily a moralist, he wanted his writing to help people toward a good life. Many have gratefully felt that he succeeded. Some have attacked him as an immoralist because his views on sex cannot be accepted, his religious ideas are unconventional, several of his characters are immoral, and the aim of getting people to think by disturbing them is not easy to appreciate.

These last pages, covering the decade of 1939 to 1949, often dwell upon death—which came to himself on February 19, 1951, at the age of eighty-two. They reaffirm the humanistic religion he had arrived at after giving up orthodox Protestantism and rejecting Catholicism. That his humanism could not be shared with his wife was the drama of his life. In this volume he mentions again the suppression of sections concerning her yet once more makes plain that after the New Testament had united them the progress of his thought about it seemed impious to her.

There are passages showing his abiding interest in science. He would venerate its martyrs in place of the saints, though he is sobered in the hope of its solving all problems. He fears that many problems may not be solvable except through force. Still, he strives to avoid this outcome and believes that men could take the frightfulness out of life. His experience in France under Pétain and in the siege of Tunis of Hitler's use of force is a sore trial. He does not try to make himself out braver than he was or to hide moods that would be held against him. He is ashamed of his initial discouragement and submission and says conformity must always be resisted. Early in 1941 he dissociates himself from the famous magazine *La Nouvelle Revue Française* when he learns that its new editor is a Fascist, and he takes the risk of deflating a French book in praise of Hitler's new order.



—*Interfoto.*

André Gide—"primarily a moralist."

He wants to distinguish between his concern with social questions and his literary work. But what are the limits of literature? Does it include his "Journal"? Bulletins on the ups and downs of his health may be subliterary, yet they shade into meditations on death. He exclaims that literature is rubbish beside life. As a diary should, this one jumps. It tells his dependence on friendship, his anxiety about loved ones. Esthetic appreciations are frequent, and reflections on culture. He annoys the reader with what a boy does to annoy him. The great disturber himself no longer plays the piano for fear of bothering the neighbors, he who would put down any book for Bach. It is something to see him as a father proud of his child and baffled by her. What he had against French families was their blundering with the young.

For anyone who likes to read a chief interest is in the account of his prodigious reading: everything of value in French past and present; much in German; a surprising amount in English; fifty lines of Virgil's Latin every morning for therapy; all with comments and comparisons. He still loves the Bible. Reading about Hinduism, he cannot wish to lose in eternal Being the individual contours defined by his Western education. Yet the new social interpretation of Hinduism is akin to his humanistic Christianity. And he admires Gandhi.

Both men, the ascetic Hindu as well as the French defender of sensual pleasure and the gratuitous act, responded to the New Testament message of love. For Gide the gratuitous or utterly free act (which might take a frivolous or even criminal turn) could be refined to the capacity of such love. He says he gets on his knees before "the least act of self-consecration, of self-sacrifice, for others." Ten pages later he sees Gandhi rise above insoluble problems through selfless love, getting millions to join him. His death "is like a defeat for God." But death cannot be the last word for Gide. His favorite text was: ". . . if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Van Meter Ames, professor of English at the University of Cincinnati, is the author of "André Gide," a critical study.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Document of a Poet

WORLD WITHIN WORLD. By Stephen Spender. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 312 pp. $3.50.

By Horace Gregory

IN THE United States the reader of literary memoirs and belles-lettres is likely to be bewildered by Stephen Spender's new book of prose. But in London, where the presence of Spender has been well known for nearly twenty years, even the more obscure pages of his autobiography will shed further light on the activities of an Oxford group that in the 1930's held the center of new hopes for poetry. The almost gray, closely printed pages of his book fail to convey the erratic charms of one who was spoken of as the handsomest young poet in London; they fail to carry the clear image of Spender's tall, angular figure, his graceful head, his quick, boyish, heart-shaped smile, his turn of wit in reciting prejudices, and the brilliant, not quite candid stare from intensely blue eyes. Americans are not likely to know that Spender's uncle was J. A. Spender, an influential London journalist who edited the Liberal *Westminster Gazette* with desperate restraint and considerable skill; Americans are likely to forget that the attractive nephew of a celebrated man in London has easy access to its literary circles.

On this side of the Atlantic Spender's name has a slightly different set of associations. One of them is a popular book of poems published in 1933; the book was youthful and lyrical, and it contained a now-famous poem, whose opening line is: "I think continually of those who were truly great." Other associations were of the Left and Oxford, which in the early 1930's meant that a singularly opalescent aura of Communism arched like a rainbow over Spender's verse. This was refreshing and memorable, and at the moment of arrival very new. What may puzzle Americans reading Spender's autobiography is the following passage on page two:

> If, lying in bed awake, there were times when I regretted not having my arms extended on a cross with rusty nails driven through my hands, there were others when I craved for a savagery, a demonism which seemed to have gone out of the world. I should have liked to have gone naked with Picts and Celts, painted in woad or clothed in pelt and rags, shameless around fires or in dark caverns.

The writer is obviously a person who once held to extreme and strange desires, quite as if he were a St. Sebastian in undress, and one who might all too readily be wounded by the arrows of self-pity. Fortunately, this uneven book is not all like that; there are scenes of his meeting W. H. Auden at Oxford, of his holidays with Christopher Isherwood in Germany, of his visiting Leonard and Virginia Woolf at their house in Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury, London. Not the least important of these sketches is the portrait of T. S. Eliot as the kindly, discriminating friend of younger poets. All these details are of amusing interest to future literary historians.

Sincerely felt as it may well have been (and there are many passages in the book which offer proof of his attitude), Spender's desire to meet the proletariat bears an uncanny resemblance to his wish to go "naked with Picts and Celts," which to the American reader is more than a little bit odd. Yet despite these lapses, which are both disastrous and absurd, one can understand that a similar impulse entered the feelings of many writers who in the early years of the 1930's swung to the side of Communism. Although their minds and motives were often confused, their hearts were on the side of the oppressed, the underprivileged, the unemployed. They did not know (as they learned later) that the Communist Party, dictated by the policy of the USSR, saw them not as poets eager to right the scales of justice but as publicity men and camp followers of a political machine.

The Communists, not unlike the Fascists and the Nazis, flattered young writers by approaching them as thinkers and then offered them the rewards of political power. As events soon proved, nothing corrupts more deeply the source of creative life than the hope or acceptance of such rewards. This was the lesson that many writers, including Spender, had to learn. His "Forward from Liberalism," which he now disowns and which, being accepted by the British Left Book Club, was in effect a Communist tract, involved him in the horrors and disillusionments of the Spanish Civil War. He then began to see that Communism was not liberalism at all and that Marxism, however cleverly disguised as liberalism or progressive thinking it may be, leads to dictatorship and not to democracy.

—*Alexander Bender.*

Stephen Spender—"the stormy *Zeitgeist*."

If Stephen Spender's book can be said to preach a sermon it is that too many young British writers of the 1930's rode the stormy *Zeitgeist* of the Spanish Civil War, the Munich Peace, the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and World War II as though it were a rocking horse newly unearthed from a collection of broken toys in the nursery. On the last page of his book Spender writes:

> . . . now I am a middle-aged man, in the center of life and rotted by a modicum of success. . . . My mistake was to think that my own nature would make everything easy. Perhaps I was less a child when the purpose was clearer and now that I am old I am encumbered by many childish things.

Although his autobiography serves as another document of the 1930's, it is to be hoped that Stephen Spender will return to the writing of his poetry.

Horace Gregory, lecturer on poetry and critical theory at Sarah Lawrence College, is the author of several volumes of verse and critical studies of poetry, including "The Shield of Achilles, Essays on Beliefs in Poetry."

Three Epitaphs

By Witter Bynner

I

I HAVE befriended and kissed,
But I lie in the family plot;
I thought I was going to be missed,
But I knew I was not.

II

Broken and thrown to the ground
Is the vessel that carried me round,
Having spilled back the watery me
To the earth and the sky and the sea.

III

Grant me to grasses, fashion me no grief,
Be glad awhile as I was glad before.
For you as well there shall arrive a leaf
Forever swinging better than a door.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Belongs with the Giants

SHERWOOD ANDERSON. By Irving Howe. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 271 pp. $3.50.

By CHARLES ANGOFF

WHILE this is one of the lesser volumes in the American Men of Letters Series, it is all in all perhaps the most satisfactory study of Anderson that has yet been written. Mr. Howe has apparently dug deep into the biographical facts of Anderson's life and come up with fresh and valuable information. Anderson, it seems, liked to "arrange" his past "quite as he arranged the past of one of his fictional characters." He pretended always to have abhorred Babbittry yet for a long time he told his advertising clients that "there is only one kind of business success, and that is the kind of success that makes money" and that "the businessman is the very front and center of things American." Anderson's final breakaway from business, according to the best evidence, was not deliberate, as Anderson boasted later, but was brought about largely by business worries and domestic unhappiness. Anderson used to complain that his early (and best) books were poorly received by the critics whereas, Mr. Howe shows conclusively, they were exuberantly praised by virtually all of them.

Following the latest trend of applying lay psychoanalysis to the lives of eminent authors, Mr. Howe seems to detect a form of mother fixation in Anderson's life and hints that Anderson's various wives were in one way or another reminders of his mother. Mr. Howe also tries to make something out of the fact that while Anderson seemed to be dependent upon the company and the embraces of women he was never altogether happy with them. Unfortunately, it is not always clear what Mr. Howe is trying to prove with all these "findings."

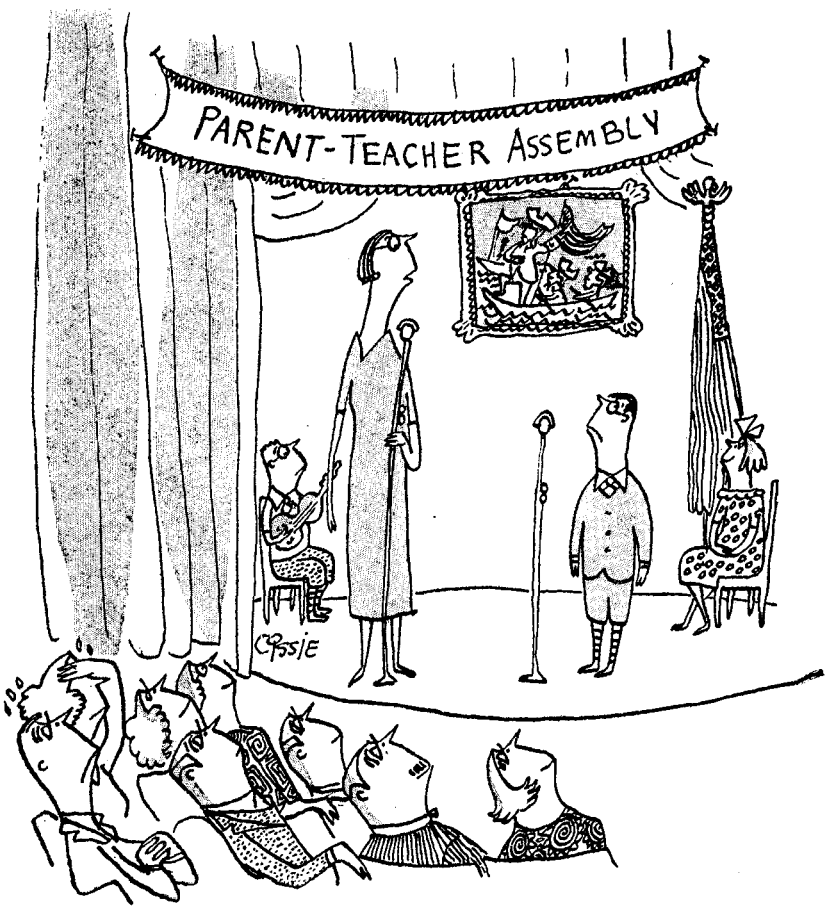
Neither is he very happy in the use he makes of his researches into the economics and politics of the United States and in particular of Ohio during Anderson's boyhood. The Ohio in which Anderson grew up "was not merely Western, it was a mixture of all those social atmospheres we call Eastern and Western, urban and rural, industrial and handicraft." This may be so, but it sheds little light upon the character or quality of Anderson's writings—at least, as Mr. Howe interprets it. He has been taken in by a persisting fallacy in one school of literary criticism, to wit, that an author's politico-economic background "explains" his work. That is true, but only partially even then, about inferior writers; it "explains" virtually nothing about the work of first-rate writers. What light do their times shed upon the quality of the writings of Jane Austen and Emily Dickinson and John Keats and William Blake? Sociology cannot take the place of literary criticism.

It is a pity that Mr. Howe did not devote more space to pure literary criticism, for the little that he does is generally very good. Although even here he denounces Anderson for an instance of "totalitarian bias" (which will seem absurd to all who knew Anderson) and for being "limited in moral sensibility and social perspective" (which makes as much sense as denouncing Walt Whitman for being poor in differential calculus), he sees clearly the high artistic value in Anderson's works, especially in his magnificent short stories. He is very penetrating in his comments about "Winesburg, Ohio," "The Triumph of the Egg," "Poor White," "Dark Laughter," and "Many Marriages."

Mr. Howe puts his finger upon a central phenomenon in Anderson's work when he says that his fictional treatment of sex reveals a highly disturbed feeling toward it. "Sex is talked about, buzzed about—but is not there. What is there is an arbitrary redressing of reality to salve a bruised male will." Though he had pretty much the same economic and psychological "background" as D. H. Lawrence he lacked the Englishman's wholehearted attitude toward sex. Yet this in no way detracts, as Mr. Howe seems to imply, from the rich and haunting warmth and song in Anderson's more successful stories.

Anderson wrote considerable inferior work, especially in the last ten years of his life. But with his short stories he won an enduring place in the history of American literature. He belongs with the giants—Hawthorne, Melville, Crane. As a pure artist he was easily superior to Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser. He sang of loneliness and love and heartache and inexplicable yearning as few others in American literary annals have sung them. He merits extensive and affectionate study. A truly first-rate book about him has yet to be written. But till then Mr. Howe's will do, for at least a large part of it is very good indeed.

Charles Angoff was for many years managing editor of The American Mercury.



"Gilbert Pawley will now recite the class motto, and I know Gilbert will recite it loudly and slowly, enunciating every word plainly so that it can be heard clearly by the mothers and fathers seated in the last row."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boss Was Crotchety

THIRTY YEARS WITH G. B. S. By Blanche Patch. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 316 pp. $3.

By William Irvine

BEYOND a possessive and somewhat perfunctory conviction that he was a great man, Blanche Patch seems to have felt very little hero worship for GBS. Apparently she was quite indifferent to his ideas and not much interested in his plays, though she rather liked them when acted. She felt no warm affection for him. Sometimes she mildly disliked him. In short, for the first hundred pages Miss Patch writes as though she were the patient, intelligent, slightly resentful secretary of almost any crotchety old gentleman.

But, of course, it was great fun to be Shaw's secretary; and when, in a delightful idiom of self-contained professional efficiency, Miss Patch tells about Lawrence of Arabia she warms noticeably toward her employer; when she comes to the filming of "Pygmalion" she is almost enthusiastic; and after she has defended GBS against cranks and curiosity seekers for a couple of chapters she is ready to justify his politics.

Even so, there is always a reserve. Apparently Shaw treated her a little too much as Professor Higgins treats Liza Doolittle. He was subject to sudden cataclysms of violent whim and fancy, which he took for the demands of reason and efficiency. He not only expected her to move heaven and earth but to move them quietly and promptly—as when, obsessed with octogenarian fears of insolvency, he insisted that his Whitehall apartment be given up and everything moved out *at once*. And when Miss Patch very nearly succeeded with the impossible GBS often forgot to thank her. As self-portraits, King Magnus and Julius Caesar omit the Grand Turk. No doubt they represent Shaw in that gentler, more rational mood which caused many people, like Cousin Charles, to emerge from the presence murmuring, "He is the most charming and considerate of men."

The inside story is not markedly at variance with the accepted one. Miss Patch regards Shaw as a man of generous instincts, great talents, and unsound opinions. She corrects or contradicts tradition, however, at many points. Shaw was only an indifferent business man, being fundamentally too little interested in money and material possessions to have a very accurate or realistic knowledge of his own affairs. He was also a rather amateurish press agent,

—*From "Observations" by Max Beerbohm.*

Old GBS to young GBS: "Strange! You strike me as frivolous, irreligious, and pert; full of a ludicrous faith in mankind and in the efficacy of political propaganda; squalidly needy in circumstances, and abominably ill-dressed. . . . And I used to think you quite perfect!"

even for GBS. He did not value himself primarily as a dramatist but as the inventor of a reformed alphabet. He was not garrulous but commonly silent and taciturn. In fact, he shrank from human contacts, often preferring to write to people rather than speak to them, even when they happened to be under the same roof. He studied human nature keenly but at a considerable distance. At this point the author once more approaches Shavian tradition: Shaw was remarkably benevolent and remarkably cold, being ready to do almost anything for man except to like him.

The political chapter contains a number of shrewd incidental remarks. "He accepted the dictators," writes Miss Patch, "because of their reforms: it was the reforms that won him always." And again: "It was the Soviet mania for work which hypnotized Shaw."

This book is not particularly well organized; it contains many digressions, some repetitions, and a few seeming contradictions. But it is intelligently and often amusingly written. How seldom is an intimate biographer worthy of his opportunities! Miss Patch is, definitely.

William Irvine, professor of English at Stanford University, is the author of "The World of G.B.S."

An American—au Fond

HENRY JAMES. By F. W. Dupee. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 301 pp. $4.

By C. Hartley Grattan

F. W. DUPEE has carried out the difficult assignment of adding a volume on Henry James to the American Men of Letters Series with conspicuous success. Coming to his task at a time when there had recently been much admirably close study of James's texts, he was in a position to select from the accumulation what he concluded were truly valid insights. He has had the discrimination firmly to reject anything rather overblown, such as Lionel Trilling's estimate of "The Princess Casamassima." Moreover, he had the use of the Perry, Matthiessen, Matthiessen-Murdock, and Edel studies and documentary compilations. It would, perhaps, have been a help to have had the results of Mr. Edel's biographical studies in finished form, but at least he had Mr. Edel's advice. The result is, then, a synthesis by an independent mind of what is now thought of James thirty-five years after his death.

With all the shifts and changes of emphasis it is difficult for an old James hand to detect any fundamental, really radical revision of judgment of James's case in that time, unless one gives Van Wyck Brooks's "Pilgrimage" of 1925 greater weight than it ever deserved or ever received from those who concerned themselves really to read James and not simply Brooks about James. In retrospect Brooks's verdict seems simply a highly laborious, misguidedly "intelligent" documentation of the anti-James sentiments that found ample expression during the Master's lifetime, in print and in the refusal of the public to buy his later books. The basic judgments of the more recent James enthusiasts only seem novel if placed against the background of Brooks's deviation from the old judgments of the older James enthusiasts, which is precisely where a great many people seem to have placed them.

But it should be recalled, also, that Brooks was explicitly and implicitly controverted and rejected long before the so-called revival took place, as anyone who cares to study the record will find. What the recent revivalists (to use an invidious word for men who simply perceived value where value always was) unquestionably added was a considerably more sophisticated analysis of the James texts. This was not so much a change of judgment as the natural consequence

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the striking refinement and elaboration of critical methodology that has come about in recent years. This is what really marks off the younger critics from so many of the older ones who entertained an equally high opinion of James as an artist long years ago.

Mr. Dupee orders his material by interspersing biographical matters with critical exegesis of the works. This allows him to bring into the book much useful information about the James family—which is absolutely required—and H. J.'s associates outside the family. The family is a fascinating case. I am happy that Mr. Dupee is firm in his opinion that it was an *American* family and that he never loses sight of the fact that H. J. was *au fond* (as he would have said) also an American. Until this is firmly grasped much of the fiction remains unintelligible, especially the point of view from which it is written, just as it would be difficult to understand André Gide without keeping in mind that he was a Protestant Frenchman.

If Mr. Dupee fails any place it is where almost everybody fails, and that is in dealing with the significance in the family intellectual history of the elder Henry James's Swedenborgianism. Admittedly Swedenborgian thought is mostly a great mystery to literate Americans—their single contact with it is precisely in Henry James, Sr. (and at one point Mr. Dupee so far forgets himself as to refer to it as belonging to "the sectarian underworld"); but in the writings of H. J., Sr., and in Swedenborg will be found the background of the morality (not moralism) of Henry James the novelist. Much pretentious nonsense has been written about the novelist's morality. Had the writers known a little of Swedenborg we would have been spared it. I would suggest that the younger James took in far more of "father's ideas" than he ever admitted and than the critics have ever grasped. There is a learned thesis to be written on this subject before the works of H. J. can be said to be fully explicated.

The "acknowledgments" which preface Mr. Dupee's book are to my taste insufficiently precise. No book cited is dated. The books in which certain specified writers have published essays on James are not identified. Surely this is wrong, since this book will have a British edition and many English readers will not know offhand the names of all these books. Would it not have been helpful, too, to say that Dr. Rosenzweig's psychiatric study can be found in *Partisan Review*, Fall 1944, since it is apparently very important to Mr. Dupee? And I

(*Continued on page* 32)

Science. *There is scarcely an American alive whose adolescent reading diet did not include some speculation on the possibility of life on other worlds. Small wonder, then, that the man in the street last year welcomed with open arms Frank Scully's farrago of science, nonsense, and political fulmination, "Behind the Flying Saucers"* [SRL, *Sept. 23, 1950*]. *Now the English philosopher Gerald Heard offers a closely reasoned if not entirely convincing argument for believing that we have recently been visited by little men from other planets in his "Is Another World Watching?" (page 20). Nevertheless, as the British scientist Fred Hoyle points out in "The Nature of the Universe," there is a strong possibility that in our universe there are planets which support life not like our own. James C. Hickey's "Introducing the Universe" and Kenneth Heuer's "Men of Other Planets" will help beginners understand reality beyond our earth.*

When, From Where, Why, How Long?

INTRODUCING THE UNIVERSE. By James C. Hickey. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 154 *pp.* $3.50.

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE. By Fred Hoyle. New York: Harper & Bros. 142 *pp.* $2.50.

By Harrison Brown

IF ANY purpose can be ascribed to life it is that of understanding our origin and our destiny. Looking back who has not asked: How did man evolve? How did life come into existence? How and when were the planets, the stars, and the galaxies which make up our visible universe formed? Looking forward who has not asked: How long will it last? Will our universe always exist, or will it, like man, some day perish?

Only man, of all creatures living on earth, is capable of asking these questions. Only man or his descendants, if any, will be capable of eventually answering them.

These two short books are each written by men who have in their own way experienced a feeling for the infinite. James C. Hickey, the author of "Introducing the Universe," is not a professional scientist. But, like countless men before him—in the days of the Pharaohs, in the days of Socrates and Plato, in the days of the wandering nomad tribes—he has looked at the skies and wondered. A professional newspaper man, his wonderings led him to make frequent astronomical contributions to the pages of the *New York Sun*, in which paper he started the "Stars of the Week" column avidly read by many amateur astronomers.

He has now expanded a number of selected columns, added other material, and put them together in book form. The result is a highly readable, lucid description of the most important observed features of the universe about us. He confines his remarks almost entirely to descriptions of the observed facts concerning the heavenly bodies and in order he discusses the sun, the moon, the planets, comets, meteors, zodiacal light, asteroids, and stars. Mr. Hickey's book can be recommended to anyone who desires a non-technical, brief, simple, yet accurate account of the results of modern observational astronomy.

While "Introducing the Universe" is primarily an account of the *status quo*, Fred Hoyle's "The Nature of the Universe" represents an attempt to describe how our universe came to be the way it is and what we might expect to happen in the future. The book, which had its origin in a series of popular radio talks by Hoyle over the BBC, is highly readable and is filled with many ideas, some of them ingenious, almost all of them stimulating, many of them irritating. Both the broadcasts and the book have enjoyed considerable success in England. More recently *Time* magazine in an article about Hoyle (republished in *The Reader's Digest*) stated that there has been "nothing so daring in this field

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since Jeans and Eddington"—exactly the kind of remark which arouses the suspicions and antagonism of some scientists. Usually a scientific study or theory is sifted by scientists the world over before it is publicized and popularized. Hoyle's theories have undergone the reverse procedure—they have been popularized before they have become available in detail to scientists for scrutiny and criticism.

It must be emphasized that Hoyle's book is beautifully written; indeed, it is one of the finest pieces of scientific exposition for the layman which has appeared in recent years. The author develops his subject quickly and clearly. In but fifty pages he succeeds in presenting a vivid picture of the universe as seen by our modern telescopes. He then proceeds to describe his viewpoints concerning the origin of matter, stars, galaxies, and planets.

Space does not permit a detailed description of his theory or of possible objections to it. The universe, as he sees it, is expanding, is infinite, has always existed, and will continue to exist forever. Matter is being produced continuously from nothing; stars, planets, and galaxies are continuously being formed. The matter which is formed is hydrogen. Once the hydrogen has been gathered together in the form of stars by gravitational action nuclear reactions start which result in the transformation of hydrogen into helium. Eventually the hydrogen becomes exhausted, and the star "dies" in one of two ways. If it is a small star it contracts and becomes a cold, invisible, dense globule of matter. If the star is a large one it ends its existence as a supernova—a nuclear explosion on a cosmic scale. Thus stars are born, live, and die—a process which has gone on in Hoyle's view forever in the past and will continue forever in the future.

Hoyle believes that our own solar system was formed as the result of the explosion of a large star, a companion to the sun. The star became a supernova, heavier elements were formed during the explosion, and a fraction of the gaseous products of the catastrophe condensed to form our present planetary system. In part Hoyle agrees with most modern thought concerning the origin of our earth. The evidence seems strong that our solar system was formed by a process of condensation from a gas cloud which surrounded the sun. Where Hoyle disagrees with other students of the subject is in the mode of formation of the cloud. Hoyle believes that the cloud resulted from the explosion of another star; others believe that the cloud was a residue of the process of star formation.

However, both theories lead to a conclusion which has enormous philosophic importance: the number of solar systems in our visible universe must be very large indeed. Far from being unique, our own solar system is probably only one of billions of similar systems. And of those billions of systems it seems likely that there are many which support life. Perhaps even other Hoyles are living in our universe, wondering about similar things.

It will be many years before the considered judgment of science can state with fair certainty that Fred Hoyle is completely right, completely wrong, or even partly right and partly wrong. In my opinion much of what he says stands a good chance of surviving. On the other hand, other parts of what he says seems clearly to be nonsense. Hoyle rather immodestly believes that his work has solved the major problems of cosmology. He doubts, for instance, that "the cosmology of 500 years hence will extend as far beyond our present beliefs as our cosmology goes beyond that of Newton." Such a conviction should, I believe, be tempered with a better appreciation of our ignorance. There is much learning and groping yet to be done. There are many pieces yet to be fitted together in this the most gigantic of all jigsaw puzzles. With only a few pieces already assembled Hoyle claims to have seen the final picture. But, as any person who has assembled a jigsaw puzzle knows, the final picture which emerges is frequently a surprise.

Harrison Brown, author of "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?," is currently engaged at the University of Chicago in research to determine the age of the universe.

—Jay Barrie.

Gerald Heard—"no little green men."

More About Out There

IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING? The Riddle of the Flying Saucers. By Gerald Heard. New York: Harper & Bros. 181 *pp.* $2.75.

MEN OF OTHER PLANETS. By Kenneth Heuer. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 160 *pp.* $3.

By Willy Ley

BECAUSE of Frank Scully's raucous book on the flying saucers Gerald Heard's new work will probably be received with remarks like "What, another one?"

It is true that it is the third book about the saucers within a little over a year, having been preceded by Donald Keyhoe's "The Flying Saucers Are Real" and Scully's "Behind the Flying Saucers." It is also the third book which tries to make out a case for the saucers as interplanetary vessels watching the earth and its inhabitants. But aside from theme and general conclusion the three books are remarkably dissimilar. Keyhoe's was mainly a reporter's honest effort to unravel a mystery prematurely and Scully's essentially a political pamphlet full of coarse assertions and spotted with numberless mistakes of fact and logic.

Gerald Heard has tried to apply what he himself calls "reasoned speculation," which he presents with great care and very fine writing. There is no nonsense about little green men or a conspiracy of the "Pentagonians." In fact, Heard makes it clear that if he were in a responsible position he would have acted precisely as he thinks the men in such positions did. But in spite of beautiful presentation his attempt to reduce the queer and complex phenomenon known as the flying saucers to a single cause, by examination of what seemed to him pertinent evidence, is unconvincing. Though he failed in this, he has succeeded in producing a very fine science-fiction story instead. You will not agree with his conclusion and you'll find flaws in the reasoning. But you'll find that it was reading time well spent.

The reasoning of the book runs as follows: if we accept those reports which seem to be best verified the "behavior" of the flying saucers can be explained only as that of scouts from another planet. They seem to be curious but considerate and eager to avoid both direct contact and landing. Sorting the reports, Heard arrived at the conclusion that there must be several types of alien vessels: one hardly three feet in diameter, one of a diameter of about 100 feet, and a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rare "monster" of more than 500-foot diameter. A fourth type differs from the "saucers" by being an elongated rocketlike vehicle around 100 feet long.

Mr. Heard fails to find any specific reason for this special type but has an explanation for the three others which also circumvents an objection that I have made repeatedly myself. Even if propelled by a high-class atomic engine the 100-foot saucer would be too small to make the trip from earth to one of the neighboring planets or from them to us. Mr. Heard thinks that only the 500-foot "monster" is a true interplanetary ship which normally stays in a satellite orbit around earth. At 22,300 miles from the surface, a point Heard does not mention, the ship would be in a twenty-four-hour orbit, so that it could stay in the earth's shadow permanently to escape detection. The smaller "saucers" are in the nature of lifeboats which go "ashore" from the orbiting vessel. The home of the aliens, Heard thinks, must be Mars, and he strongly tends to believe that the two tiny moons of Mars are not moons at all but two artificial space stations orbiting around Mars.

Mars, we are quite sure, has plant life, and since animal life is parasitic on plant life its presence is also probable—especially insect life. Then, Heard follows through, it is probable that the intelligent beings of Mars are insects, which, incidentally, would explain the enormous accelerations the "saucers" are said to put on. More specifically, he considers them the equivalent of our honey bees; apparently he has been greatly impressed by the admittedly surprising discovery made by Dr. Karl von Frisch that bees do communicate with each other by "walking diagrams" on the honeycomb.

All this is beautifully presented and makes a wonderful tale. It differs from the world of fact both because of the uncertainty of the basic information and because of flaws in the logic itself.

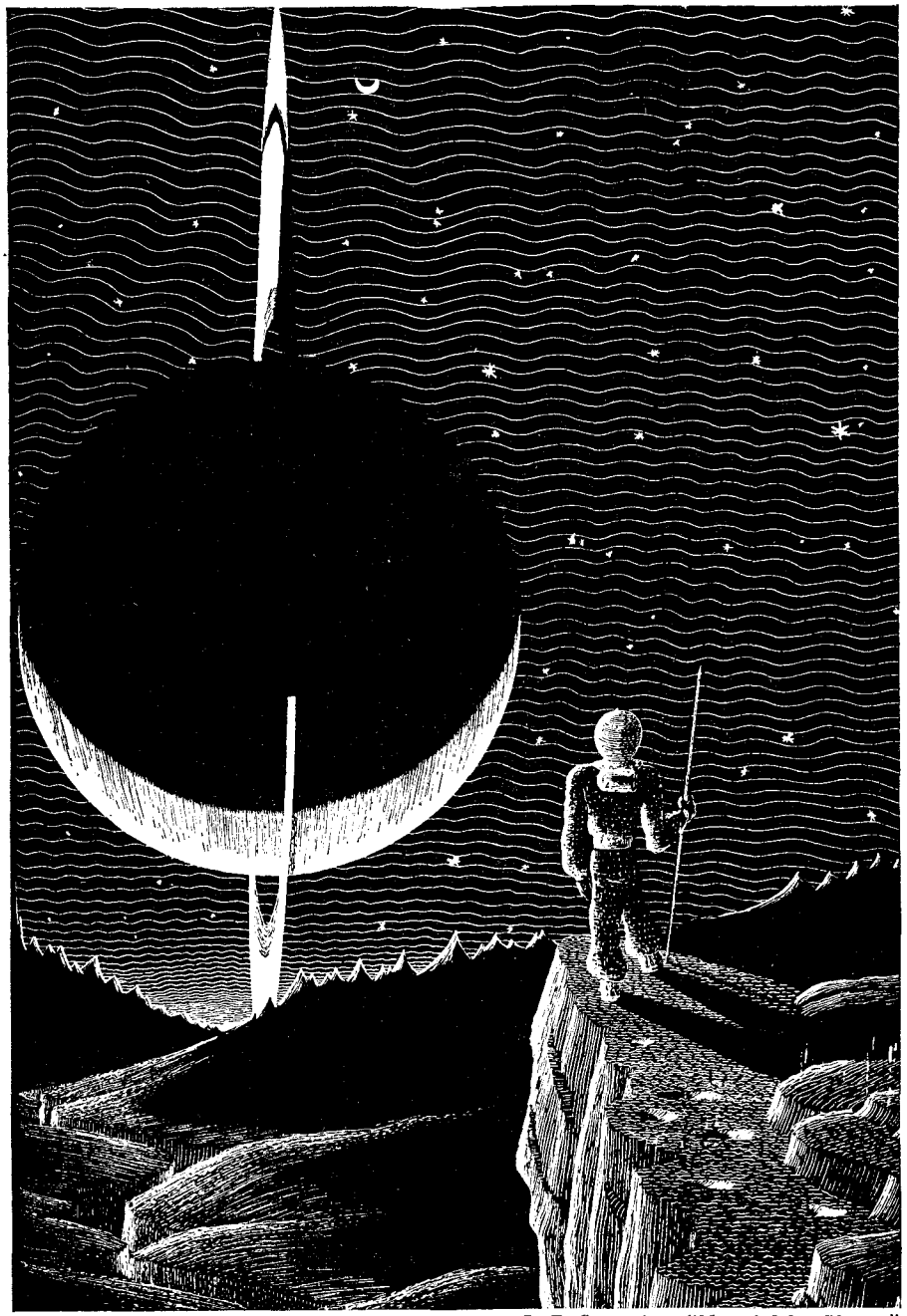
Specifically: 1. We have no way of knowing how correct the "evidence" is; all kinds of mistakes are possible anywhere. In one case, for example, Heard accepts a report for the reasons that the object, stated to have been 40,000 feet up, was too large for a weather balloon and that it moved against the wind. But "Skyhook" balloons *are* large (and semi-transparent and weird-looking) and the directions of wind near the ground and at 40,000 feet are by no means the same thing. Besides, the so-called "jetstream" (a little known air current above 20,000 feet) can be much faster than 200 miles per hour.

2. Heard accepts—as evidence for earlier visits—items collected by the late Charles Fort, apparently without having checked the sources. Even if Fort did not copy an old hoax without knowing it (and probably without caring much, either) it is still possible that the original observer was mistaken. One of the things which have been copied from place to place and made slightly more meaningful with each retelling, for example, is the so-called Kattenau case. When you go back to the original note in *Nature* it becomes obvious that the observers saw a group of "circular velocity meteorites," bodies which entered earth's atmosphere at a shallow angle and with a relative velocity of about five miles per second. The result is a procession of glowing bodies moving noiselessly from horizon to horizon.

3. Heard's reasoning about intelligent insects is carried too far, notwithstanding Dr. von Frisch's discoveries. Granted that they inform each other about such things as the location of a cache of food, insect intelligence is limited by their size; Heard himself admits the biological impossibility of large insects. But abstract thought such as would be needed for space-travel theory and engineering requires a certain minimum number of brain cells. The brain cells in turn require body cells for support. If you calculate this as leniently as possible you arrive at a minimum body weight of forty-five pounds for something which will be able to support a brain equal to a human brain.

To repeat: Gerald Heard's "reasoned speculation" is interesting but it in-

(*Continued on page* 30)



—By R. T. Crane, from "Men of Other Planets."

A phase of Saturn observed from one of its moons—"spice[d] with fantasy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf John T. Winterich
Mary Gould Davis Irving Kolodin
James Thrall Soby

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1951, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Good Will & Survival

KIMPEI SHEBA, managing editor of the prominent English-language daily in Tokyo, the *Nippon Times*, recently returned to Japan from a visit to the United States. His purpose in coming was to study the workings of the democratic press.

While in New York Mr. Sheba paid a visit to the editorial offices of *The New York Times*, where he discussed the American press and public opinion with the editors. Mr. Sheba had been puzzled, he told the editors, about our public opinion and the ways of measuring it. Accordingly, he asked a member of *The Times* editorial board whether newspaper editorials actually represented the American people. And if not, what did? How could a visiting editor find out?

In writing about his visit Mr. Sheba said he was advised by *The Times* editor that newspaper editorials weren't necessarily to be regarded as the authentic voice of America. Much more reliable, he was told, were the letters to the editor. Mr. Sheba thanked his hosts and proceeded to clip letters from New York papers.

"I offer now," he told his Japanese readers in a special article, "some typical examples of letters to the editor taken from New York's most popular newspapers to enable readers in Japan to obtain a true picture of what is going on in the minds of millions of Americans." And these were some of the letters culled by Mr. Sheba:

POINT FOUR PROGRAM

Elmont: Let's save as many Americans in Korea as possible and let the Communists have it. But let this be a lesson to us. Hereafter, let's (1) not give France and England another Marshall Plan dime, even if they starve; (2) chase every U.N. parasite back to where he came from; (3) execute all members of the Communist Party; (4) arm to the teeth.

K. A. WORDER.

UNCLE SAM'S ALLIES

Manhattan: Britain and France, the ungrateful, despicable things, tell us that if we get embroiled in a full-scale conflict with China they'll "reluctantly remain neutral." For God's sake, let's wake up, stop Marshall Plan aid immediately, tell those false friends to go to hell, and fight the next phase of the war alone, without draining more of our strength to support the parasitic swine.

PETER PAPPAS.

THE HELL WITH THE BRITISH

Brooklyn: As a Navy vet who saw action in Leyte, Lingayen Gulf, and Okinawa, I say the hell with the British and all the U.N. Let's start bombing China and anybody else who takes a crack at us. We never lost a war yet and we don't intend to lose this one.

MIKE LOMBARDI.

YEARNS FOR MAC

Poughkeepsie: I don't think Truman has wakened up yet to the situation in Korea, or knows that our boys are dying right and left out there. Well, if it isn't too late when 1952 rolls around, maybe we can get someone in the White House like General MacArthur, who knows the score out there and would know how to run this country.

DISGUSTED CITIZEN.

TIME FOR THE A-BOMB

Manhattan: The vast majority of the people would now favor dropping a few of our oldest atom bombs—perhaps half a dozen—immediately in North Korea and Manchuria. Why have we spent billions for these weapons if not to use them?

WHITMAN BENNETT.

We must assume that Mr. Sheba, as the responsible editor of a highly regarded pro-American newspaper, was not writing with tongue in cheek and that he was passing these letters along to his readers in good faith, even though he failed to make clear that almost all these letters were taken from newspapers whose editorial policies and style weren't too far removed from the opinions of the letters columns. We must assume, too, that he was unaware that these newspapers for some years have been accustomed to sneering at other peoples just because they happen to be other peoples. It is doubtful whether anywhere in the world except in *Pravda* itself could Mr. Sheba have found material more derogatory about America.

And since Mr. Sheba, a visitor to the United States, was apparently unaware of these facts his Japanese readers had even less background for making the necessary allowances. The effect of his article was clearly damaging. It dramatized for Americans in Japan the cold truth that adverse opinion towards America abroad is created and developed more by crass irresponsibles in America than by clumsy Soviet propaganda. It is not, unfortunately, spot headline news that the overwhelming majority of the American people have committed themselves to a policy of resolute participation in world affairs. What does make headlines, however, is any news from the United States that reveals American indecision on the question of isolation *vs.* world responsibility. A careless remark by a Congressman or public official reflecting on the sincerity or honesty of our friends abroad; statements or acts indicating a bankruptcy of conscience towards the suffering of others (the delay in sending wheat to India being a good example); slanted news treatment or special angling in newspapers—all these are prominently recorded in the press, leave their mark on peoples abroad, and hurt us at a critical time.

WHAT are we to do about it? In one sense there is nothing we can do about it. All the legislation in the world cannot create conscience. If certain individuals in America lack an appreciation of human responsibility and of America's position in the world they cannot and should not be prevented from sounding off. One thing we can do, however, is to attempt to make clear to the rest of the world that the irresponsibles are not the authentic spokesmen for America and that the only true key to public opinion in America is diversity. In our Voice of America programs and information services abroad we can attempt to give other peoples a better background for an understanding of the news that comes from America. We can help to create a better perspective on the nature of American democracy that makes possible and indeed encourages viewpoints with which the overwhelming majority of Americans may disagree. We can explain the processes of Congressional debate, which may appear at times to degenerate into a rough and tumble free-for-all but which do not seriously disturb the nation's vital balance. We can convey some idea of the range of public thinking and the workings of a free press. In short, we can provide something of a cushion to absorb what might otherwise appear to be calculated shock waves emanating from the United States.

All this, of course, is based on the assumption that good will abroad is directly related to the larger question of national survival or that, even if it isn't, it is worth working for as a simple matter of holding a place of pride and respect in the human community.

—N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Televized Kefauver

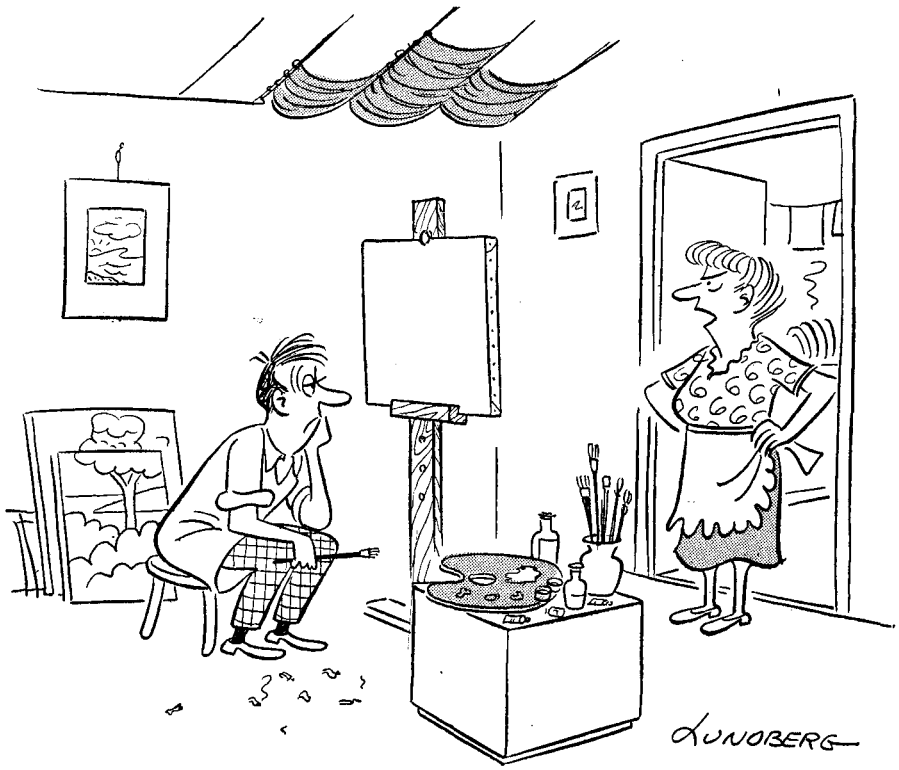
SIR: Robert Lewis Shayon [*SRL* April 7] asks the question whether the televized Kefauver Committee was merely a circus or whether television can make a dent in our national mores. I think television and Kefauver can both make a dent, and here is my plan.

Whereas the Kefauver Circus merely deprived subpoenaed witnesses of rights that would be granted accused murderers, to wit: 1. the right not to be made to testify; 2. the right not to be made to incriminate themselves; 3. the right to object by counsel to the irrelevancy, immateriality, and incompetency of questions; 4. the right to be interrogated by only one cross-examiner; and 5. the right not to be subjected to klieg lights and television cameras, now I suggest that in the future witnesses be made to submit to thumbscrews, the wheel, and the rack. Think of the millions of listeners who would be attracted if afterwards the witnesses were thrown into an arena filled with hungry lions.

But here is even a better idea. Let the television camera into the precinct back-rooms when perpetrators of sex crimes are being interrogated. Brother! Then you've got something that will rate a real Hooper rating!

JULIUS LONG.

Bellefontaine, O.



"Does Churchill sit around all day waiting for inspiration?"

Those Words Again

SIR: When I first read Harold Fromm's letter about four-letter-word literature [*SRL* Mar. 24] I said to a friend, "The pseudo-intellectuals will crawl all over that poor chap." Sure enough, in *SRL* for April 14 Messrs. Amster, Joyner, and Hochman bravely take the popular side. Self-styled sophisticates love to fancy themselves as shock-proof. Mr. Fromm's only crime is that he has contrived to remain impervious to the mass taste for ten-cent whisky.

EDWARD H. DARE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I served five years in the regular Army, more than half of them at Schofield Barracks, T. H., where the story of James Jones's novel was set. To me what Mr. Fromm objects to was not "vulgarity" or "pornography" but ordinary conversation, which gave with beautiful accuracy the rhythm and flavor of a way of speech belonging not only to the Army but to a large segment of all English-speaking people. In fact, Mr. Jones could have used many more forbidden words than he did and conceivably with even more effectiveness.

Psychologists recognize twelve taboo words in the English language. I don't think that anyone can deny their force—to which the vehemence of negative reaction to them attests. I don't see how Mr. Jones could possibly have omitted these words without great detriment to the work.

Admittedly, "From Here to Eternity" presents only one of several legitimate points of view toward the Army; but this was my Army, and many of the experiences paralleled mine. I feel that the author has done the great service of catching for all time a true thing—a segment of reality, a group of real characters, an evocative atmosphere that will bring a warm response from many old Army men and the satisfying feeling that something of their own lives has been expressed.

Parts of the book and at least one of the characters may be questionable, but the mass is, as one reviewer said, "impregnable."

EDMUND COLLIER.

Wilton, Conn.

Germany's Other Side

SIR: I have been reading Horace Sutton's articles on Germany [*SRL* Mar. 10 and 24] with considerably mixed feelings and great interest, having recently returned from a year's work in Germany under the auspices of the World Council of Churches. I am greatly disturbed to see Mr. Sutton giving such superficial treatment to such a vital subject. Flying visits with interviews among the higher-ups in the American and German Governments cannot and must not be used as a firm basis for the appraisal of postwar Germany. The relatively prosperous, resentful, and grasping nation he portrays is only one side of the coin. In this same Germany I lived for nearly a year with a Protestant minister and his family of six, where the total monthly income was one hundred dollars, slim pickings by any standards, and there were many families who lived on far less. Not all Germans take the embittered anti-Semitic attitude towards the DP's which Mr. Sutton's incident seems to imply.

There are many Germans, perhaps a preponderance of the population, who are still and always will be all that we fought to destroy, but let us never forget the strength of the few or refuse to acknowledge the small grass-roots stirrings which spell a gradual learning of the ways of peace. Germans, though gravely erring, are human and deserve their measure of understanding.

ELIZABETH P. MILLER.

New York, N. Y.

Wheat for India

SIR: Many of us are becoming increasingly disturbed over the inaction of the House Rules Committee in their attitude toward wheat for India. Many of us have written letters to our Senators and Representatives regarding this. I personally wrote four and received only one answer, and that one was against sending the wheat. I thought our Congressmen were supposed to represent *us* the people, and I cannot believe that the people are being represented in this matter.

Who are these men on the House Rules Committee, and how can they take upon themselves the awful responsibility of permitting over a million people to starve?

Would it be so impossible to have an airlift to India, an Operation Victuals? It seems to me that such a dramatic action would speak louder than even the Voice of America.

BLANCHE MULLEN.

Lowell, Mich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

WHEN WORDS SING

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

WHEN it comes to people, our likes and dislikes often defy rationalization. We explain them unscientifically by making vague references to chemistry. But let money be involved, let an expensive enterprise flounder financially, and hindsight can produce almost automatically a goodly list of reasons to make clear why what had meant to succeed was doomed to failure.

As a case in point take the elaborate production of "Romeo and Juliet"* in which Olivia de Havilland has been appearing. When its closing was announced, the expected explanations were offered. Since they had to do with expenses, they were beyond dispute. Instead of being profitable, the six-weeks' tour before the New York opening had added alarmingly to an initial investment already sizable. The weekly receipts on Broadway, though above average, were below the formidable operating costs. The cast included twenty-two actors, many of them high-salaried, and fifteen extras. Twenty-five stagehands were required to move Oliver Messel's needlessly heavy settings. Seven musicians and three stage managers did not lessen an overhead so considerable that even players willing to accept cuts could not make the budget workable. These were among the reasons given. Although having to do with business, as examples of economic planning they scarcely make the theatre seem business-like. Nor do they touch upon what I suspect to have been the real reason why business at the box office was not all that had been dreamed of.

That reason? Poetry, or rather the lack of it, in the speaking of the lines in this "Romeo and Juliet." To big executives the absence of poetry may appear the most unlikely of causes for running in the red. A thrombosis would no doubt overtake them were they to find poetry listed on a corporation's balance sheet. But to "Romeo and Juliet" Shakespeare's music is more than an asset. It is the play's real business. Its excuse and glory, too. Its full, unashamed release is the major source of the mood created and the pleasure given. If the poetry is muffled, silenced, or ignored, the tragedy is undone. Its enchantment is destroyed; its hot young passion reduced to ashes.

There were actors in this "Romeo and Juliet" who were competent enough. Evelyn Varden, for example, was a colorful Nurse. Malcolm Keen characterized his Capulet sharply. And, as far as the eyes go, Douglas Watson was a more satisfying young Montague than is usually seen. His Romeo also had the advantage of being blessed with an admirable intensity. But (and here was a tragedy unanticipated by Shakespeare), with the exception of Jack Hawkins's Mercutio, no one in the cast had the ability to do justice to Shakespeare's score. For that matter, Mr. Hawkins was the only one who seemed to realize that when Shakespeare wrote his tale of piteous misadventure he was functioning as a dramatist who was also an incomparable poet.

Certainly neither of the star-crossed lovers permitted us to rejoice in this fact. Although Mr. Watson plainly had his moments when he wanted to let the verse sing, his training in the delivery of poetry did not appear sufficient to enable him to follow his inclinations. True fervor lay behind his playing. But the melody he gave us was, so to speak, picked out with one finger. As for Miss de Havilland, her Juliet suffered from many lacks, including the fatal one of being uninteresting. Youthful looking though she was, she was without rapture; without variety, too; a prose Juliet who could close and lock the keyboard even on what one would have thought was the self-playing music of her speeches in the balcony scene.

WHETHER T. S. Eliot would share my laments at having actors smother the poetry in such a play as "Romeo and Juliet" I do not know. Recently I have been reading, and rereading, his "Poetry and Drama,"* that lecture he delivered at Harvard last November which is now available in book form. Many of the points he makes are familiar. Some of them find him repeating simple truisms so that they sound like difficult discoveries. And all of them are trenchantly phrased by a man embarked earnestly upon an admirable quest. But one of the arguments which he, as a poet, stresses about poetic drama finds me in open mutiny rather than in mild disagreement with him.

Mr. Eliot is a critic who during his past thirty, highly articulate years has been constantly attracted to dramatic literature. As the author of such well-known plays in verse as "Murder in the Cathedral," "The Family Reunion," and "The Cocktail Party," he is, too, a creator who is still seeking to find a verse idiom suitable for dramatic expression in our own times.

No one could be more candid or disarming than he on the subject of his own experiments. He freely admits that in "Murder in the Cathedral" he failed to solve any general problem, relied too often upon the choral interludes, and reached from his own point of view what was no more than a "dead end." "The Family Reunion," as he reconsiders it, was "defective" because of containing too many passages which "could not be dramatically justified." The source of "The Cocktail Party," which none of his friends and none of the dramatic critics recognized, was, he confesses, the "Alcestis" of Euripides. "It is," he adds, "per-

*ROMEO AND JULIET, by William Shakespeare. Staged by Peter Glenville. Scenery and costumes by Oliver Messel. Incidental music by David Diamond. Choreography for pavan by George Balanchine. Presented by the late Dwight Deere Wiman. With a cast including Douglas Watson, Olivia de Havilland, Jack Hawkins, James Hayter, Evelyn Varden, Isobel Elsom, Robert Duke, Herbert Ransom, Malcolm Keen, William Smithers, Dorothy Pattern, etc. At the Broadhurst Theatre, New York City. Opened March 10, 1951. Announced to close April 21, 1951.

*POETRY AND DRAMA, by T. S. Eliot. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 44 pp. $1.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
present
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST JAMES THEA., West 44th St.
Evgs. 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:25

"The Big Warm-hearted, Funny Hit!"
—Walter Winchell
The Happy Time
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT · RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

"Where Russian Food Is a Fine Art"
Next to Carnegie Hall

haps an open question whether there is any poetry in the play at all."

Somewhat tardily Mr. Eliot has come to the conclusion that, to justify itself theatrically, verse must be more than merely fine poetry shaped into dramatic form and that "no play should be written in verse for which prose is dramatically adequate." But I do think his theory carries him away when he insists that the duty of the dramatic poet is "to accustom our audiences to verse to the point at which they will cease to be conscious of it."

He indulges in an equally odd overstatement, I believe, when he endeavors to maintain that a spectator, seeing "Hamlet" for the first time, would be so swept away by its story that he would be unaware of the glories of its poetic diction. In my opinion he is no less open to rebuttal when he contends that "what we have to do is to bring poetry into the world in which the audience lives and to which it returns when it leaves the theatre; not to transport the audience into some imaginary world totally unlike their own, an unreal world in which poetry can be spoken."

Beyond question Mr. Eliot's "ascetic" rule to avoid poetry which would call attention to itself as poetry was triumphantly obeyed when in "The Cocktail Party" he wrote such a speech as:

And so will you send me to the sanatorium?
I can't go home again. And at my club
They won't let you keep a room for
more than seven days;
I haven't the courage to go to a hotel,
And besides, I need more shirts—you
can get my wife
To have my things sent on: whatever
I shall need.
But of course you mustn't tell her
where I am.
Is it far to go?

No wonder audiences do not recognize such an utterance as verse. It is poetry merely by the printer's courtesy. But what about such famous lines as Juliet's?

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled
orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise
variable.

Obviously no girl of fourteen or woman of any age was ever able, in what is hazily identified as real life, to summon such language when smiling at her suitor's vows of affection. A supreme poet, and at that only one poet who also happened to be a supreme playwright, was capable of writing such a speech and persuading us that not only Juliet could have said this but that all people in love should face the moonlight with such words.

The paradox of Mr. Eliot's position

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
starring
FREDRIC MARCH · FLORENCE ELDRIDGE · JANE WYATT
ETHEL GRIFFIES · KENT SMITH
the Autumn Garden
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
CORONET Theatre, W. 49th St.
EVES. 8:40, MATS. WED. & SAT.

"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON · ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CRITICS' AWARD
BEST PLAY
Season 1950-1951
"A FINE PLAY... and I recommend it to you heartily."
—WOLCOTT GIBBS, THE NEW YORKER
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S
Brilliant Play
CLAUDE RAINS
in
DARKNESS AT NOON
Based on the Novel by
ARTHUR KOESTLER
ROYALE THEA. W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

WANTED: THREE YOUNG COUPLES WHO WANT THEIR OWN MODERN HOMES. We are five families (lawyer, manufacturer, musician, writer, advt. exec.) with 8 children, 4 television sets and one common objective: contemporary, cleanly designed homes. Adapting Georgian, Colonial, Gothic to our needs is impossible. We know Mr. Blandings' problems, but we are determined to build and save 10%-25% by group action. Our embryonic, cooperative venture lacks 3 couples. We have an outstanding architect, space and budget conscious, who will vary plans to individual taste. No binding decisions until group is complete. Location: anywhere, 45 minutes from Times Square. Cost: $25,000-$40,000 complete including 3 bedrooms, ½ acre, landscaping, fees.
Write: Apt. 12B, 230 East 73rd St., NYC 21

NO LUCK FINDING A PUBLISHER?
Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your novel, short stories, poetry, scholarly work, etc., perhaps we can help you. Write today for Free Booklet FF.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 230 W. 41 St., New York 18.
In California: Equitable Bldg., Hollywood 28.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that he is at once tinglingly aware and bravely in search of what a poetic drama has "potentially to offer the playgoer that prose drama cannot." He knows that dramatic poetry gives expression to a "peculiar range of sensibility . . . at its moments of greatest intensity." At such moments, he adds, we touch the border of those feelings which only music can express.

I follow him completely when he mentions emotions which only music can express. I must admit, however, I cannot follow him at all when he seems to be pleading that as theatregoers we should not be allowed to be conscious of the fact that the music to which we are listening is dramatic poetry. I, no more than Mr. Eliot, want poetic dramas which are written by poets who are not dramatists. I, no more than he, wish to listen in the presence of a play to fine poetry which is out of character, which calls attention to itself only for its own sake, and has no relation either to the mood or action. Yet I do insist, and this is where I part company with both Mr. Eliot and the recent production of "Romeo and Juliet," that I feel cheated if, as written and spoken, the speeches in a poetic play do not provide me with pleasures and excitements manifestly beyond the range and intention of the dialogue in such plays as "Dead End," "Hedda Gabler," or even "The Cherry Orchard."

When a poetic dramatist has mastered, as he must, the twin arts of poetry and the drama, I think actors do him (and their audiences) a cruel injustice if they deny him the music which gives his drama wings. To be ashamed of poetry, to have it spoken as if it were prose, seems to me as disappointing as it would be to go hoping to hear Flagstad sing and then have her talk.

No one wants declamation in the old tawdry and overblown sense of the word. Words that sing, however, are quite another matter. They must not be denied their song. It creates not only a pleasure but a world apart. It is a world in which both this world and the theatre acquire new depths and dimensions. Although Juliet may wish, for understandable reasons, that Romeo could doff his name, there is no reason that I can comprehend why the poetic drama should have its poetry stifled. Perhaps if Mr. Eliot had listened to Shakespeare's verse as Miss de Havilland and Mr. Watson robbed it of its melody and reduced it to prose he would be as anxious as I am to allow audiences to share *consciously* in the delights which only genuine dramatic verse can supply when proudly spoken as the glorious creation it is.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Film Forum

EUROPEAN ITEMS

***The Saturday Review's Guide* to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The films reviewed below are to be shown at a special screening next week in New York as part of a program sponsored by the newly formed Film Advisory Center. Perry Miller, who spent most of last year in France and Italy rounding up exceptional short films, has founded the Center to serve as a liaison between European producers and American distributors (theatrical and non-theatrical). With the assistance of an advisory committee headed by Robert Flaherty Miss Miller plans periodic screenings of important films in the hope of setting new wheels in motion by securing newspaper and magazine publicity, swelling public interest, and raising the sights of American distributors.*

None of these films is yet available for English-language distribution here. Readers who want to signify advance interest in these films can do so by sending a postcard to the SRL Film Department. Such votes may well influence the speedier release of the films.

IMAGES MEDIEVALES (Medieval Scenes). *Produced by la Coopérative Générale du Cinéma Français. Directed and photographed by William Novik. (22 min., color.)* This exceptionally handsome and charming film gives an intimate picture of life in the Middle Ages as recorded in the detailed miniatures of illuminated manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. These delicate yet uninhibited representations of peasant and nobility in day-to-day occupation and relaxation present a dazzling scene upon which the camera plays humorously and boldly. The color reproduction, achieved by a new painstaking method, is richer by far than the motion-picture screen has ever before offered. The lovely musical score by Guy Bernard is based on original melodies of the period and played on appropriate instruments. "Images Medievales" is certainly the most exciting art film to come this way in a long, long while. (A few copies of the film in French are available to member groups through the Franco-American Distribution Center, 934 Fifth Avenue, New York. In special cases it is also available from the French Embassy, which circulates its films through A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)

PACIFIC 231. *Produced by Tadié Cinéma. Directed by Jean Mitry. (10 min.)* A tour de force in motion picture editing, this is a visual representation of Arthur Honegger's tone poem of that same name. The music itself was inspired by a train trip in 1925 as well as by the composer's all-out love of locomotives. In the film train-wheels, converging tracks, and the passing scenery are rhythmically and forcefully put through their paces. There is no spoken commentary. "Pacific 231" is a delightful film, certain to make a place for itself in the history of the special cinema. (Limited availability through the Franco-American Distribution Center and the French Embassy, as explained above.)

IL DEMONIACO NELL'ARTE (Demonism in Art). *Produced by Vittorio Boscaro. Directed by Carlo Castelli; written by Enrico Castelli. (15 min.)* Nightmarish paintings from the work of Peter Brueghel, Hieronymus Bosch, Matthias Grünewald, and other Flemish and Dutch painters of the sixteenth century are material for this film, which investigates through art the forces of evil constantly battling to destroy man's world. Without an understanding of the Italian commentary one finds it difficult to see more than the disturbing elements in this film; but Aline Loucheim, art critic of *The New York Times*, has found it "an exciting and original dramatization of an idea," which "should receive a wide response."

PAYSAGES DU SILENCE (Landscapes of Silence). *Produced by Jacques-Yves Cousteau. To be released by United World Films, 1445 Park Avenue, New York, upon completion of theatrical distribution. (17 min.)* The producer of this film is a French Naval commander who invented the new breathing device which enables swimmers to stay under water for an hour at a time. At depths of two to three hundred feet swimmers can observe, explore, and, with Cousteau's hand-held 35mm. camera, photograph the world below the level of the sea. Aside from its intrinsic adventure, the film offers the grace and fluidity of a fairyland environment where gravity is less strict a law than with us here on the land. This is the kind of film which seems to me significant to our times and which everyone can enjoy. Other films by Cousteau are also to be released soon.

L'HIPPOCAMPE (The Sea Horse). *Produced by Cinégraphie Documentaire; directed and photographed by Jean Painlevé; music by Darius Milhaud. (10 min.)* This charming small study of a charming small sea animal was released first in 1934; the lapse of time has only proved that Painlevé, Milhaud, and the egg-hatching papa sea horse are still an unbeatable combination in the scientific film field. (The Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, is able to rent this film in French to educational groups, but it notes that print qualty is poor.)

—CECILE STARR.

For a copy of the list of SRL Film Referral Libraries please write to Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

STRICTLY FOR THE ART HOUSES

Robert Helpmann and Ludmilla Tcherina in "Tales of Hoffmann"—"movies must move."

AMONG the categories listed by Russell Lynes in his valuable reference work "Snobs" is one he terms "the taste snob." This kind, it seems, prefers all foreign movies to any home-manufactured product, although he is occasionally willing to lend his patronage to an American film of the documentary type. So prevalent has this sort of snobbism (or, more politely, preference) become that in recent years a sizable number of movie houses have mushroomed throughout the land to cater to it. In the trade these theatres are generally called art houses. They are particularly prevalent in the New York City area, where there is seldom the danger of missing any foreign film produced in the last decade. Importing these pictures used to be a risky business; nowadays there is enough potential profit to be made by them so that foreign film-makers are considering setting up their own distribution systems and cutting out the American pioneer importers, who by their often astute choices from the general run of foreign production did much to create the market.

While art houses are numerous—two to three hundred in the country is the most frequent estimate—they are only a tiny percentage of the some ten thousand movie theatres in the country. Hollywood casts a calculating glance their way now and then but fails, perhaps sensibly, to see them as a solution to its economic dilemma. Foreign picture-making budgets are usually much skimpier than the Hollywood kind, and a gross of two or three hundred thousand dollars is sometimes all that's needed to make a film venture profitable, though now and then a foreign picture will gross well into the million-dollar brackets. "Red Shoes," it is quite strongly rumored, cleaned up by utilizing the art-house chains along with selected bookings in conventional theatres. There's also the fact that sex in frank, liberal doses helps a foreign film earn a profit. "Bitter Rice" with its volatile earthiness has outgrossed all Italian importations to date, even though artistically inferior to films like "Paisan" and "The Bicycle Thief."

Nevertheless most of the art cinemas keep up the assumption that their clientele are "tasteful" people and work hard at providing suitable atmospheres for them. The lounges are cozy, and the serving of coffee in demitasse cups to patrons waiting for the program break is standard procedure. Some of the lobbies have been turned into galleries for the exhibition of paintings by new artists. Current magazines are kept available (a young woman I know regularly gets to read *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* at her local art house) and at least one theatre has a ping-pong room for its more athletically minded customers.

For a while, the Arthur Rank organization hoped to find a mass market for its productions in the United States, but gossip has it that costs and the gross seldom more than equated each other. Now the British seem more willing to depend on art houses for revenue and are taking to designing productions specially for them. Low-budget films such as "A Run for Your Money" and "Tight Little Island" have done well; "Henry V" should send money across the Atlantic for some time to come. Lately a titan among the art-house type of picture has arrived from them in the form of a cinemized "Tales of Hoffmann" (Lopert).

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who also co-produced "Red Shoes," have been aggressively "arty" in transplanting the complex and gothic fantasy of the opera to the screen. *SRL*'s music department has already heartily approved the quality of the production as opera; it only remains for us to assess it as movie. The producers have been obviously aware (unlike the Italians who have ventured into this field) that movies must move and that opera by its very nature is somewhat static. Thus they have seldom allowed song and music to stand on their own, providing a considerable amount of movement by utilizing ballet, mime, puppetry, and the fluid possibilities of décor. Every now and then, though, and particularly in the last of the three tales, the camera has been allowed to become merely a substitute for the spotlight, as the participants pour forth their dire problems.

Nevertheless, a lot of fancy work has gone into making the opera a visual experience as well as an auditory one. The ballet and pantomime seemed to me altogether excellent (Robert Helpmann's miming of the three aspects of the evil genius is striking), the puppetry and costuming clever, and the camera work inventive. Certainly the producers must be applauded for the remarkable effort they have made to combine experimentally a number of theatrical arts for movie purposes. Sometimes their taste is questionable, notably so in the matter of décor, but there is no denying the over-all splendor of the quality of fantasy they have achieved. The tales concern, in a cloudy and complicated way, the evil and the sorcery inherent in the power of love. The soul of Hoffmann is captured in turn by a lifelike

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marionette, a Venetian courtesan, and a young girl mystically attracted by death. Each of the women figures is under the control of an evil genius, and it is he who always wins out. Hoffmann must remain loveless and womanless. I'm afraid it would take a competent psychoanalyst to give the plot any more clarity than this.

Robert Rounseville, a young American singer, was an apt choice for the role of Hoffmann and was one of the few members of the cast who employed his own voice. Moira Shearer is present for some admirable ballet sequences, but I found her somewhat overshadowed by Ludmilla Tcherina as the alluring Giuliette. Pamela Brown, ordinarily a capable English actress, unfortunately has to wander through it all dressed in boy's clothes, and not even her voice is her own.

* * *

Another recent importation from Great Britain is "Odette" (Wilcox-Neagle), and although it lacks the spectacular qualities of "Tales of Hoffmann" it is also in every way worth seeing. Odette is the name of an actual British agent in France during the last war, and the story of her quiet heroism, told with an absolute minimum of heroics, is based pretty much on the actual facts of the case. Anna Neagle plays the title role, and the dependable Trevor Howard and Marius Goring are around too. Much of the action and all of the backgrounds are utterly convincing; it's about the only "spy" type of picture I've yet seen that maintains a constant air of quiet realism. Better catch this one at your local art house, taste snob or no.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

Tales of Hoffmann: Reviewed in this issue.

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia, thrillingly photographed by 16mm. amateur camera, and narrated with great dry wit by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

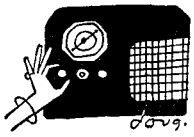
Teresa: A G.I. takes his Italian war bride (the Discovery, Pier Angeli) back to the old tenement and other torments in a film authenticated by Veterans Administration files. (*SRL* April 14.)

You're in the Navy Now: Risible experiences of landlubbers manning an experimental wartime vessel for the Navy. (*SRL* April 7.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

TV and Radio

THE OLD RATE RACE—II



WHEN a sponsor spends, let us say, $25,000 a week for a half-hour program on a radio or a television network it is only natural that he should want to know how many people are listening to it. After all, he has been at the factory all day compounding headache tablets which are like a doctor's prescription or stuffing goo which stops decay into a tube; so when he gets home and washes up and has dinner he settles down to listen to his program and has a good laugh or a good cry, as the case may be, depending on whether the program is comic or dramatic. (This reaction is often interchangeable.)

In the early, early days of radio the sponsor made a personal survey of the listeners. He met, say, a friend of his at lunch the following noon.

"Well, Joe, how did you like the program last night?"

"What program is that, Joe?" (They're both named Joe.)

"My program. It was on the radio last night."

"Oh—the radio. You listened to a program on the radio last night?"

"It's not did I listen. I *had* a program on the radio last night."

"And you didn't listen to it?"

"Yes I listened to it, Joe. But I want to know if you listened to it."

"Oh. . . . No, I don't have a radio, Joe."

This personalized survey in the early days of radio was crude and frustrating. But as the medium progressed the survey became a highly specialized and integral part of the radio picture. People skilfully trained began telephoning radio owners all over the country. Compare the early, crude survey with the Hooper survey, when a company with know-how went to work.

"Hello. This is a national survey of what programs are being listened to. Could you tell us what program you are listening to now?"

"What?"

"We are making a national survey of what programs are being listened to. Could you tell us what program you are listening to now on your radio?"

"What about my radio?"

"Is your radio turned on now?"

"Yes, it's turned on."

"Are you listening to it?"

"No, but my husband is."

"Could you tell me what program it is?"

"Just a minute. . . . It's the Lux."

"The Lux what?"

"Just the Lux, that's all." (Click.)

An advertising man, who prefers not to be advertised here, told me this conversation in substance took place one night when he was permitted by the Hooper survey to listen in on the phone calls made while a program of his was on the air. He also tells me that the young lady who telephoned waited until the operator had rung four times. If at the end of four rings the party called did not answer that party was considered not at home and therefore was listed as not listening to the program being checked. Let us examine this:

"Hey, Sarah, answer the phone."

"You answer it. I'm listening to this program."

"So am I. I can't answer it."

"Henry, answer the phone."

"I can't, Dad, I'm listening to the radio."

"Well, somebody ought to answer it."

"Well, not me."

"Me either."

"Oh well—it's stopped ringing. Now we can listen in peace."

Up until a year or two ago all radio programs survived or perished depending on whether or not they got a good rating from the people who were called up. It was quite a battle between the telephone and the medium. But thank heaven this antiquated and, as shown here, unreliable method of measuring audiences has at last been replaced by a new method—the Nielsen. Here at last is something to be relied upon. No phone calls here—instead a little audimeter is attached to the radio or television set, which registers on a roll of paper every time the radio or television set is turned on or off. You wouldn't want anything more reliable than that, would you?

There are 41,000,000 radio families in the U. S. Obviously Mr. Nielsen couldn't install his gadget in every set in the country. But he does have a fair and equitable portion of the 41,000,000 sets so installed. The exact figure is 1,500. I was in shock when I heard that 1,500 audimeters represented 41,000,000 families, but the man in the Nielsen office assured me it was quite all right. He also told me there are now over 11,000,000 television families, and for those sets they have in-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stalled 350 audimeters. In other words, if a housewife in Detroit turns on her television set she represents a small city of about 30,000 souls turning on its sets at the same time. And in a large city called New York hundreds of advertising and radio executives eagerly and seriously grab for the Neilsen report every two or three weeks when it comes out.

The roll of paper in the radio or television set is changed every month. Some are picked up by the Nielsen installation men and some are mailed in by the housewife after she has received in the mail a new roll to replace the one used up. The man in the Nielsen office explained that the installation men who first place the audimeters in the homes of the "average" listeners try not to tell the set owners what they are. This is to avoid the "average" listener's ever learning he is a guinea pig. Because once he becomes a guinea pig he isn't the "average" listener any more. How the installation men avoid telling the set owner I can only imagine.

"Hey, what are you putting in my radio set?"

"Oh, it's just a krovna that keeps the antenna from delving into the latka and overflowing into the frequency modulation. I'll be around every month or so and see that your radio is still spasdic."

"Oh."

But the housewives who take out the roll and mail it back to the Nielsen office when they receive a new roll must know, I'm sure, that they are guinea pigs. They're probably conscious of it all month.

"George, we better turn on the radio set."

"What for? We're going to visit your mother."

"I know, but if we don't show up well on that roll of paper they got inside we won't be the average family. The least we can be is average."

"All right. Turn it on. And come on, let's go. You know how your mother is when we keep her waiting."

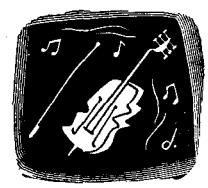
Thus the Nielsen. What effect it is having on your radio and television entertainment I will attempt to sum up in my learned way in the next instalment. It affects every family in this country. And, incidentally, the man at Nielsen told me that the average radio family consists of 3.7 persons. He didn't have the exact figure for television families, but he said they have found there are more persons per average television family than there are for the average radio family. I can only say that a man and his wife who claim to be television fans and can find time for other things are not the real television fans I know.

—Goodman Ace.

Music to My Ears

"WOZZECK"—NIELSEN'S SYMPHONY NO. 5—DANCO

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS and the Philharmonic-Symphony Society earned uncommon gratitude in the late weeks of their Carnegie Hall season by giving Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" its first New York performance in two decades. Recalling the special kind of impression the score made in its stage performance by Stokowski in 1931, I would say the light Mitropoulos shed was more remarkable for clarity than heat. Hearing all or most of the notes Berg wrote made one more than ever conscious how the ear grows in tolerance with passing time. If the score didn't dazzle, it certainly didn't perplex.



If anything, the weight of orchestral sound tended to overwhelm the singers and make one long for the more appropriate relationship of pit and stage, with the implicit action. "Wozzeck," after all, is anything but concerted "music drama"; it is a series of vignettes, utterly realistic in concept and action, mounting in power and effectiveness to the ordained climax of murder and suicide and to the anti-climax of "life goes on" as the children play. Setting it out thus barrenly tends to impose an unfair burden on singers to make the casual compelling, the compelling overwhelming.

But certainly better this kind of "Wozzeck" than none at all. In a cast ranging from excellent to exceptional Joseph Mordino took first honors for his extremely artful singing of three parts, including the Captain; Mack Harrell did well with the complexities of Wozzeck; Eileen Farrell effected a remarkable alteration in her normal way of singing on behalf of Marie, though it remained more "vocal" than one would have preferred. Edwina Eustis as Margaret defied time by singing again and with no less effect the part she had taken with distinction twenty years ago. It was not for lack of their application or for want of effort by the resourceful Mitropoulos that the performance left one vaguely dissatisfied if emotionally spent; it is, rather, that there is far more in this experience than can be realized in any concert-hall projection, devoted or no.

* * *

The doubly-delayed Fifth Symphony of Carl Nielsen—first by the neglect of visiting conductors since its creation in 1922 and more recently by the sudden death of Simon Barere at the concert of the American-Scandinavian Foundation when it was to be introduced two weeks ago—finally had its first American performance at the Philadelphia Orchestra's last concert of the season, with the composer's countryman Erik Tuxen conducting. A solid piece of music, with a sound that is closer to middle Sibelius than to any other music one can readily mention, it did not impress me as individual enough to surmount the challenge of international comparisons.

Possibly a good deal if not all of our American music would make such an impression on foreign ears. What David Hall's notes term "an odd quirk of fate," in which the works of Sibelius have traveled far and wide but not Nielsen's, is neither odd nor a quirk. Nielsen seems to have no such individuality or force of mind. Tuxen went about his business with evident authority. The orchestra, as ever, played splendidly.

* * *

Chalk up in the instance of Suzanne Danco one black mark for the phonograph as a reliable gauge to all the capacities of a singer. Miss Danco's varied and well-regarded recordings had told us a good deal of artistry and intellect, something about a pretty voice well used, and not too much about her capacity for sustained emotional projection. Her debut in Town Hall confirmed all the minor distinctions but left major ones lacking.

In such stylized matter as a set of "Laudi" arranged by Fernando Liuzzi from thirteenth-century sources or two Purcell airs or Caccini's "Amarilli" or three "Ariettes" of Nellini, Miss Danco used her light soprano voice with clarity and ease. Instead of warming up thereafter she cooled off in groups of Brahms and Wolf, Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles," and Debussy's "Ariettes oubliées." Miss Danco lacks the guttural richness for such a song as "Mein liebe ist Grün"; the monochromatic pallor of sound that had been disturbing but not distressing in the earlier matter was a conspicuous liability in Ravel and Debussy. Her maximum vocal sound is rather limited and breathy both at top and bottom. Paul Ulanowsky played his usual kind of sensitive accompaniment.

—Irving Kolodin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 21*)

advertently turned into science fiction. While there may be brisk interstellar traffic elsewhere in the galaxy it apparently has not yet reached the galactic suburbs where we are located. As for the "saucers," at least 90 per cent of them were probably caused by "Skyhook" balloons. For the few cases where the witnesses cannot be doubted and where the object seen was certainly not a balloon, it is much easier to believe in a tight-lipped AEC than in interplanetary visitors who favor United States territory in such an extraordinary manner.

* * *

"Men of Other Planets" by Kenneth Heuer is not, as one may be led to believe by the title, an extended elaboration of the same theme. It is simply a popular astronomy, which its author tried to "spice with fantasy." If popular-science books were sorted as to "schools," like paintings, Heuer's book would have to be assigned to the French school which was started by Bernard de Fontenelle with his "Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes" in 1686 and which flourished again half a century ago because of Camille Flammarion, who is evidently Heuer's ideal. That the book is the author's first is also evident. But the facts, as one can expect of a lecturer at the Hayden Planetarium, are correct, the fantasy is amusing and marked as such, and the younger readers for whom the book is written will probably like it a lot.

Willy Ley is the author of "Lungfish, the Dodo, and the Unicorn: An Excursion Into Romantic Zoology" and "Dragons in Amber: Further Adventures of a Romantic Naturalist." With Chesley Bonestall, Mr. Ley collaborated on "The Conquest of Space."

A Way to Love Your Neighbor

STATEMENT ON RACE. By Ashley Montagu. New York: Henry Schuman. 172 *pp.* $2.

By William C. Boyd

RACIAL differences, real or fancied, have in our time provided some of the most powerful motive forces to intellectual and political movements, and millions of persons have been killed or tortured or both as a consequence of racial doctrines. Any thoughtful contributions to this subject are therefore of the greatest importance; and it is particularly fortunate that Dr. Ashley Montagu, who has long been one of the clearest thinkers on the subject and who is a scholar and humanist as well as a scientist, has made this latest effort toward a sane evaluation of the entire race question.

On July 18, 1950, UNESCO issued a statement on race consisting of twenty-one paragraphs. This had originally been drafted by Dr. Montagu, then discussed in detail and revised by the Committee of Experts on Race Problems, which consisted of anthropologists, sociologists, and educators from various Western countries. The Statement was read and criticized by a number of biologists, geneticists, and other scientists before it was finally issued.

The Statement is a brief but accurate presentation of modern views on race. Race defined as "a group or population characterized by some concentrations . . . of hereditary particles (genes) or physical characters . . . by reason of geographic and/or cultural isolation." Informed persons will at once recognize the modernity and precision of this definition.

Nevertheless, Montagu was convinced, rightly it seems to me, that an annotated version of the Statement, giving some account of the process of its composition and revision and accompanied by a running commentary which amplifies and explains points which might remain obscure to the casual reader, would fill a need for the general public. This book is the result. The annotations themselves were submitted for criticism to a number of distinguished authorities and are remarkably clear and readable.

Dr. Montagu emphasizes many points often misunderstood. He explains more fully the genetic definition of race but states that in his opinion the term "race" should be left to the expert, who will know what it means, and that the layman should use the more noncommittal term "ethnic group." He discusses once more the non-existence of a "Jewish race," a point now quite obvious to the trained anthropologist but still misunderstood by many laymen. And, perhaps most important of all, he points out that there is absolutely no evidence that any human race is inferior to any other in average mental endowment. He offers his own explanation of the apparent absence of such mental racial differences, suggesting that natural selection even in different environments would tend to favor the same mental characters, among which he lists innate capacity for wisdom, maturity of judgment, and especially mental plasticity and adaptability.

Montagu also argues that selection has acted not to favor the selfish individual of the species but to preserve groups of individuals capable of cooperation and a harmonious life together. In fact, he believes that "the ethical conception of love, which almost all peoples arrived at independently, is no mere artificial creation of man but is firmly grounded in the biological structure of man as a functional organism, . . . a discovery of the greatest possible significance for the future of mankind." And further: "Man's inherent drives toward cooperation need but to be cultivated and intelligently handled for this world to be turned into a Paradise on earth—when all men will at last live by the rule it is their nature to live by—the Golden Rule is to love your neighbor as yourself." If this is indeed true it offers a possible way out of the grim predicament of men and nations at the present time.

Good discussions and explanations are given of the nature and mode of action of evolutionary agencies, including isolation, genetic drift, and random fixation of genetic traits, changes in the structure of the genes (mutations), hybridization, and natural selection. It is suggested that these agencies acting singly or together have produced the diverse human racial types which we find at the present time on this planet. Traits like skin color are here treated as adaptive (subjective to the action of natural selection) notwithstanding the views of those anthropologists who writing in the infancy of physical anthropology postulated that they were non-adaptive. (It is a chastening thought that the infancy of the science is so recent that a number of those still writing, including your present reviewer, thought fifteen years ago that they could find non-adaptive traits where we at present fail to discern them.)

This book is a must for any intelligent layman who is still wondering what exactly "race" is all about and what our "racial" policy should be. It is also recommended for anyone who fancies that he belongs to a "superior" race.

William C. Boyd is professor of immunochemistry in the School of Medicine of Boston University and author of "Genetics and the Races of Man."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science Notes

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE. By F. Sherwood Taylor. Norton. $7.50. In 1936 Dr. F. Sherwood Taylor, a British scientist who has published about half a dozen books for students and general readers, completed a massive survey of research and technology. "The World of Science" is a new and revised edition of the earlier work. Additions include informative and clearly written material on the basic principles of nuclear fission, the hydrogen bomb, radar, television, and many other subjects.

It is practically impossible to bring a book of this sort completely up to date. For example, this reviewer missed accounts of electronic computing machines and the currently accepted theory of the origin of the planets. But Dr. Taylor has done a creditable one-man job. While few people will want to read straight through the 1,000-odd pages of the book, it should serve as a valuable reference for librarians and leading science writers. —JOHN E. PFEIFFER.

SCIENCE MARCHES ON. By James Stokley. Ives Washburn. $3.75. The present pattern for the popularization of science started in the mid-1920's when the late Edward Wyllis Scripps financed and founded Science Service to get gobbets of learned information for his chain of newspapers at cheap cost. The late Edward Emery Slosson was first director of that newspaper service. His successor is Watson Davis, who reports more fields of science no less accurately and in more detail; the material is written for a somewhat more informed readership at a somewhat greater price.

Also in the mid-1920's *Time* magazine began to report the doings of the scientist for the information of college graduates. This permitted a less awesome, more sophisticated "popularization." *Time*, reporting from Cleveland, Ohio, could even print the then forbidden word "syphilis" without being excluded from Cleveland ("monkey trial"), Tennessee. Soon Pulitzer Prize judges began to honor science reporters. Industrial organizations started to pay big salaries to men who could popularize their laboratory researches, as a matter of good public relations.

In 1932 General Electric began to broadcast a series of half-hour programs on scientific topics. They continue. Some have been carefully prepared; some have been sloppy. Some have presented information starkly and usefully; others have been overhashed mush. Of that long series James Stokley, one of the most competent science reporters that we have and a member of General Electric's general news bureau for the past ten years, has selected fifty for this little compendium. Grouped under headings—What Science Can Do, The Earth and Its Surroundings, The Sun and Its Energy, The Living World, Man's Life and Health, Among Atoms and Molecules, and Science Makes Life Easier—these fifty pieces do give us a concept and picture of science marching on timelessly. —MYRON WEISS.

SCIENCE AND THE PURPOSE OF LIFE. By Boris Sokoloff. Creative Age Press. $3. Faith, religious or otherwise, implies a firm belief in spiritual values and the full and simple acceptance of those beliefs. Faith is faith because it cannot be proved. It is meaningless to say that one has faith in the laws of gravitation, the structure of atoms, or the potency of penicillin. Such things can be measured and analyzed mathematically. Faith applies to concepts that science cannot measure and therefore cannot prove or disprove.

All this has been said many times, but it will have to be repeated as long as books like "Science and the Purpose of Life" are published. Dr. Boris

"Surely to be cited as one of the important biographies of our time."—MARCIA DAVENPORT, N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

Florence Nightingale

By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

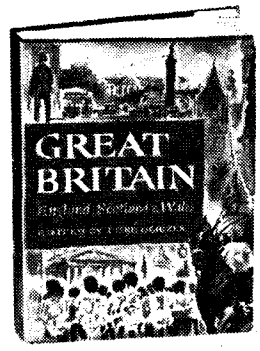
"This gracefully written and extremely readable biography has the power and intensity of a fine novel."
—ANTHONY WEST, *New Yorker*

"A magnificent biography . . . It would be difficult to praise it too highly."—MARCHETTE CHUTE, *Saturday Review of Literature*

3rd Large Printing • $4.50

To make your **Festival Year** visit to Britain more enjoyable—
To recapture wonderful memories, years later—

Great Britain:
England, Scotland and Wales
Edited by DORÉ OGRIZEK



Superb reading and a gift to treasure. Twelve writers, writing of the parts of the country they know best, have recaptured all the pageantry and rich tradition of Great Britain. In these magnificently illustrated pages the Scottish highlands, midland England, the mountains and great coastal plain of Wales,and London, the historic heart of the Empire,come to vivid life. 460 pages, 37 color maps. $6.50

Read as you travel—travel as you read with the famous **WORLD IN COLOR** series edited by DORÉ OGRIZEK

The Paris We Love

"If any book can be said to capture the lure of Paris, this is it. Why it gives you a kick just to hold it in your hand."
—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

"A gaudy new valentine to the city of light."
—*N. Y. Times*. 412 pages, 19 color maps. $6.50

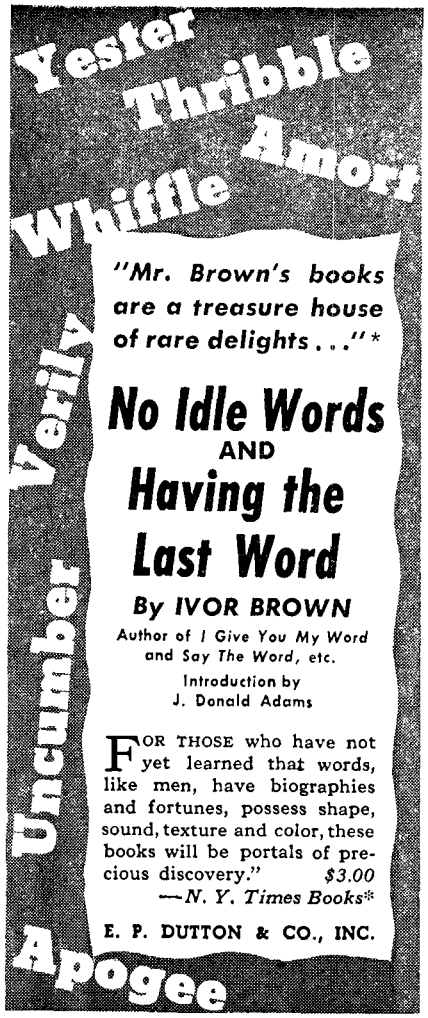
At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc., N.Y. 18

OTHER POPULAR VOLUMES

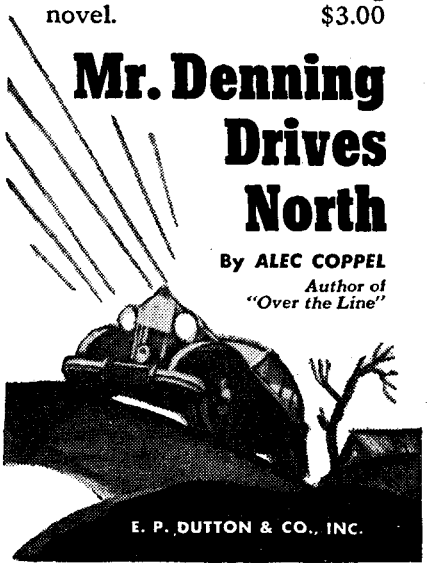
THE UNITED STATES — 408 illus. and maps, 520 pages — $6.50
BELGIUM and LUXEMBURG — 196 illus. and maps, 320 pages — $6.00
ITALY — 320 illus. and maps, 380 pages — $6.00
SWITZERLAND — 270 illus. and maps, 274 pages — $5.50
FRANCE: Paris and the Provinces — 345 illus. and maps, 462 pages — $6.00
THE NETHERLANDS — 162 illus. and maps, 252 pages — $6.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Yester
Thribble
Whiffle
Amort
Verily
Uncumber
Apogee
"Mr. Brown's books are a treasure house of rare delights . . ."*
No Idle Words
AND
Having the Last Word
By IVOR BROWN
Author of I Give You My Word and Say The Word, etc.
Introduction by J. Donald Adams
FOR THOSE who have not yet learned that words, like men, have biographies and fortunes, possess shape, sound, texture and color, these books will be portals of precious discovery." $3.00
—N. Y. Times Books*
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

What happens when a man commits MURDER — and the body of his victim is never discovered?

IT is the gnawing torment of not knowing what has happened to his victim — not the fact that he is a murderer — that drives Tom Denning to the brink of madness in this tense and exciting novel. $3.00



Sokoloff, director of research at Florida Southern College, is a deeply religious man and earnestly desires to impart his faith to others. But he approaches his purpose with crude, almost sacrilegious appeals to a mass of interesting and utterly irrelevant facts.

The belief in the immortality of the soul, which Dr. Sokoloff shares with many others, is one of the most powerful ideas ever conceived. It is a travesty of religious feeling to see the author attempting to "prove" this belief by citing studies of rat nutrition, vitamin C, and hormone E. A similar dragging-in of technical data typifies his discussions of purpose in evolution and other mystical problems. For all its good intentions this book falls far short of its aims.

—J. E. P.

THE ATOM AT WORK. By Jacob Sacks. Ronald Press. $4. Several years ago the Columbia Broadcasting System prepared a documentary program, "The Sunny Side of the Atom," on the beneficial possibilities of atomic energy. The name could serve as the subtitle for this new book by Dr. Jacob Sacks, a biologist at the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island. The author devotes one of his last chapters to the atom bomb, but the rest of the book describes the discovery of radium, artificial radioactivity, modern atom-smashing machines, and chain-reacting piles for the production of nuclear power.

Among the important by-products of nuclear furnaces are radioactive isotopes, chemical elements whose atoms emit electrical signals in the form of positively and negatively charged particles. In medical studies minute and harmless amounts of these "tracers" can be introduced into the body and detected by the clicking of Geiger counters. For example, Dr. Sacks tells how doctors at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston are testing phosphorous tracers to locate brain tumors precisely (concentrations of the radioactive isotope are far higher in tumors than in normal brain tissue).

The author rightly castigates "vicious" and sensational popular stories which misrepresent medical research advances as cures, and he is one of the scientists who have determined to take a hand at journalism. If Dr. Sacks prepares any more expository books, however, he might pay more attention to the sunny side of science reporting. He could write far more vividly and simply without violating accuracy or raising false hopes among sick people. "The Atom at Work" is recommended to students, teachers, and laymen who can take their science straight. —J. E. P.

BELLES-LETTRES

(Continued from page 19)

think it rather excessively modest of Mr. Dupee to have omitted all reference to his own admirably useful compilation, "The Question of Henry James."

Very incidentally, James's weekend visit to Cambridge in his old age —the year was 1909—included a breakfast with John Maynard Keynes, with horrific results narrated and documented in R. F. Harrod's "John Maynard Keynes." There's a juxtaposition for you: Henry James and John Maynard Keynes; and a continuity also on which the mind lingers lovingly, thinking of the man who did so much to save something of the life James loved in a world capable of supporting less and less of it.

C. Hartley Grattan is the author of "The Three Jameses: A Family of Minds."

Belles-Lettres Notes

WALT WHITMAN — POET OF SCIENCE. By Joseph Beaver. King's Crown Press, New York. $2.75. In the greater part of Whitman scholarship Whitman's use of scientific concepts and metaphors in his poetry has been minimized, if not questioned and parodied outright. Mr. Beaver attempts to overhaul much of the ossified criticism by documentation which indicates that Whitman's scientific knowledge was soundly acquired and that scientific imagery and thoughts were deliberately and functionally diffused in his poetry. To illustrate Whitman's technique of reconciling science and poetry Mr. Beaver discusses the numerous allusions and references to ornithology, physics, astronomy, chemistry, evolution, and phrenology (the bump-on-the-head "science" which at first appealed to Whitman's vanity but was later modified by his objectivity).

In the dazzling rhetorical preface to "Leaves of Grass" Whitman proclaims that the "known universe has one complete lover and that is the greatest poet" and that exact science is always the poet's "encouragement and support." Rarely are these statements taken as seriously as Whitman intended them, but Mr. Beaver uses them as a lever for a re-evaluation of Whitman's poetry with fascinating results. There is more materialism in Whitman than he is given credit for. Yet even Mr. Beaver seems to agree

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that much of it is obscured by his transcendentalist vocabulary. Since Whitman wished to leave nothing unpoetized, he seized any new and expressive terminology, whether it was science or transcendentalism, in singing of the cosmos. Compared with the ancients, however, and especially Lucretius, whose passionate scientific-poetic crusade aimed to make men free from fear of the gods and to debunk the immortality of the soul, Whitman is not an apostle or poet of science in that dedicated sense of the word. The whole subject of Whitman's relation to science has needed a critical airing, and Mr. Beaver has made a valuable contribution.

WALT WHITMAN OF THE NEW YORK AURORA. Edited by Joseph Jay Rubin and Charles H. Brown. Bald Eagle Press, State College, Pa. $4. On March 28, 1842, the publishers of the daily New York *Aurora* respectfully announced the securing of the services "of Walter Whitman, favorably known as a bold, energetic, and original writer," as their leading editor. Whitman, who was twenty-two years old at the time with a ten-year record of experience as editor-printer on various newspapers, soon set about demonstrating his qualities in competition with established journalists like Bennett, Bryant, and "Go-West-young-man" Greeley on the other metropolitan dailies. The eighty-four short articles and two poems presented in this volume, with an able introduction and valuable notes, are recently discovered evidences of Whitman's editorial efforts on the *Aurora*.

While these efforts do not compare in literary excellence with Whitman's later journalistic writings, "The Gathering of the Forces" and "I Sit and Look Out" among others, there is displayed his flair for the ringing prose and unabashed sentiment with which he expressed his social and political philosophy. Whitman's are-you-with-me-dear-reader technique establishes immediate intimacy with the reader as he receives a vigorous, impressionistic, albeit a somewhat surface view of the seething issues of the time as well as local human-interest items. On the issue of allocation of public funds for parochial schools Whitman was so incensed by political meddling on the part of clerics that he heaped vitriolic editorials on their heads and attacked the faction in Tammany which did not support the idea of separation of church and state. Whitman's tender side, however, is also shown as he saunters through market places, boarding houses, places of worship, parks, and streets, proclaiming divinity in every man, the joy of life, and the brotherhood of man. Poignancy and realism somehow complement each other in Whitman.

Whitman's relationship with the *Aurora* lasted only a few months, and just as they had met on a footing of reciprocal praise so they parted wth words of mutual opprobrium. Whitman possibly had resisted attempts by the publishers to "tone" his editorials; they countered by scoring his laziness. This charge seems very thin, however, considering the quality and quantity of Whitman's work while editor.

WALT WHITMAN LOOKS AT THE SCHOOLS. By Florence Bernstein Freedman. King's Crown Press, New York. $3.50. It seems that no single biography has been able to explore all the facets of Walt Whitman's experience, a fact which has encouraged supplementary studies of Whitman as prophet-poet, as scientist, as critic, and now as teacher. Florence Freedman's concentration on Whitman's views on education and the nineteenth-century American school system points up the fact that the tutorial tone of Whitman's poetry and prose comes largely from his schoolmaster days and his editorial activities. As student in the Brooklyn school system and later at the age of seventeen as teacher in various Long Island schools he noted with strong disapproval the practice of rote and catechistic teaching, corporal punishments or "child-torture," crowded and unattractive classrooms, close-fisted "Messieurs of the Board of Education," and the absence of science subjects, drawing, and music, upon all of which he placed a great deal of importance.

In those editorials in the *Brooklyn Evening Star* and the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* which concerned themselves with education (over a hundred of them are collected in this volume) Whitman outlined some proposals for making better students and happier teachers: "treating youth at school as rational creatures . . . in such a way that they *understand*, and not merely get by rote"; also, "the *cheapest* way of conducting a school is to engage the best teacher at the *best prices*." Much that Whitman says about the function of education in a democracy and the

A KING'S STORY

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

"The most incandescent love story of the twentieth century, it has value to the historian — and the student of human nature — beyond just that. *A King's Story*, better than anything I have read in more sober volumes, symbolizes the twilight — the sunset — of an epoch . . . one of the most moving documents of our time." —JOHN GUNTHER, *The Saturday Review*

448 pages, plus 64 pages of illustrations and two-color map endpapers. $4.50 *at all bookstores*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Publishers • New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learning process makes stimulating reading and is relevant today.

Particularly interesting is Florence Freedman's wit-enlivened introduction to this volume, which reconstructs the atmosphere and details of the classroom of Whitman's days and pays attention to the over-all education problems of the time.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS HERTFORDSHIRE. By Reginald L. Hine. Macmillan. $3.75. Lamb often celebrated the pleasures of city life, but his attachment to rural Hertfordshire was also firm. As he said, in matter of fact he belonged to London; in "matter of lie" he belonged to Hertfordshire. In that pleasant county north of London his Grandmother Field had been housekeeper of the Plumer mansion at Blakesware (the Blakesmoor of his Elian essay), and as children Elia and his sister Bridget had enjoyed visits there which their later memory brightened with considerable luster. In this handsome, solid (347 pages), and copiously illustrated book the late Mr. Hine has rambled all over the county and into its houses, usually in the footsteps of Lamb. Like his master he is addicted to the pun, the whimsy, the intricate web of associations; he is besides a formidable authority on the local history of the county. All of this miscellanea he handles with lightness and dexterity. He often rambles out of the county—as when he follows the Lambs on their trip to Paris; and he often leaves his master—as when he gives a fascinating account, based on new documents, of the Plumer family. It is in general entertaining literary history; it is also in the long digression on the Plumers illuminating social history of the county gentry in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Charles Lamb is nearly everyone's dish and a particularly palatable one in Mr. Hine's collection.

SEA SLANG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Wilfred Granville. Philosophical Library. $3.75. The lexicographer who compiled "Sea Slang" is no harmless drudge; he has performed a valuable duty to students of English, of language, and of the sea—especially to those members of the British Apprentice Club who wish to talk like master mariners. By its nature slang is the most ephemeral kind of language; it is natural in the sense of spontaneous and racy and also in the sense of illegitimate, although many words that start so lowly achieve respectability. Why the sea should spawn a rich slang is easy to understand. Ships and their sailors are cut off from the world of landlubbers and in their isolated floating communities make up a kind of communality. In his "slanguage" the sailor expresses himself with pungency and vividness. He can show his resentment by calling someone a barnacle (a senior officer who clings to a soft job). He can be poetic by referring to lace (froth on a rough sea) or to a lush thrush (a very pretty girl). He can exercise his understatement by saying the Big Lizzie (the Q. E.) or a false-nose party (a Commando raid) or the long week end (between World Wars I and II). His richest haul is, of course, humor. He may have to go to the fang farrier (dentist) and in mess he may eat a two-eyed steak (kipper) or nuts and bolts with an awning (steak and kidney pie). If he kisses the gunner's daughter he is only, alas, receiving corporal punishment while bent over the breech of a gun. Here it is all neatly set forth, from A. B. to Zone, and it makes a delightful book, easy to put down but easier to pick up.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN (1902-1950): *A Collective Portrait. Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Leo Huberman. Henry Schuman.* $2.50. As a memorial to the late Professor Matthiessen of Harvard this volume is an excellent reminder of his gifts as scholar, critic, teacher, and friend. All these aspects of his full life are honestly illuminated here. Since his political position was the cause of most criticism—he called himself "a Christian and a socialist"—one of the most interesting pieces in this collection is a chapter from his "From the Heart of Europe." It is called The Education of a Socialist and explains how his experiences in and out of school directed his political thinking to its final, uneasy equilibrium. The development of American radicals, whatever their orientation, is always provocative—or provoking. His account, although written with notable lack of polish, makes a good companion piece to John Reed's "Almost Thirty," the testament of an earlier radical who died young and not disillusioned. (Could we call him illusioned?)

Besides Matthiessen's piece, written when he was almost fifty, the volume contains a chapter from his recently published book on Theodore Dreiser. The rest of the book is made up of statements from his wide range of friends, colleagues, and students. Although they differ in emphases and sympathies, all their statements attest to his solid gifts and undiminished sincerity.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

A book of lasting pleasure

The Meaning of Shakespeare

By HAROLD C. GODDARD

► Through the centuries, the genius of great minds and hearts has often turned to writing about writing. Nowadays it is called literary criticism, but in its best examples – Dr. Johnson, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb—it is an art as witty and as warm as any other. Now we have a new volume in that long tradition.

MARK VAN DOREN: "An excellent work: personal, well-considered, responsible, and provocative. The approach to Shakespeare is always absolutely fresh, and . . . its discoveries are many and valuable."

MARGARET WEBSTER: "Dr. Goddard's viewpoint, to me at least, threw a new light on plays which I thought I knew pretty thoroughly. He sees Shakespeare's characters as real human beings, alive and whole. This is what I have always tried to achieve in the theater; I do not know of many writers who have so successfully put this quality into print."

LIONEL TRILLING: "Professor Goddard's book is a warm and humane reading of Shakespeare, which student and general reader will find truly enlightening."

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER: "Noble, creative, magnificent work. Never have I read anything on *King Lear* which so deeply satisfied me. I have always longed to lay hands on just such a deep-hearted, spiritually penetrating interpretation."

691 pages. $6.00 at all booksellers

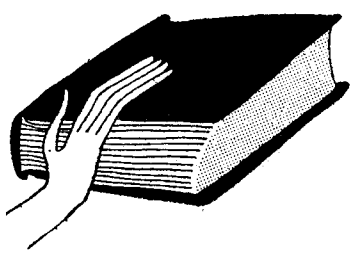
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW EDITIONS

THE Oxford University Press has recently completed one great definitive edition and has nearly completed a second. With the publication of the fifth and sixth volumes ($12) of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" L. F. Powell's revision of George Birbeck Hill's famous edition is finished. With the publication of the ninth and tenth volumes ($7 each) of the Oxford "Ben Jonson" Percy and Evelyn Simpson are within one volume of concluding the work begun by C. H. Herford in 1888. These editions are masterpieces of thorough scholarship, and the latest instalments of them will be examined at length in scholarly journals. Every detail will be scanned minutely. But here it is enough to commend them to interested readers—with the assurance that they are prime examples of the kind of editing that has long been done at Oxford under the imprint of the Clarendon Press—and to add a few descriptive words.

Volume five of the "Johnson" contains Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" and Johnson's own "Diary of a Journey Into North Wales," with a number of appendixes, the last consisting of more than a hundred pages of notes "for which room could not be found on the pages to which they relate." Volume six contains an index to the entire edition; a table of persons mentioned anonymously by Boswell in the "Life" and the "Tour," with identifications whenever possible, and a bibliography of sources quoted in notes and appendixes. Mr. Powell has used the third edition of the "Tour" (1786) as a basis of his text and has printed the "Diary" from Johnson's manuscript. The latter is probably unknown territory to all but the most pious Johnsonians, and it does not compare in interest with the "Tour," but it is now possible—thanks to the structure that Mr. Powell has built on foundations laid by Hill and others—to read both "Tour" and "Diary" as well as the great "Life" with aids towards complete understanding that were never before available.



In the ninth volume of "Ben Jonson" the Simpsons provide a historical survey of the author's text, making their way through the manuscripts, the quartos, the First Folio of 1616, subsequent folios, the editions of Whalley and Gifford, and later texts down to those of the 1930's. In the course of this survey they defend the authenticity of the 1616 Folio against the savage attacks of Dr. H. de Vocht and make dog-meat of the professor's arguments. They also take issue with the erudite Dr. Greg and cast grave doubts on Miss Snell's statistical examination of the meter of eight plays, undertaken with a view to distinguishing late from early work. Textual history is followed by stage histories of the individual plays from their first performances down to the most recent productions of our own day. This part of the work will appeal to everyone who is interested in theatrical history. (But wasn't the name of the actor who played Mammon in the Phoenix Society's revival of "The Alchemist," London, Regent Theatre, 1923, Frank Cellier—*not* Frank Collier?)

If ever the readers of a playwright required learned and extensive notes in order to understand their author this is surely true of the readers of Ben Jonson; and the Simpsons have met the need with almost incredible generosity. More than four hundred pages of their ninth volume are devoted to such notes; the tenth volume (710 pages) concludes the Commentary on the plays and annotates the masques and other entertainments, while the final, promised volume will furnish notes on prose works and poems. A week or two spent in working one's way through this vast Commentary will convince anyone that it is a nearly inexhaustible mine of recondite philological, sociological, historical, biographical, literary information. Every reader of Jonson may profit by it greatly, and even when one is not reading Jonson one may dip into it for the sake of coming up with definitions of such phrases as "a yeoman pheuterer" and "a cheverel conscience" or with more knowledge than one had before of such things as "an hippocras bag" and the custom that bade a bridegroom show his impatience by tearing off, instead of untying, his "points." Long live the Oxford University Press!

The selections in "Dialogues of Plato" (Pocket, 25¢) compose an attractive introduction to Plato's thought. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

Great English classics in a new attractive form

THE
Reynard Library

PRESENTING truly ample selections from great English writers not hitherto available in this compact, convenient form. Each volume covers all aspects of an author's output — wherever possible with works printed in their entirety; each contains an introduction, chronological table and bibliographical notes. Carefully edited, attractively designed, handsomely bound, each volume contains 800 or more Bible paper pages. Both the general reader and the student will treasure these books. The first four titles are listed below.

GOLDSMITH: *SELECTED WORKS*
Chosen by Richard Garnett
JOHNSON: *SELECTED WORKS*
Chosen by Mona Wilson
BROWNING: *SELECTED WORKS*
Chosen by Simon Nowell-Smith
STERNE: *SELECTED WORKS*
Chosen by Douglas Grant
$4.25 each

T.S.Eliot's first published discussion of his own work

Poetry AND DRAMA

"The most important statement on poetry for the stage in this generation." *Archibald MacLeish* $1.50
At your bookseller, or

Harvard UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

FOOTLOOSE AND FANTASY FREE FOR THE LION

A PINK light of whimsy has descended over Britain, making it extremely difficult for the populace to perceive the difference between fact and fancy. Reverie and reality are overlapping to such an extent that experts are beginning to put the blame variously on: a. global uncertainty; b. the fever of the approaching festival; c. spring; or d. dietary deficiencies.

Perhaps it all started when the Festival of Britain, which opens May 3, announced that 3,500 pounds sterling would be spent on an extravaganza officially known as the Sherlock Holmes Exhibit of the St. Marylebone Borough Council. Principally the exhibit would display photographs and manuscripts to be loaned by the Conan Doyle family.

As well as the story can be reconstructed over here, there ensued a scorching controversy on the pages of *The Times* of London begun, it is said, by certain literal and practical-minded parties who held that since Sherlock Holmes never existed anyway it might be better to apply the 3,500 pounds toward more worthwhile causes—for example, housing. Other letters by less literal and less practical-minded parties came in, and these insisted that Mr. Holmes did indeed exist. There followed a flow of parcels containing certain true relics of Mr. Holmes—his pipe, fore-and-aft cap, and other equipment. One Mr. Robert Sharp speaking for the public libraries committee issued the following statement:

> Should anybody think that he may have one of . . . (Holmes's) articles in his possession, the Borough would be very grateful if he were to write to the borough librarian of St. Marylebone for a list of missing pieces and application form. Studying these, should he then feel that his treasure would fill a gap, he should send it by registered post to the borough librarian. Strictly, he should refer to his Sherlock Holmes; search his own mind, convincing himself (for surely he shall not otherwise convince the librarian!) that his contribution is true to description of the period and genuine in every way.

Charles Dickens—"shades of Sam Weller."

All these genuine articles which belonged to Sherlock Holmes, who some claim never existed, will be shown at his famous residence, 221-B Baker Street, a mythical address. There is a 219 Baker Street and a 225 Baker Street, and in between the two is the home of the Abbey National Building Society. If there *were* a 221-B Baker Street it would indeed be on the site occupied by the Abbey Society, so that is where—with Abbey's permission now secured—the Holmes exhibit will be placed.

Symptoms of this same disease have eddied over to this side of the Atlantic in the person of the Baker Street Irregulars, an organization of Holmes buffs which was founded by Christopher Morley. We rang up Edgar Smith, a vice president of General Motors Overseas Operations whose rank in the Irregulars is Tantalus, which is to say second in command.

Mr. Smith reminded us of the controversy in *The Times*. "We threw ourselves into it," he said, "and just by coincidence the plan for the Holmes exhibit went through." The Baker Street boys, whose ranks include Elmer Davis, Rex Stout, Fletcher Pratt, Ellery Queen, the psychiatrist Dr. Richard Hoffmann (he is not assigned to the Irregulars in a therapeutic capacity), have sent to London a number of first editions and a portfolio of original drawings by Frederick Dorr Steele which illustrated the Conan Doyle stories that appeared in *Collier's* from 1907 until 1927.

The Baker Street Irregulars, including their thirty branch societies all over the United States, are cooperating, even though they are a trifle upset at the location chosen for the Holmes display. The actual 221-B Baker Street is actually on the site now occupied by number 111, they claim, which is a good quarter of a mile from the Abbey building. The 111

—*Frederick Dorr Steele.*

Sherlock Holmes—"certain true relics."

address which fitted Holmes's description of 221-B just perfectly, according to Mr. Smith, was bombed out during the war. One of the alleys just around the corner has been renamed Sherlock Holmes Mews, he informed us. "First time a street was ever named for a fictional character, but don't quote me as saying he was a fictional character."

SOMETHING of the same flavor has also seeped as far as thirty miles from London to the town of Rochester, which fed Charles Dickens with background for at least six novels. Satis House, the home of Miss Haversham, the jilted spinster of "Great Expectations," is actually the Restoration House on the Maidstone Road. In "Edwin Drood" Dickens called Rochester "Cloisterham," and by either name it still has "the mellow air of antiquity" he described. The Nun's House of that novel is called Gate House and is now a museum.

A tourist stopping at the Royal Victoria and Bull Hotel might find himself disturbed by the shades of Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Snodgrass, and Jingle out of "Pickwick Papers." In that book it was called simply the Bull Inn, and it remains to this day as Jingle rather economically appraised it, "good house—nice beds."

Many of Dickens's characters were patterned after village types. Steerforth of "David Copperfield" was Dickens's boyhood friend George Stronghill of 1 Ordnance Terrace.

From June 16 until June 23 this year the 2,000 townspeople of Rochester will deck themselves out in stovepipe hat and bustle for a week-long Dickensian pageant. The performances will be given on the grounds of Rochester Castle, claimed to be the finest ruin of Norman architecture in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England. Two plays extracted from "Nicholas Nickleby" and "David Copperfield" will be offered, not to mention the recreation of famous scenes from his books in tableau.

Another bit of English life which will shortly spring to life from the inanimate printed sheet are the Emett railways, which had hitherto run no farther than across a page of *Punch*, the British humor magazine. Known as the Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway, the system is the product of an artist named Rowland Emett. Its voyages and vicissitudes are as well known to Britons as Fontaine Fox's Toonerville Trolley over here. There is hardly an Englishman who couldn't tell you that the Far Tottering runs to Oyster Creek via Cloud-Cuckoo Valley and Wisteria Halt. A spur line along the coast touches at Smuggler's Reach and Dogfish Point, not to mention routes to Witch Hollow Loop, Duckwallow Marsh, and Hangdog Heath, which as anyone knows full well are station stops on the way to Stygian Halt.

The railway is maintained on a strictly patch-as-patch-can basis, a system which might result in a brass coaching lamp being hung from a funnel and a geranium pot sitting atop the boiler. Teakettles and parlor stools covered in chintz are all part of standard engine equipment on the F. T. & O. C.

According to a semi-official statement, the line is much too busy to lend its trains to the Festival, so a replica of the road is being constructed in England. It will run for 1,600 feet through the pleasure grounds of the Festival Gardens in Battersea Park, carrying ninety-six people at a time at a shilling a head. When last reported Mr. Emett was bobbing about from foundry to junk shop overseeing the operation and no less titillated than Al Capp might be upon learning that the whole civilization of Dogpatch was about to spring to life.

And, as if the dividing line between what is tangible and what is imaginative weren't getting fainter every day in the land of our cousins, still another new exhibit, to be known as the Lion and the Unicorn, has been announced for the south bank. It will feature such Rube Goldbergiana as an automatic hand that pats you on the back when you feel blue and a set of stairs with a tricky balance that makes you feel like you're walking downstairs when you're really walking up. The Lion and the Unicorn is dedicated to British eccentricity and the festival authorities are asking every British possessor of an eccentricity to send in an explanation of it for possible inclusion in the exhibit. They'll doubtless be swamped with answers.

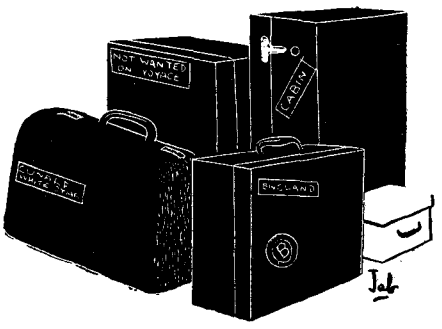
—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

FRANCE IN 1951. BRITAIN IN 1951. SWITZERLAND IN 1951. ITALY IN 1951. Edited by Eugene Fodor. David McKay Co. $3 each. One of the great weaknesses of travel books is the inescapable fact that they become out of date so quickly. It is quite impossible to expect that tourist conditions change apace with the sales of a book so that an edition will be sold out just in time to publish a newly edited one for the approaching season. These four Fodor guides claim on the jacket that they are "never out of date" as the title most boldly indicates. And what David McKay is going to do with his left-over copies at the end of 1951 I don't know, but the idea is interesting.

Now in addition to the books there is also Fodor's Readers' Club, an organization in which you are automatically a member when you plunk down three dollars for a book. Membership entitles you to discounts in 200 shops, restaurants, and night clubs in Britain and on the Continent. Each book is the composite work of a team of writers recruited among authorities, semi-authorities, and others who were handy on the scene. "France" includes some pieces by the travel editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. "Italy" has Reynolds and Eleanor Packard, foreign correspondents for the New York *Daily News*. "Britain" has some pieces by Ashley Courtney, who is best known as the Duncan Hines of his country. I recognize some names of wandering American writers who floated abroad for adventure, if not fortune. Then there is the humorist George Mikes, who has debunked the local way of life in each of these books save "Italy." His pieces are often pretty funny, though they will perhaps not seem so to individuals of the countries concerned.

I have two principal complaints about the Fodor books: one, they were printed abroad on the cheapest of paper; two, they are usually overbalanced on the big tourist city of



Everyone who goes to Europe goes to France

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. S, Box 221, New York 10

SAIL ON THE YEAR'S TOP CRUISE-SHIP

THE Friendly Way TO EUROPE

SS EUROPA

PLYMOUTH • HAVRE $195 UP (CABIN CLASS)

Set your course for fun and friendliness and the finest of food and service when you board the famous pleasure-liner Europa. The whole big ship—the command and crew—are all devoted to your having the time of your life.

England, France—all Europe is planning a festive season. Don't miss it and don't miss the pleasure of sailing the "Friendly Way." Write for booklet S.

See your travel agent or

ARNOLD BERNSTEIN SHIPPING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York City, (General Passenger Agents)
Boston, Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, San Francisco
INCRES COMPANIA DE NAVEGACION S. A. PANAMA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each country while the material on the rest of the country is skimpy. In "Britain" the material on London is fully 100 pages, leaving the other 200 for the rest of England, all of Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. The same is true of "France," which covers Paris in excellent detail with extremely useful data on hotels, restaurants, and particularly shopping. But, as an example, poor Mégève, a great winter resort, gets knocked off with the mention that it has seventy-two hotels, leaving the reader to pick his own.

Each book comes equipped with a map, a chapter on the usual practical advice about travel details, tipping, currency (Switzerland includes a whole section on hotels with rates); and in the back of each is a dictionary that will help you with such things as "Where is the museum?" and "I want a dentist." That even goes for the "Britain" book, by the way, which includes an "Anglo-American Interpreter." —H. S.

HORACE SUTTON'S
FOOTLOOSE IN
FRANCE

Especially for those attending Paris' 2000th Anniversary. The gayest, most informative guide, illustrated with photographs and maps. $4.00

RINEHART & COMPANY, New York 16

14¢ reserves a seat on any of our crack trains!

Travel bargains galore await you everywhere in Britain. For economy and convenience secure transportation and reservations BEFORE YOU LEAVE!

PLEASE CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or write Dept. F-32.

NEW YORK 20, N. Y.—9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL.—39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL.—510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT.—69 Yonge Street

BRITISH RAILWAYS

TANGLEWOOD

where Melville and Hawthorne met, is now the home of the Berkshire Music Center, an opportunity for summer music study in connection with the Berkshire Festival Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Everyone in Dept. V. for amateurs and general students, will sing Beethoven's Missa Solemnis with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky. Catalog. Administrator, Berkshire Music Center, Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

AMERICA—FROM A TO ZWIEBACK

(Continued from page 9)

be ground up and foisted on the public inside a split bun, can properly be regarded as a German borrowing is debatable. It comes pretty close to being a chemically pure Americanism.

From other languages there has been, as has been said, strikingly little borrowing. The "lesser breeds" have been scornfully abjured to "talk English," and if they wanted a hearing plainly had to do so. Though hundreds of thousands of Negroes were brought over as slaves and lived intimately with their white masters, scarcely two dozen of their words can be traced in our speech. We have more Eskimo words than Jewish and more Jewish than Scandinavian. Though there are probably more Italians in New York than in Rome, more Irish in Boston than in Dublin, and as many Poles in Chicago as in Warsaw, we have absorbed only three Italian words, three Irish, and one Polish. The exuberant changes we have made in so many English words show clearly that we are a talking people; but the paucity of our borrowings from the millions in our midst shows equally clearly we are not good listeners.

There is quite a group of words, several hundred in all, whose origins are unknown. Nor are they, as one might suppose, words whose beginnings are lost in the mists of antiquity. Some of them are of quite recent coinage. They seem to have sprung fully developed from the mouth of Demos. Where, for instance, did boondoggle come from? The earliest quotations furnished by the dictionary are from *The Chicago Tribune*, which was happily flailing the New Deal with the term throughout the Thirties. It's really a wonderful word, with its suggestion of boon, in the sense of "gift," and "dogged" persistence in folly under a "wobbling" policy, and so on. But no one knows how it began. So, too, with gimmick, grouch, dogie, shindig, bulldoze, charley horse, and hundreds more. And why doesn't someone know what Wisconsin means? How can they sleep restfully in Milwaukee until it's explained? And what about jalopy? Such a word must have a history! Every syllable in it is catnip to an etymologist and it appeared so recently that its inventor is probably still living, brutally indifferent to or secretly rejoicing at the agitation he has caused.

That the origins of these words is not known for sure is, paradoxically, an indication of the immense labor that has gone into the "Dictionary of

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE BARD WELL-MIXED

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, presents anagrammed titles of twenty Shakespearean plays along with a character appearing in each play. Allowing five points for properly rearranging a title and name, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1. Loco As Ruin — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — Oliva Mun
2. No Novel Fame-Getter Won — — — — — — — — — — — Lena Nevit
3. Katie O'Luisy — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — Dina Sorl
4. Ankle Rig — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — Leda Rico
5. O Cheer For Dot Myers — — — — — — — — — — — — Ida Aran
6. Foemen Never Hitch Cat — — — — — — — — — — — Saba Soni
7. What'll LeDell Want Less? — — — — — — — — — — Ret Bram
8. Elija Russacu — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — Su Sisca
9. I Note Major Duel — — — — — — — — — — — — — Tom Ruice
10. Few Men Worry Sis Vidor — — — — — — — — — — — Gene Napa
11. McNut Bought Ian A Hood — — — — — — — — — — — Nero Podd
12. Our Free Mare Amuses — — — — — — — — — — — — Lisa Beal
13. Tuscan Orders Iliads — — — — — — — — — — — — Sara Dancs
14. Our Distant Cusin — — — — — — — — — — — — — Ivanali
15. Ye Be McNil — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — Gemino
16. Thin Moon Feast — — — — — — — — — — — — — — Pat Suenam
17. Slavs Trouble Oslo — — — — — — — — — — — — — Friend Dan
18. When A Tree Tilts — — — — — — — — — — — — — Ted Pira
19. Madam M. Muir Needs Girths — — — — — — — — — — Saly Rend
20. Ronald Cannot Eat Pay — — — — — — — — — — — — Speludi

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americanisms." For there is a host of explanations for every one. But diligence has found variant spelling or prior datings that render the popular etymologies unacceptable. Take "the real McCoy." One ingenious explanation of this term is that it was originally "the real Macao," i.e., heroin smuggled in from the island of Macao, prized by addicts, even though more expensive, because it was unadulterated. Dr. Mathews had this confirmed by a convict, which to the romantic would have been complete authentication. But lexicographers cannot afford to be romantic, and further reading turned up an earlier quotation, far antedating the Macao references, which made it plain that the phrase was originally applied to whisky. An unnamed reader of the *Chicago Daily News* wrote to that paper fifteen years ago and quoted an Irish ballad of sixty years before in which an irate wife proclaims herself head of the household with the assertion "I am the real McCoy." But the whole point of the ballad may have been that the wife was aptly using a current catchword. Certainly the origin of the phrase has not yet been established, and the chance that it ever will be grows less with each passing year.

America's whole cultural history—from abbreviated adultery to zwieback—lies scattered through these nearly two thousand pages. Anyone who has grown up in the age of paved roads and cement sidewalks will learn more about frontier life by reading through the three pages devoted to mud and its combinations than any history could convey to him. Nothing else could bring home so forcefully the distilation of woe and disgust in the phrase "Your name is mud." "Safety barge" reminds us dramatically that river travel was highly dangerous, and "Beecher's Bible" commemorates a fervent but morally questionable piece of evangelism. And how interesting to learn that Coca-Cola was first offered to the public (as it still is in Central America) as a tonic.

Trade names are not usually included in dictionaries, but sometimes publicity overreaches itself and, to the despair of the advertising manager, a precious trade name passes into common speech and is applied to all similar products—to the very products, that is, that it was coined to exclude. Kodak and victrola are good examples of this, with frigidaire a runner-up. The Realtors maintain a special legal staff to see that just any old real-estate dealer does not appropriate their splendid appellation, but in a calling to which grandiloquence is so indispensable they are probably fighting a losing battle. Vaseline, celluloid, dictaphone, pyrex, and many other words began life as trade names and in time became parts of the language. Coca-Cola may soon stand beside O.K. as one of the first really international words. Yo-yo was originally coined as a trade name from hearing boys imprecate "You! you!" to their bandalores as they spun them up and down. Studebaker appears in the "Dictionary of Americanisms" for the first time; but the reference is to the sturdy old farm wagon, not to the car now made by the same company.

Users of the dictionary who know of words that the editors have overlooked are urged to send them in. But it would be advisable first to consult the "Oxford English Dictionary" to make sure that the words in question are Americanisms. Many that seem so are not. What, for example, would appear more indubitably an Americanism than "a Philadelphia lawyer"? Yet the term was apparently coined in England. Even President Harding's "normalcy," with which the unwitting wits of the Twenties made so merry, is not an Americanism; it was in reputable use in England as early as 1857.

The lore of the volumes is greatly augmented by more than four hundred illustrations. To conservative lexicographers the use of illustrations at all will seem a pandering to popularity, but the ordinary user will be grateful for Irvin Studney's skill and the thoroughness of the research staff that found (in old magazines, catalogues, and elsewhere) pictures for him to copy. Such entries as balloon car, shoofly, and rocking chair are made clearer by the accompanying drawings than words alone could hope to make them. What but a pictorial representation, for instance, could ever have conveyed the artless cryptography of the Deseret alphabet, the forty-one characters which Brigham Young invented "in order to circumvent the enemies of the saints"?

There is no end to it. All that has been and is and much that will be America is in these volumes.

Bergen Evans is professor of English at Northwestern University and the author of "The Natural History of Nonsense."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 891)

R. L. HAIG-BROWN:
MEASURE OF THE YEAR

The struggle of the pioneer against the deep forest is almost a history of civilization. Land that supports trees . . . has little left for . . . other life and yields . . . it grudgingly; so man peopled the plains early . . . but the forest slowly.

A new biography and some astute criticism

The Two Lives of James Jackson Jarves

By Francis Steegmuller

A wonderful biography of a fascinating man, who failed as newspaper editor and plantation owner in Hawaii, and began a new and productive life in Europe as a resourceful and magnificent collector of Italian art. *Illus. $5.00*

Thoreau
THE QUEST AND THE CLASSICS

By Ethel Seybold

Thoreau presented as a lifelong seeker after transcendentalist truth—a biography which avoids two popular pitfalls: the futile attempt to explain him in terms of any one single interest, and the tendency to dismiss him as an incomprehensable enigma. *$3.00*

Katherine Mansfield

By Sylvia Berkman

If you admire Katherine Mansfield you won't want to miss this perceptive biographer's sensitive appreciation of Miss Mansfield's work and sound ideas on her unique place in the history of modern literature. *Illustrated, $3.75*

At your bookseller

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imagine Terry Rooke's confusion when he found a lady in his hotel room—a naked lady—a lady with a hole in her heart

most men don't kill

by David Alexander

At all bookstores, $2.50
A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

The Great Buccaneer

by PHILIP LINDSAY

A rich historical account of the most famous of all pirates, Sir Henry Morgan, and his daring exploits.
"Philip Lindsay tells his yarn with relish . . . rich in rape and steeped in gore."
—*Books of Today*

At all bookstores, $3.50

Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York 16

FREE . . . FULL INFORMATION REGARDING THE NEW GEM TITANIUM RUTILE everywhere hailed as More Brilliant than a DIAMOND. This Free folder tells all about it, shows actual stones actual size in real photos and tells the low cost. SEND POST-CARD TODAY before you buy anywhere. Write Dept. SRL-T.
HUDSON GEM CO., 15 E. 47th St., N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 14*)

in the text books. And he has had his hero brush elbows with the requisite number of memorable personages, including George Washington. Fictionally he has allowed his hero to think noble thoughts while pursuing mercenary ends. He has supplied him with an active, varied, and highly uninteresting love-life. He has ascribed to him a wit and charm at variance with historical judgment and undemonstrated in this story. And he has given him a full set of fancy costumes.

Unfortunately, all this adds up to just another "historical" for the lending libraries. The wise librarian will put it on the shelf between those novels which cater to the lover of "history" and those which meet the less exigent demands of the pure romantic. This one will satisfy neither.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

CELESTIAL ESCAPADE. By Stella Kirby. Viking. $2.75. Because of its otherworldly quality "Celestial Escapade" seems aptly named. A tinkling, breathless first novel about the upper-crust *taipan* society of Hong Kong and Shanghai in 1948-49, it skips along in the immemorial way of stories about bored whites living noblesse-oblige lives in squalid corners of the Orient. Characters attain only the fitful realism of musical-comedy people as they come from the wings to sing a song, state an idea, demonstrate a point. And the frothy narrative (held together by one fraying romantic thread) roams at will over flora, fauna, world affairs, recipes, and several social occasions where each guest takes a bow and then disappears from view. The reader may be surprised, therefore, to realize that he has picked up an amazingly vivid impression of the teeming life, manners, and mood of today's China as it appears to an Old China Hand.

In reporter's notebook style Miss

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FRAMED IN BLOOD *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Mike Shayne and Chief Will Gentry once more feud in Miami over murder as Mike tries to protect reporter friend who looks guilty.	What might have been good plot is wasted and snafued by Shayne's sparring with police and brandy bottle; even Miami setting scarcely gets a chance.	More confusion than mystery
TOO DANGEROUS TO BE FREE *James Hadley Chase* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Sleuth Vic Mallory of Orchid City, Calif., finds year-old letter in his pocket from millionairess asking help. Lady now dead. Vic investigates, stirs vipers' nest.	Complete familiar roster of gamblers, killers, beautiful bodies, venal doctors and lawyers, and resourceful detective who can take and give beatings — but tops in snap and suspense.	Expert
BIG SHOT *Lawrence Treat* (Harper: $2.50)	Mitch Taylor, disillusioned former New York cop, starts over on small-town force, gets sucked into "big-boss" crime. Homicide squad helps him find integrity again.	New and realistic point of view makes double suspense—Mitch's education and crime solution; modernization of medieval theme—"A brave man slowly wise."	Absorbingly excellent
ACCIDENT BY DESIGN *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2.50)	The Yard's MacDonald called in when local inspector smells a rat in fatal "accidents" at great estate in Cotswolds — too many to gain or lose by imminent death of old Sir Charles.	Manorial life solidly realized through characters, talk, incident, setting; slow-moving but steadily interesting; puzzle logically teasing in best British tradition.	Nice going

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kirby limns a winter-spring dalliance between Ralph Goswell, wealthy British roué, and Trixie Tompkins, Eurasian playgirl who keeps an eye on the main chance. Ralph, a well-preserved sixty-three, pushes aside his dull family and friends in favor of Trixie. And Trixie finds it easy to like Ralph's expensive presents. Ironically, the farcical climax of their affair (touched off by a little contretemps involving a mutation mink coat and a young male visitor) comes as Mao Tse-tung leads his Communist army into Shanghai. At the celestially happy ending we get a final glimpse of Trixie (with mink) winging off for Hollywood while Ralph (with his detested son) arrives safely back home in Hong Kong.

Miss Kirby employs an irreverent humor to salt her shrewd observations of off-center people and places. But one hopes that her next novel will provide a steadier vehicle for an undeniable writing talent.

—James Kelly.

THE HOUNDS OF CLONEEN. By Vivian Connell. Dial. $3. Far from wishing to ken John Peel this reviewer has always regretted that the fox from his lair in the morning did not give the mighty huntsman a biting he could never forget. Abhorring cruelty to animals she can only serve as devil's advocate to Vivian Connell, laureate of the Irish chase.

Technically "The Hounds of Cloneen" is a novel, but in spirit and in fact it is an Irishman's paean to the hunt. The hero is none of the men tangled in the love plot; he is Mikey, the kennelman, whose pack was his family and his religion and whose drunken speech was poetry. And since in Ireland foxhunting is not the prerogative of the red-coat-and-white-breeches set but a popular, democratic sport, Mr. Connell transmutes its spirit into the soul of his native land. He fuses pack, mount, and man into a wild pagan symphony themed with the music of the hounds, the earth-gentled cadence of hoofs, and the lonely requiem of triumphant horn.

It is the spell of the Cloneen hunt that wins and weds Clark Brown to Ireland. Clark and another young British officer have been assigned garrison duty near Cork—a bleak prospect, though their wives have accompanied them. Neither is in love with his wife; the damp countryside promises little entertainment; so soon after the Sinn Fein "troubles" there is hostility between English and Irish. Indeed, Clark's soldier father was killed by the Irish Republican Army. An invitation to Carrig Hall by Harry Boyle, MFH, head of Cloneen's blood-and-whiskey-society, changes the course of life for everyone, husbands and wives, British and Irish. Tallyho, Mr. Connell! There is glory in your writing when it's not stained with the gore of a gallant, beaten little vixen.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

THE WORLD ABOVE. By Abraham Polonsky. Little, Brown. $3.50. Mr. Polonsky has attempted to record the personal and intellectual history of a psychiatrist. He takes his protagonist, Carl Myers, from his beginnings as a researcher in 1932 to the present, which finds him chief medico of a Veterans' Administration hospital for psychoneurotics. In the interim "The World Above" sends Dr. Myers abroad for advanced study and sees him made resident psychiatrist at a state institution, a medical major during the war, and the head of a psychiatric institute. The wonder of it all is that Dr. Myers seems to learn nothing from his experiences.

This is not in itself remarkable. But it is surprising that the author holds his hero up as a model of the scientific spirit. Here is a scientist who bungles through almost twenty years of routine fumbling, which is described as though it were the continual breaking of new ground. When Dr. Myers realizes that he has not evolved an exact science of abnormal psychology he takes final refuge in a tangle of vague sociological jargon. The reader is placed in the unsatisfying position of neither knowing quite what the doctor has been up to nor why he is no longer up to it.

"The World Above" is all the more disappointing because it is written with considerable narrative skill. Mr.

The Middlebury College Bread Loaf
WRITERS' CONFERENCE
AUGUST 15-29

26th Annual Session

Director: **Theodore Morrison**

Come enjoy the 26th Annual Session of the popular Middlebury College Writers' Conference. It's held in the cool, scenic mountain village of Bread Loaf, Vt.

STAFF and LECTURERS to include:

Lincoln Barnett • John Mason Brown
John Ciardi • Robert Frost • Fletcher Pratt • May Sarton • Richard Scowcroft
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. • William Sloane
Richard Wilbur

Be stimulated by the carefully planned two-fold program:

(1) Regular instruction, lectures, group "clinics," private conferences for criticism of manuscripts. Novel, short story, biography, history, articles, and verse considered. Leading literary staff members.

(2) Thought-provoking, interesting program of evening lectures by people prominent in many branches of writing. Lecturers will discuss important problems of writing in relation to the contemporary world. Early Registration advised.

For complete Bulletin, information write:

OFFICE of THE SUMMER SCHOOLS
Middlebury College Middlebury 6, Vermont

WHAT THE JEWS BELIEVE
The clearest statement ever made on the subject – the full version of the most popular article *Life* Magazine ever ran. $1.25
by Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein
FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG
53 East 34th St., New York 16

INDIANA UNIVERSITY
Writers' Conference ***July 8-14***
Exceptional staff of professional writers to conduct workshops. Scholarships available. For particulars, address
RICHARD B. HUDSON, *Director*
Bloomington Indiana

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polonsky never allows interest in the line of the story to lag for long. It is a pity that he does not explore his subject matter with greater insight.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

HOME IS AN ISLAND. By Alfred Lewis. Random House. $3. This is a somnolent little novel (large type, wide margins) of adolescence against a background of the Azores sometime during World War I. Plainly autobiographical, sentimental, and sedative, it follows the life of José de Castro from crib (José has quite a memory) to sixteen, at which time for no very well-defined reason he steams off to America. A second volume, dealing with his American adventures, is promised.

"Home Is an Island" offers the progressive discoveries of a sensitive boy in growth. José learns to whistle, goes to school, takes Communion, starts to shave, falls in love, and begins to write. His father, who has had his American fling, wants his son to have one, too; his mother wants him to become a priest. The conflict is resolved with appropriate silences and tears, for nothing, not even death at sea, much disturbs the tender torpor.

Something of the scents and sights of the Azores is worked in with touches of lyric nostalgia. Here are the islands' red rocks, forested hills, cattle bells, gulls, tile-roofed churches, and odor of goats, garlic, ocean, and figs.

Mr. Lewis uses the language uncommonly well for someone self-taught in English, but not even this can save a book deficient in story and characterizational interest. José, of course, learns a good deal in these first sixteen years, and there will be readers to delight in his simple appeal, but the rest of us will wait hopefully for what the author calls the "climax of José's problems."

—CHARLES LEE.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Coriolanus," Volumnia. 2. "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Valentine. 3. "As You Like It," Rosalind. 4. "King Lear," Cordelia. 5. "The Comedy of Errors," Adriana. 6. "The Merchant of Venice," Bassanio. 7. "All's Well That Ends Well," Bertram. 8. "Julius Caesar," Cassius. 9. "Romeo and Juliet," Mercutio. 10. "Merry Wives of Windsor," Anne Page. 11. "Much Ado About Nothing," Don Pedro. 12. "Measure for Measure," Isabella. 13. "Troilus and Cressida," Cassandra. 14. "Titus Andronicus," Lavinia. 15 "Cymbeline," Imogen. 16. "Timon of Athens," Apemantus. 17. "Love's Labour's Lost," Ferdinand. 18. "The Winter's Tale," Perdita. 19. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Lysander. 20. "Antony and Cleopatra," Lepidus.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University). 25 East 63 St., NYC. TEmpleton 8-3988.

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, German, Russian, an Oriental language—any of 29 languages by quick, easy Linguaphone. Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2604 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 20.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS 31 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA! EXCEPTIONAL Novels, Stories, Plays, Articles marketed. CHARLES CHUPET (Yale Drama School '29). Authors' Representative. 5657 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

RESEARCH WORK in Bibliothèque Nationale, other Paris libraries, also miscellaneous inquiries. Suzanne Desmarest, 64 bis rue Monceau, Paris, 8e.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.) NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177, CIrcle 6-7441.

QUALITY TYPING: MANUSCRIPTS, theses, etc. Accurate, inexpensive. GLADYS & IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC 18.

PERSONALS

CROW'S NEST SCHOOL IN PARIS—Study 9 months in France. Varied academic subjects. Cultural and social activities. Run by directors of CROW'S NEST TRIPS to Europe. Group limited to 30. Address: 312 Hart St., New Britain, Conn. for full details.

REDDING RIDGE, CONN.—Former school, suitable inn, country school or hotel, good condition, many baths, deep freeze, electric washer, 27 acres, beautiful trees, lawns, 3 fast drying tennis courts, 7-car garage, gymnasium, theatre, athletic field; 60 miles, NYC, 10 miles Merritt Parkway. Arthur W. Daus, 135 East 53 St., NYC. PLaza 3-0140 or your own broker.

THE U. S. ARMY urgently needs graduate librarians for positions overseas and within the U. S. Within the European Command there are immediate openings for 50 female librarians between the ages 21 and 40. Graduation from a library school accredited by the American Library Association is required. Salary range between $3,100 and $3,825. Positions are professionally challenging and afford opportunities for travel. Inquiries for all overseas positions should be addressed to: the Overseas Affairs Branch, Civilian Personnel Division, Office, Secretary of the Army, Washington 25, D.C. Inquiries about openings within the U. S. should be addressed: Special Services Division, AGO, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C. Attn: Library Section.

UNUSUAL NYLON HOSIERY for discriminating women! Springtime loveliness in Tulip, Crocus, Daffodil. Black, brown, blue heels, $3 pair. $30 dozen. Cash, check, M.O. United Sales, P. O. Box 636, Reading, Penna.

WRITER, 28, intelligent (Phi Beta Kappa), veteran (Sgt.-Major), middle of novel, financial stake gone, needs job. $50? Box 499-G.

GUEST COTTAGE, waterfront estate near University. Season $400. Martha Elliott, Newmarket, New Hampshire.

EUROPE BOUND? Gentleman, 36, available as secretary, companion, tutor, July-August. Box 501-G.

CHARMING LITTLE COTTAGE, Fairfield County. Old orchard hilltop view. May to October. 2 persons. Box 502-G.

GENTLEMAN, not without imagination and curiosity, desires correspondence with lady of similar disposition. Box 503-G.

GRADUATE STUDENT desires summer position. Well-informed in social sciences, political science, German history. Any location. Box 504-G.

MAN TUTOR NEEDED, NYC, arithmetic and vocabulary building. College student acceptable. Box 506-G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

INTERNATIONALLY MINDED? Here's complete, accurate information you're looking for. Timely FOREIGN POLICY BULLETINS $4 year. Scholarly FOREIGN POLICY REPORTS $5 year. Graphic HEADLINE SERIES $2 year. Special membership rates. FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION, Dept. R, 22 East 38 St., NYC.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 23-August 10, 1951. Write for information.

A TRULY INTERNATIONAL SUMMER on this continent. Learn languages by living them. Lake, mountain setting, Vancouver Island, at the ELAN International Center, Le Camp Francais. Box 303-G.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic Religion. No obligation. Address: CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

PENNY COVERS MANY. Postcard brings you folder package tour Boston, NYC, or Washington. FREEDOM TOURS, 236 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

LADY seeking partner for Florida hotel. Good proposition. Box 122-G.

CONTEMPLATIVE, INDIVIDUALIZED schoolteacher greets gentle, cityphobic, free-thinking miss. Box 99-G.

YOUNG MAN desires to take Danish conversation lessons from private party. Box 405-G.

MAKE ME HAPPY says the average gal. How? Easy! Buy her cultured pearls—the gift supreme. Direct importer offers guaranteed genuine cultured pearls at rock-bottom prices. Order today — $18.95 graduated strand. Terrific value. OVERSEAS COMMODITIES CORPORATION, 26 Custom House St., Providence 3, R. I.

21-YEAR-OLD medical student desires interesting summer occupation—indoors or out. Box 416-G.

PROFESSIONAL MISS, mature, widely traveled, invites male correspondence. Box 135-G.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Write for free information. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

PUGET SOUND'S beautiful San Juan Islands. Approximately 800 feet waterfront on quiet, secluded bay; wooded tract. Fishing, swimming, boating, hunting. 1 hour by ferry to mainland; air service available. Full price $4,000. Owner—S. D. Howell, Lopez, Washington.

CAREER COUPLE seeking North Jersey home. Want congenial family to share it and care for our happy children. Box 467-G.

SIMPLE GUY, slightly disillusioned but still optimistic, invites feminine correspondence with humorous approach. Box 466-G.

GENTLEMAN, mature, lonely, interested in some of the finer things. Sincere and competent. Is there a like-minded female? Box 468-G.

BACHELOR, 28, attractive, personable, university graduate. Seeks travel abroad. Companion or any offer considered. Box 481-G.

CONGENIAL, personable mature widow, ideal hostess, travel companion, cook-housekeeper, wishes position, summer or permanent. Box 482-G.

YOUNG WOMAN, varied interests, loves nature, camping, photography and life. Has time for all plus stimulating correspondence with like-minded men. Box 479-G.

LADY, long resident of Mexico, sponsors small groups desiring delightful vacation under ideal conditions. Box 478-G.

WOMAN ENGLISH TEACHER, age 28, B.S., M.S., needs position other than teaching. Box 469-G.

BASEBALL-MINDED, educated lady desires correspondence capable, companionable, slightly older man. Box 508-G.

CHESSMASTER offers instruction at minimum fee to players of any strength. NYC area. Box 471-G.

PERSONALS

LIVELY MATURE MISS invites masculine correspondence. Interests: outdoors, people, reading, etc. Box 498-G.

ENJOYABLY INSTRUCTIVE, specially planned European tour for teen-age boys; sailing June 29 on Queen Mary. Experienced private school teacher and wife will conduct. Write Box 2, Cheshire, Conn.

MUSIC—ART LOVERS, PHILOSOPHERS, spend an enjoyable, congenial evening at Kip's Coffee Shop, 116 Macdougal St., Greenwich Village, NYC. Tuesday and Sunday evenings, 7-12. Classical music recordings. Write for invitation.

DELIGHTFUL Columbia University apartment, available three summer months, reasonable. Hume, 464 Riverside Drive, NYC.

SELF-STYLED, ERUDITE PHILOLOGIST, exiled in legendary Orient, longs for provocative international correspondence and stimulating letters from American girls. Box 511-G.

FOR SALE: Charming schoolhouse, half acre. Hunting, fishing. $1,650, half cash. David Barrett, Acworth, New Hampshire.

ROOM for Philadelphia businessman in attractive suburban home. Box 492-G.

FURNISHED COTTAGE suitable couple seeking scenic beauty, rest. 150 miles north NYC. Electricity, lavatory, telephone. Price $2,000. Box 495-G.

WRITER willing share rustic New Jersey home with fellow artists. Peppercorn rent. Box 496-G.

MATURE BUT IDEALISTIC LADY would correspond with gentleman similarly triumphant. Box 483-G.

GENTLEMAN, elderly, in best of health, writer, traveler, independent means, invites correspondence with healthy, uncomplicated lady. Box 484-G.

YOUNG Ph.D. philosophy professor desires summer employment. Anything considered. Box 485-G.

ENGINEER would like to hear from girl interested in Thomas Wolfe, Dixieland Jazz, and baseball. Box 486-G.

TEACHER (woman) wants to go to South America (Peru preferred) between June and Sept. as companion, tutor or nurse. Box 487-G.

YOUNG MAN wants to hear from persons who share his enthusiasm for hi-fi recordings and reproducing equipment. Box 447-G.

COLLEGE SENIOR, intelligent, willing girl seeks summer employment outside NYC. Available May 25. Box 489-G.

CAPE COD SUMMER, room and board in exchange for part time help with 2 children; new home. Box 464-G.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

BACHELOR TEACHER with Maine coast summer place offers young man board and room in return for occasional hand with haying, painting, etc. Box 446-G.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interests literature, art, esthetic cultivation, invites interesting correspondence. Box 457-G.

FLASH—SCAVENGERS SEEN attacking thousands in your neighborhood. You may be next! Protect woolens, winter clothes, furs against hungry moths. Phone Mr. Star at MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO. for low storage and moth-proofing rates. REgent 4-6700. (NYC).

CARPING CRITIC CAUGHT SHORT—forgot ear trumpet, missed all the music at ELAN Center. Box 302-G.

GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with well-informed lady. Box 507-G.

PERSONALS

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for retired but active person to own and manage old established New England inn, 40 modern bedrooms, coffee shop, dining room, banquet room, cocktail lounge, steam oil heat, newly decorated, well staffed, open all year in thriving manufacturing town, on state highway to White Mountains. Illness compels sale. Box 470-G.

VERSATILE VETERAN, 26, college, seeking satisfying summer employment anywhere. Box 473-G.

ANYBODY WANT TO RENT a small, well-populated Wild Life Refuge for summer? 48 acres. Pond frequented by variety of water birds, pileated woodpeckers often seen in the woods. Large, attractive house. Ideal for nature study group or for several families with children. Excellent cook goes with house. Reference requested. Write: Box 308, Litchfield, Conn.

BROOKSIDE COTTAGE, Vermont valley; 4 bedrooms, all conveniences. Available June 18 through Sept. $150 monthly; minimum occupancy 2 months. For details Box 475-G.

100% FREETHINKER seeks correspondence with available freethinker miss. Box 476-G.

WELL-EDUCATED MAN, concerned with life's deeper issues, feels intellectually isolated, would correspond with mature young woman in similar circumstances. Box 515-G.

FEMALE, NOT LONELY, would like to receive mail. Box 516-G.

MALE high-school student, 17, seeks summer employment anywhere. Available June. Box 517-G.

STABLE, ADVENTUROUS MAN desires correspondence with young social-minded female. Box 518-G.

TEACHER WILL TUTOR ADOLESCENT: Drama, languages, painting. Also hold Government flight instructor license. Box 519-G.

IMAGINATIVE WRITER would exchange unusual ideas with helpful, mature, temperamental woman. Box 520-G.

RX FOR INTERESTING MALE: Correspond with congenial miss. Box 521-G.

YOUNG-ELDERLY WOMAN, serious but gay, craves stimulating masculine correspondence. Box 522-G.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL SUMMER COTTAGE nestled in a Hickory Grove off the Maine coastline in Ogunquit. Rate: $200 a month. Box 523-G.

GOOD BOOKS, new and used, 25¢-$1. Thousands of librarians and bargain-wise book buyers regularly receive our famous lists. Literature, fiction, detective, history, arts, philosophy, juvenile, etc. Just drop us a card! EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N.Y.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2 Middlebury, Vt.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES on Lake George. Liggett 4-1007, evenings or Sundays.

HOISINGTON FARM, Hartland, Vt. On hill, scenic view. Quiet, modern, home cooking. $28 weekly.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Excellent accommodations. Swimming, private beach. Sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. Reasonable rates. Folder.

KNOLLFARM—small guest house in Vermont mountains. Excellent food. Comfortable living. Write: Box 55, Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

FREE RENT, sunless days, May, June. Air-conditioned. Sun-Tan Apartments, St. Petersburg, Florida.

COOL, RESTFUL mountain retreat. Beautiful scenery. Surroundings ideal students, artists, writers. Meals "outa this world!" Rates moderate. Ritzius View, Beersheba Springs, Tennessee.

500-VOLUME RECORD LIBRARY and perfect phonograph to reproduce your choice. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 892

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ridge near Jerusalem, separated from it by valley of Kidron (Bib.).	88 11 70 168 100 132
B. Character in "The Winter's Tale."	136 19 162 146 175 65 186
C. Sausage-shaped.	121 74 20 131 172 9 25 47 157
D. Novel, 1911, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.	6 188 112 122 2
E. Eighteenth-century wigs, each crowned by a topknot (hist.).	180 15 60 110 166 149 152
F. A son of Saul (Bib.).	89 170 120 26 41 5 153 22 187 176
G. Independence in politics (U.S. political cant).	54 29 79 1 163 3 61 128 182 86
H. Phrase prefacing one side of a discussion (4 wds.).	56 7 94 96 77 129 72 111 45 171
I. Turnip-shaped.	185 32 17 53 62 116 82 27 155 42
J. A Becky Sharp type, a "Lady" in title of novel by Trollope.	161 16 165 24 181 127 43
K. Unemployed (comp.).	46 4 39 63 125 150 71 78 160
L. English feminine romantic novelist (1764-1823).	140 184 66 148 31 92 130 57 80
M. Kept apart by thimbles, as in glost firing (ceramics).	118 8 49 84 156 106 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A group or cycle of nine gods (Egypt. relig.).	114 117 124 104 135 36
O. A course of a meal; a plate (French).	58 93 109 141 51 95 87 151
P. Having only one slope or pitch —said of a roof (arch.; comp.).	12 145 142 48 69 33
Q. Novel by a recently deceased American novelist.	105 139 37 101 183 98 189
R. Japanese general who captured Bataan and Corregidor, later executed.	38 102 158 173 23 50 123 138 147
S. Students in Cambridge, Eng., and University of Dublin who receive allowances toward college expenses.	59 137 34 159 164 18
T. Novel by which Richard Blackmore is best known (2 wds.).	30 154 85 90 126 113 177 13 67 75
U. Swiss poet and philosopher (1821-81; "Journal Intime," translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, 1885).	97 76 179 55 167
V. State of being tidy or orderly.	81 35 10 119 143 190 107 91
W. Signs and gestures without words (2 wds.).	115 174 144 28 64 40 133 44
X. Australian lawyer and statesman (1894-).	169 21 68 103 134
Y. A road on which logs are skidded.	178 108 52 14 73 83

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

					1 G	2 D		3 G	4 K	5 F	6 D		7 H	8 M	9 C		10 V			
11 A	12 P	13 T	14 Y		15 E	16 J	17 I	18 S	19 B	20 C	21 X	22 F	23 R		24 J	25 C			
	26 F	27 I		28 W	29 G	30 T	31 L	32 H	33 P	34 S	35 V	36 N		37 Q	38 R					
39 K	40 W	41 F	42 I	43 J		44 W	45 H	46 K		47 C	48 P		49 M	50 R	51 O					
52 Y	53 I	54 G	55 U		56 H	57 L		58 O		59 S	60 E	61 G	62 I	63 K	64 W	65 B				
66 L		67 T	68 X	69 P	70 A	71 K	72 H	73 Y	74 C		75 T	76 U	77 H	78 K	79 G	80 L				
81 V	82 I	83 Y		84 M	85 T	86 G		87 O	88 A		89 F	90 T	91 V	92 L	93 O	94 H				
	95 O	96 H	97 U	98 Q		99 M	100 A	101 Q	102 R	103 X	104 N		105 Q	106 M		107 V				
108 Y	109 O	110 E	111 H	112 D	113 T	114 N	115 W		116 I	117 N	118 M		119 V	120 F	121 C	122 D				
	123 R	124 N		125 K	126 T	127 J	128 G		129 H	130 L		131 C		132 A	133 W	134 X				
135 N	136 B	137 S	138 R	139 Q	140 L	141 O	142 P	143 V		144 W	145 P	146 B	147 R	148 L	149 E					
150 K	151 O		152 E	153 F	154 T	155 I	156 M	157 C		158 R	159 S	160 K	161 J		162 B	163 G				
164 S	165 J	166 E	167 U	168 A	169 X	170 F		171 H	172 C		173 R	174 W	175 B	176 F	177 T	178 Y				
179 U	180 E	181 J	182 G	183 Q	184 L	185 H		186 B	187 F	188 D	189 Q	190 V								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

Page

BRITISH MUSIC BETWEEN FESTIVALS
By Irving Kolodin.....45

A HAYDN DISCOGRAPHY—PART II
By C. G. Burke.....50

MR. ARMSTRONG'S EARLIER WORKS
By Wilder Hobson.....52

"LE MARTYRE" DE OKLAHOMA
By Roland Gelatt.....55

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz.....58

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS
By Arthur Berger.....64

British Music Between Festivals

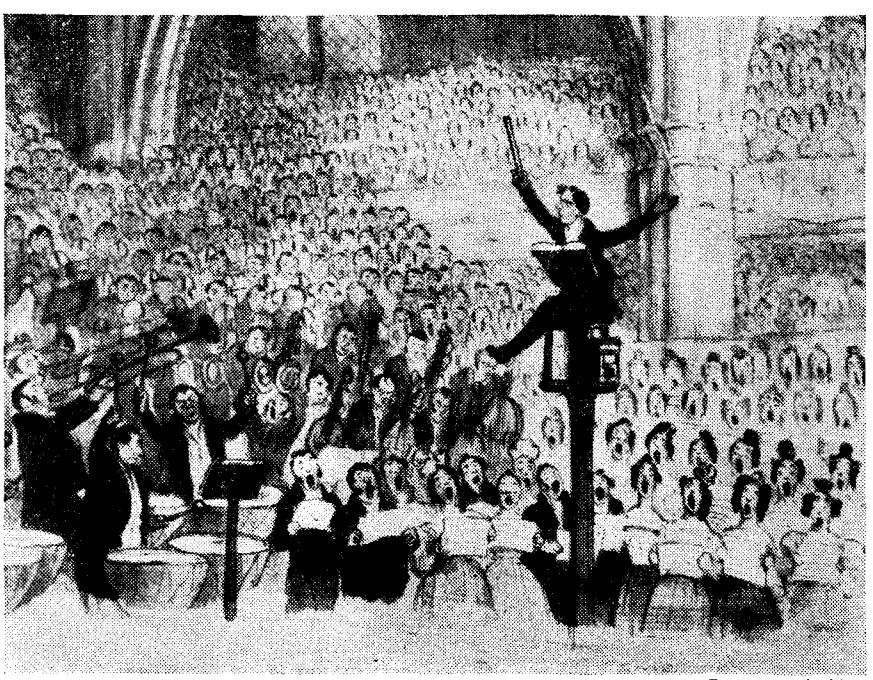
IRVING KOLODIN

RULE ONE of festival-giving is kin to the famous recipe—"first catch your rabbit." It is wise when giving a festival to have somebody, or at least something, to commemorate. To be sure, in the long panorama of English history there is scarcely a decade that could not yield a year worth commemoration a century later. But 1851-1951 stands closer than most relationships. In the wake of revolutions and upheavals in Britain during the 1840's, Great Britain saw the 1850's ushering in an era of peace and declared itself at ease with all. At the suggestion of the Duke of Devonshire's gardener (Paxton) it erected the gigantic structure, modeled on a greenhouse and called the Crystal Palace, to which it bade the world welcome. In 1951 the mood is less serene but the motive is just as good.

One prevailing difference is apparent to anyone who has studied the performance of the one and the promise of the other. The terminology in 1851 was not "Festival"; it was "Exhibition" ("Great Exhibition," in fact). Industrial enterprise ruled supreme; if the arts were considered they were peripheral. Music, indeed, was recognized primarily in its mechanical aspects—by competitions among piano and organ makers, native and foreign. The greatest musician who visited the British Isles in that year—Hector Berlioz—came as a representative of the French Government to serve as judge in such a primarily mercantile competition.

When not engaged in official duty Berlioz found sounds to beguile him in London, including a famous yearly assembly of children's voices in St. Paul's. Six thousand five hundred of them singing (in unison) a setting of the 100th Psalm by the sixteenth-century Claude Goudimel set up an unearthly consonance that rang in the impressionable Berlioz's head for hours. In fact, sleep eluded him that night and he rose at dawn to stroll the streets and eventually arrive at the deserted Crystal Palace. (It was iron and glass, not crystal, of course, but no matter.)

An acute observer and an articulate one, Berlioz has left this impression of the scene: "All these silent fountains, these dumb organs, these motionless trees, this harmonious range of products transported from all corners of the earth by a hundred rival nations—ingenious labor born of peace, and instruments of destruction which remind of war, seem



—*Bettmann Archive.*

British choristers by the thousands—"an unearthly consonance."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW—COMPLETE! ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

BIZET'S

CARMEN

The World's Best-Loved Opera magnificently produced with Raoul Jobin, Solange Michel, Michel Dens, Marthe Angelici with other members of the Chorus and Orchestra of L'OPÉRA COMIQUE DE PARIS, Andre Cluytens, Conductor.

Another thrilling achievement in modern recorded performances of favorite opera repertoire. Hear it—enjoy it!

Three Columbia 33⅓ LP Records—SL-109
or 78 rpm Set MOP-33
or 45 rpm Set MOP 4-33

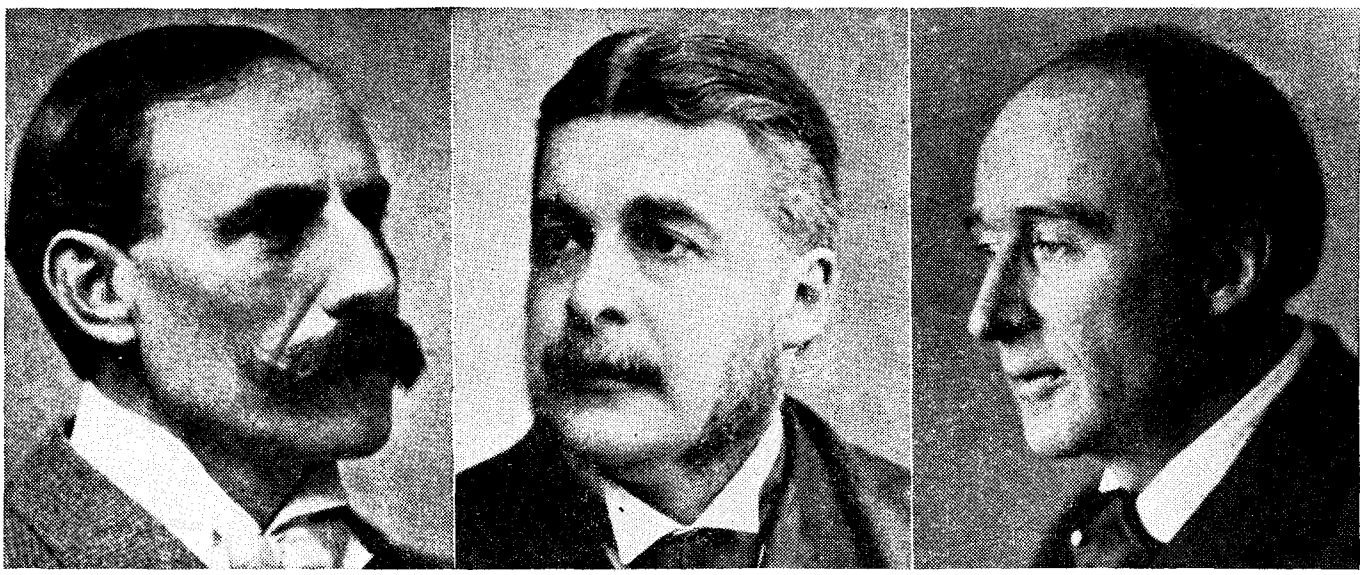
Your dealer is featuring all these great Columbia Record performances of Complete Operas.

J. Strauss: **Fledermaus** (the authentic Metropolitan Opera version)
Puccini: **La Bohême** • Puccini: **Madame Butterfly**
Verdi: **La Traviata** • Offenbach: **Tales of Hoffmann**
Humperdinck: **Hansel and Gretel** • Ravel: **L'enfant et les sortileges**

COLUMBIA RECORDS (LP)
First, Finest, Foremost in Recorded Music

Remember—The Opera Season extends throughout the year on Columbia Records. Ask your dealer for the Columbia 33⅓ LP Record Catalog—world's first, finest, largest! Hundreds and hundreds of superb selections—finest quality reproductions of all your favorite music.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Elgar, Sullivan, Delius—"one could retrace time and regard that decade as prophetic."

then to be conversing among themselves in an unknown and mysterious language which must be heard by the ear of the spirit." Then, says Berlioz: "The great Irish bell in the Eastern gallery strikes eight, the fountains begin to play, the policemen take their places. M. Doucroquet's apprentice approaches the organ of his master meditating the new polka with which he intends to favor us, the manufacturers from Lyons are coming, and the diamonds, prudently hidden during the night, begin to appear."

In the distance Berlioz discerned a friendly figure approaching. It is the eminent Swiss-Austrian pianist and composer Sigismond Thalberg, of whom Liszt said: "Thalberg is the only artist who can play the violin on the keyboard." What Berlioz said to him on this occasion is somewhat different: "Ah! confrère, the jury is assembling and we must be diligent. There are thirty-two musical snuff-boxes, twenty-four accordions, and thirteen bombardons [a primitive form of bass-tuba] for us to examine today."

Lest it be supposed that music at the Great Exhibition was all snuff-boxes, accordions, and bombardons, there is occasional mention in contemporary reports of more profound matters. Albert, prince of the realm, was a musician to honor the court of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha from whence he came, a player of the pipe organ, of which he had an example installed in the royal palace. "J. T. Cooper," we read in *The Musical Times*, "continues occasionally to give performances on Mr. Willis's great organ at the Crystal Palace. Her Majesty and the Royal Party were present lately, and expressed a wish to hear the March from 'Die Zauberflöte.' It was given by Mr. Cooper with great effect." On another occasion the Gray and Dawson organ was demonstrated by Dr. William Richard Bexfield with a program that included, in addition to works of Purcell, Bach, and Handel, his own "Representation of a Storm."

The Great Exhibition had a practical as well as a political purpose. The old Houses of Parliament had lately burned, and the problem of replacing them called into being a royal commission concerned with design, construction, etc. Albert was installed at its head, and broadened the scope of the study to include the arts and sciences, generally, in Britain. The Great Exhibition was one outcome of this commission's work; others were the museum at South Kensington, as well as art schools and galleries in other parts of the country.

Whether these or allied activities contributed to the renascence of musical creation in Britain during the latter part of that century and the beginning of this, even British authorities are not quite sure. But no nation which has Delius, Elgar, Bax, Holst, or Peter Warlock in its recent past or Vaughan Williams, Walton, and Britten in its present need be deferential about its status among musical nations of the world. Nor, let us hasten to add, ostentatious about its display of them. If the ear-filling prospects in London alone during this May and June—the period of concentrated activity there, with regional festivals to come in July and August—show such works as Delius's "Mass of Life," Elgar's "Apostles," "Kingdom," and "Dream of Gerontius," Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony," Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," and Britten's "Spring Symphony," they are but neighbors of Berlioz's Requiem Mass, the "St. Matthew" and "St. John" Passions of Bach (and the B minor Mass), Handel's "Messiah" and "Solomon," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," the Verdi and Brahms Requiems, and Haydn's "Creation." No favoritism here, and less insularity!

In an expert's view (Eric Blom's "Music in England," No. 107 of the Pelican Series) the decades of decision were the Sixties and Seventies. Parry and Prout, Stanford and Mackenzie, if composers of but modest rank, were educators of potent force. Taking as a pivotal point the year 1880 he notes that Delius was eighteen and Elgar was twenty-three. Arthur Sullivan was thirty-eight. If the pretentious work of the last-named never fulfilled the expectations held for it, his lasting fame as a composer of light music gave international prestige to British creative talent at a time when it was sorely needed in any guise. In the same year of 1880 Frank Bridge, Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst, and Donald Francis Tovey were scarcely more than babes.

It was more than twenty years, however, before one could retrace time and regard that year, or decade, as prophetic. In 1899 Delius gave a full concert of his own works at St. James's Hall, and in the same year Hans Richter produced Elgar's "Enigma Variations" for the first time. Writing in 1943, Blom described this work as "a classic of the orchestral repertory, and of the English repertory alone only because an English musical classic is still, by tradition and prejudice, a contradiction in terms for foreign conductors and audiences." I don't know whether Blom rates Walter and Toscanini as "foreign conductors" or a typical gathering in Carnegie Hall as a foreign audience, but we accept the flattery and note, as discrepancy nevertheless, the occasions when Elgar's richest work has been heard with triumphant success here both in concert and on the radio.

To be sure, British music did not

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make its way quickly through the world, partially because the lines of communication were controlled by non-British conductors to whom such manifestations were unsympathetic. But as Henry Wood, Beecham, Coates, Hamilton Harty, Goossens, and (I suppose) Landon Ronald came to maturity, and have been lately followed by Sargent, Boult, Barbirolli, Constant Lambert, the short-lived Leslie Heward, George Weldon, Warwick Braithwaite, etc., the prestige in the one field has shed luster on the other. Moreover, it has put such men in positions of prominence in which they could work to the advantage of the creators in whom they believed.

Likewise of value was the emergence of a notable coterie of performing artists: Frederick Lamond, Harold Samuel, Myra Hess, Harriet Cohen, Clifford Curzon, and Solomon among many pianists; such vocalists as McCormack and Easton to go with the older Melba, Dan Beddoe, etc.; the London, Griller, and Amadeus Quartets, plus a whole host of well regarded specialists in other categories, such as the Brains, the Hobdays, and the Drapers; Tertis, Primrose, Kell, Leon Goossens, Eskdale, *et al.*

SINCE such intellectual ferment is rarely confined to one aspect of an art we may note the position of eminence that British musical scholarship has taken in the same period. It is hard, indeed, to imagine the critical and historical literature on which the English-speaking world is dependent without the works of Grove, Cobbett, Tovey, Edwin Evans, Samuel Langford, Ernest Newman, Percy Scholes, W. J. Turner, Sanford Terry, H. C. Colles, Neville Cardus, Gerald Abraham, Cecil Gray, Richard Capell, Edward J. Dent, Eric Blom, and probably a dozen others. If one adds Shaw as an afterthought it is a sign, merely, of overabundance.

The evidence is inescapable that British musical life between festivals has enjoyed a regeneration unparalleled perhaps anywhere in the world. That it is, indeed, a rebirth rather than a spontaneous origination is attested by the historic panorama the summer's activity provides, in which the names of Tallis, Purcell, Arne, Weelkes, and Byrd are reminders of a past to whose splendor the present can still aspire.

Contemplating the whole period one is minded to wonder where we in America stand relative to this past century in Britain. Are we at 1880, with our most promising composers under twenty; or are we at 1899, with pieces to parallel Elgar's "Enigma" already in the repertory? That enigma we may well leave to a Festival of the Americas—say in 1976—to solve.

Trios, Quartets, Quintets

APIATIGORSKY for a Feuermann would seem a musical equivalent of a Roland for an Oliver, and in making that replacement for its new series of all-star trio recordings RCA Victor has done the best it conceivably could, assuming a Casals was unavailable. But I find the current series of issues by Heifetz, Rubinstein, and Piatigorsky more gilt than gold on two counts: the repertory of Tchaikovsky (A minor, RCA Victor LP 1120, $5.72), Mendelssohn (D minor), and Ravel (A minor, both on RCA Victor LP 1119, $5.72) has its definite musical limitations; and Piatigorsky, for all his virtuosity, does not have Feuermann's distinction as a chamber music player.

In the more successful of the original issues (the Beethoven "Archduke" especially) Feuermann was a binding force when either Heifetz or Rubinstein tended to stray from the center of musical concentration. Piatigorsky plays superb cello in all of these works, as does Heifetz his kind of violin and Rubinstein a consistently subtle piano, but there is neither leadership nor common cause where it is most wanted. If it is a choice between these discs for a prospective purchaser, I would recommend the Mendelssohn-Ravel combination. The first work is full of fine virtuoso details, and the second has a remarkable statement of the piano part by Rubinstein. The Tchaikovsky is a work for which I have little fondness, and the performance does not influence me otherwise. All the recording is good, with the all-important factor of balance well considered.

It may seem absurd to find in three players named Antonio Makas (piano), I. Gralnick (violin), and Ralph Oxman (cello) qualities not heard from Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Piatigorsky, but their playing of the Schubert B flat (Opus 99) has a lightness and fancy not offered by the stellar gentlemen. However, the earlier Heifetz-Rubinstein-Feuermann version of this work remains unique, and I would recommend its LP reissue rather than this honestly played but not too well reproduced effort (Program LP 703, $5.95). A less usual kind of trio is the offering of Lyrichord LP 9 ($5.95) on which Sidney Forrest, clarinet, and Erno Balogh, piano, perform the E flat major of Mozart (K.498) and the A minor of Brahms (Opus 114), joined in the first by Carlton Cooley, viola, and in the second by Bernard Greenhouse, cello. The Mozart is one of the few uninteresting works I know of by this composer, and the Brahms is relatively drab also. Hence the good playing and efficient reproduction do not count for much.

The generally negative tone of this survey must continue with the Griller Quartet's playing of the Sibelius "Voces Intimae," not at all because of the playing—which is in their usual comprehending manner—but rather because the work is poorish music and no quartet at all (London LLP 304, $5.95). Those who fancy it will find this version skilfully performed and brightly reproduced. More to my personal taste is the B flat Quartet of Brahms (Opus 67), played with zest and understanding by the Busch ensemble (Columbia LP 4330, $4.85). The recording is stronger, with a wider range, than the previous LP by the Guilet ensemble.

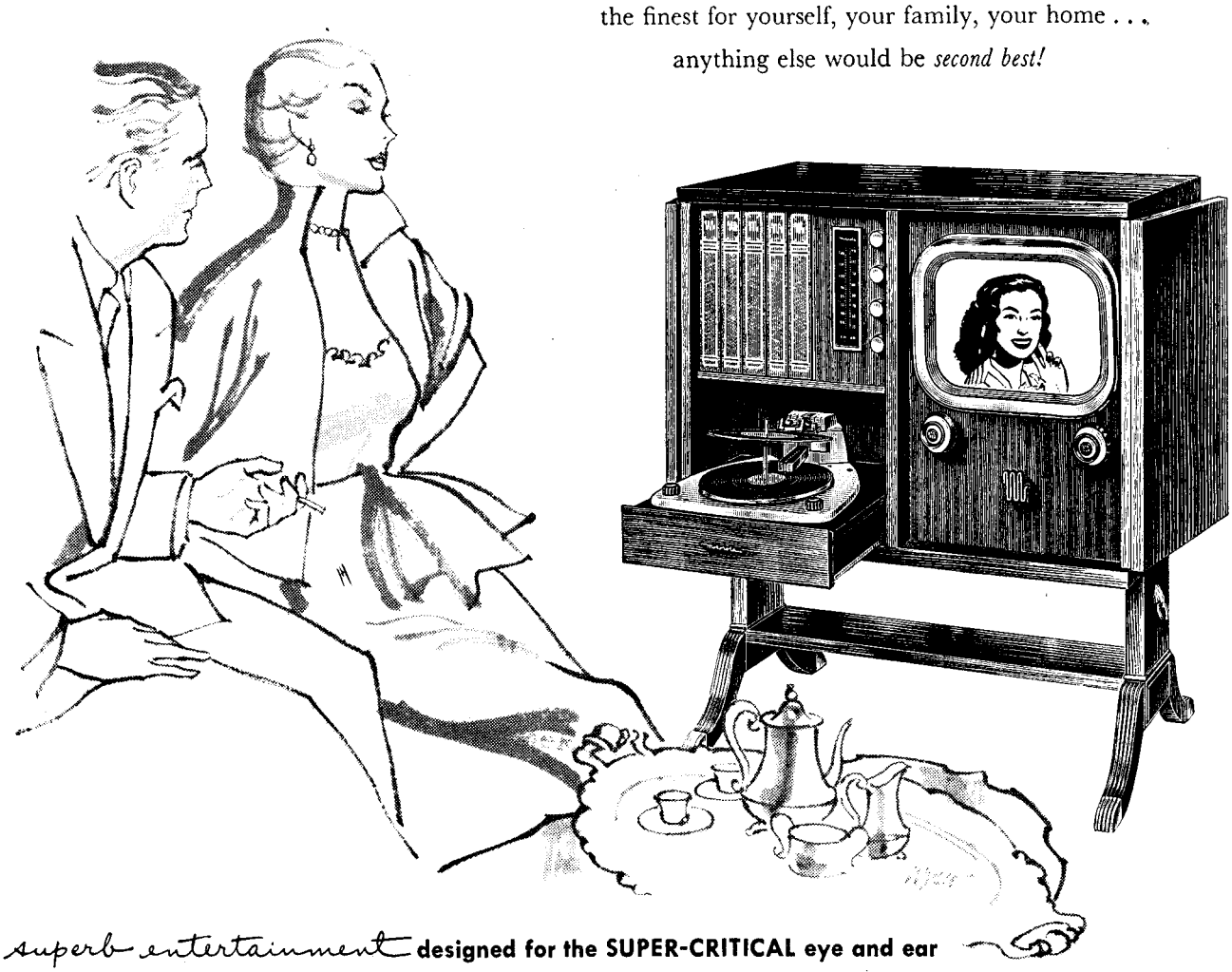
Those who found the recent version of the Schubert Quintet (Opus 163) by the Wiener Konzerthaus group a little slow-moving for their tastes will find a surprisingly adept version on Capitol LP 8133 ($4.98) from the Hollywood Quartet plus Kurt Reher, cello. However, if the music has more movement in this playing, it does not move the emotions as do the Vienna players. Passages which add to an intense dramatic effect as the latter deliver them seem mere filling in this new effort. The recording is good, but it cannot match the exceptional Westminster standard.

Two new versions of the Mozart Clarinet Quintet simultaneously would seem as much as any fancier of this work could ask, but the fact that a third impends, with Reginald Kell, makes one hesitate to recommend even the one which is plainly the superior of the two. That is a Stradivari issue (LP 601, $4.85) in which Augustin Duques is the wind player and Arnold Eidus leads a quartet composed otherwise of Emanuel Green, violin, Isadore Zir, viola, and George Ricci, cello. Duques is an efficient rather than inspired clarinetist, but it is remarkably clean playing he offers, the string players are excellent, and the reproduction is all one could ask. Moreover, the second side is filled out by the E flat Quintet (K.407) for French horn, two violas, violin, and cello. Ottavio de Rosa is the hornist and manages his tricky instrument capably. The other version of K.581 offers Sidney Forrest and the Galimir Quartet (Lyrichord LP 10, $5.95) in a playing neither so well disciplined nor as musically interesting as the Duques, Eidus, *et al.* Moreover, the players cannot always agree on the mutual, or individual, pitch—which tends to make any recorded performance sound impromptu. —I. K.

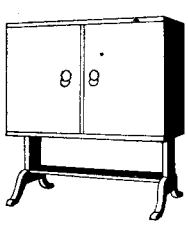
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conversation Piece

. . . from the first moment it's in your home, it's the object of attention and admiration of every eye and ear. For here is the most talked about, the most wanted television combination in the world. Here is years-ahead performance and Fashion Award styling that tells your good judgement you've chosen the finest for yourself, your family, your home . . . anything else would be *second best!*



superb entertainment **designed for the SUPER-CRITICAL eye and ear**



- ★ Exciting 17 inch "Life-Size" rectangular screen . . . clearer, brighter, steadier than ever before.
- ★ Magnificent "Golden Voice" high-fidelity sound . . . delicate tonal shadings for rich, faithful reproduction.
- ★ Full-powered AM/FM radio . . . greater reception range—increased sensitivity, selectivity, stability.
- ★ Exclusive 3-speed "Multi-Play" automatic record changer . . . instant, noiseless selection—simple operation.

For complete shopping guide in full color · Mail this coupon

Motorola TV

. . . your new standard of gracious living

Specifications Subject to Change Without Notice

MOTOROLA INC. DEPT. S, 4545 Augusta Blvd. Chicago 51, Illinois

Please rush me a free copy of the new, exciting Motorola TV Shopping Guide.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Haydn Discography

Part II

C. G. BURKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last month's* RECORDINGS *contained Part I of "A Haydn Discography," devoted solely to the releases of the Haydn Society. This month we publish Part II, dealing with the Haydn repertoire on LP from all other record companies.*

Chamber Music

DIVERTIMENTOS NO. 6 & 82. David Shuman Trio (trombone, viola, cello). Paradox 10002. (10-inch.) There are no fewer than 126 of these trios, scored originally for the obsolete stringed baryton with viola and violoncello, generally heard now (when they are heard) as string trios or flute trios. The substituted trombone, played as it is here, is very agreeable and not necessarily alien to trifles of this archaic charm. Mr. Shuman is an impressive stylist well matched by his associates, and the recording seems right.

NOCTURNE FOR FERDINAND IV OF NAPLES, NO. 4. Ensemble conducted by Edvard Fendler. (Sonatas No. 43 and 51.) EMS-3. Expert performance and excellent recording, not dissimilar in values to the Haydn Society disc containing four Nocturnes, but with a more pronounced bass and graver adagio. It is called Partita in F on the label.

OCTET IN F, FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS. Group from the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. (Boccherini: Symphony in A.) Westminster WL 50-2. Authenticity is not absolute, but the animated decorative pattern resembles one of Haydn's familiar aspects. It is played with distinctive point and effectively recorded.

QUARTET NO. 18, IN F, OP. 3, NO. 5, "SERENADE." Amadeus Quartet. ("Seven Last Words," Part 1; Quartet No. 84.) Westminster WL-64-65. A succulent and spicy dumpling garnished by a few not-unhappy silver tears.

QUARTETS NO. 51 through 57, THE SEVEN LAST WORDS ON THE CROSS, Op. 51, Nos. 1-7. Amadeus Quartet. Westminster WL 64-65. Guilet Quartet. Concert Hall 1084. Clarification is needed. This is the second of three settings, the first being orchestral and the last vocal, as an oratorio. These are not seven works, but one, in nine parts: introduction, seven tender-grave enunciations of the ineffable, and conclusion. It is written with an intensity of sentience so compelling that the hearer is there at the Tragedy, described by the aging Joseph Haydn in tones of the direct simplicity, heart-rending and beautiful, alone appropriate to that passion. It is a pity that two excellent recorded editions appear at once, since one must defer to the other. Preference is given to the Vienna version on several details and to the Guilet on one, that of achieving a more touching pathos through a humility of stroke here and there where the line is purest.

QUARTET NO. 59, IN C, OP. 54, NO. 2. Kroll Quartet. (Quartet No. 82.) Allegro AL-58. Beethoven is anticipated in a delightful and occasionally profound late work fecund in all the resources of composition. The performance is observant of mood and shape, and the recording has standard merit.

QUARTET NO. 68, IN D, "LARK," OR "HORNPIPE," OP. 64, NO. 5. Budapest Quartet. (Quartet No. 79.) Columbia ML-4216. Hungarian Quartet. (Mozart: Quartet No. 15.) RCA Victor LMX-1076. The choice is easy: Budapest is the better quartet and receives here a more incisive recording.

QUARTET NO. 69, IN E FLAT, OP. 64, NO. 6. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. (Quartet No. 80.) Westminster WL 50-34. The four players are not excelled among contemporary quartets in their sensitivity to nuance—of intensity, phrase, accent, and intonation—and in their consummate coalescence into fluid unity.

QUARTET NO. 74, IN F, OP. 74, NO. 2. Baroque Quartet. (Mozart: Quartet No. 15.) Period 503. A musicianly interpretation and competent recording cannot give substance to as tenuous a work as Haydn ever composed.

QUARTET NO. 75, IN G MINOR, "HORSEMAN," OP. 74, NO. 3. Budapest Quartet. (Beethoven: Quartet No. 4.) Columbia ML-4029. The coupling may be admired, for this masterful work evokes Beethoven, who alone could carry quartet writing beyond the kind of culmination Haydn attains here. The Budapest Quartet are at their exceptional best, and happily this recording is far superior to most of the other early LP's of this group. Labeled "Quartet No. 30."

QUARTET NO. 77, IN D MINOR, "QUINTEN," OP. 76, NO. 2. Galimir Quartet. (Quartet No. 78.) Period 504. Here an intelligent and certain performance is marred although not spoiled by a dry tonal quality probably cramped in an otherwise good recording.

QUARTET NO. 78, IN C, "EMPEROR," OP. 76, NO. 3. Galimir Quartet. (Quartet No. 77.) Period 504. Much like its obverse, No. 77, but less satisfactory, in that heart and soul (*poco adagio cantabile*) are contained against their need to expand. The theme of this adagio, as the old imperial anthem, as a Protestant hymn, and as the German paean, is more familiar to more people than any other work by Haydn.

QUARTET NO. 79, IN B FLAT, "SUNRISE," OP. 76, NO. 4. Budapest Quartet. (Quartet No. 68.) Columbia ML-4216. Superior recording of a supernal work in a performance not soon to be surpassed.

QUARTET NO. 80, IN D "CELEBRATED LARGO," OP. 76, NO. 5. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. (Quartet No. 69.) Westminster WL 50-34. Remarks under its obverse, No. 69, are applicable here except those pertaining to the work itself. No. 80 is far greater; and its miraculous slow movement is maintained with a breadth of utterance and continuity of line close to perfection.

QUARTET NO. 82, IN G, OP. 77, NO. 1. Kroll Quartet. (Quartet No. 59.) Allegro AL-58. The influence of Mozart is strong in this work with a ravishing slow movement. It is played with a pleasant singing reticence and capably recorded.

QUARTET NO. 84, OP. 103. Amadeus Quartet. ("Seven Last Words." Part 1; Quartet No. 18.) Westminster WL 64-65. At seventy-one the great old man was too tired to finish his last Quartet. We have an andante in B flat and a D minor minuet—resignation and fiery, recalcitrant regret. Bitingly played.

TRIO FOR PIANO, VIOLIN, AND CELLO NO. 1, IN G. Alma Trio. (Beethoven: Trio No. 6.) Allegro AL-4. The fresh fragrance of an old favorite is a little dissipated in a competent, complacent presentation not improved by a rather brittle recording.

TRIOS FOR PIANO, VIOLIN, AND CELLO NOS. 2, 3 & 5. Kraus, Goldberg, Pini. Decca DX-104. (Two 12-inch.) Announced but not received at press time.

TRIOS FOR TWO FLUTES AND CELLO NOS. 7, 8, 9 & 10. Kaplan, Schaefer, Mayes. Allegro AL-48. (10-inch.) Airy but not negligible, the little pieces have a potential of entertainment cheerfully demonstrated by players and technicians.

Concertos

FOR HARPISCHORD, IN D. Marguerite Roesgen-Champion; Lamoureux Orchestra, Paris. (Oboe Concerto.) Vox Polydor PL-6320. A shower of transcendental froth in seventeen stimulating minutes of pure diversion. This is *the* keyboard concerto of Haydn, the last of twenty or more, and cheerfully accepted as No. 1. The swift pace of the first two movements in this performance does not improve them, but hurts less than the initial shock makes us fear.

FOR OBOE, IN C. Pierre Pierlot; Lamoureux Orchestra, Paris, conducted by Arthur Goldschmidt. (Concerto for Harpsichord, in D.) Vox Polydor PL-6320. All grace; and in Pierlot's astonishing mastery a masterpiece, with a brilliant orchestral part handled to perfection in a superb recording. Lofty praise, not exaggerated.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Joseph Haydn

FOR VIOLIN, NO. 1, IN C. Isaac Stern; orchestra conducted (presumably) by Alexander Zakin from the harpsichord. (Mozart: Violin Sonata No. 26.) Columbia ML-4301. Szymon Goldberg; Walter Süsskind and the Philharmonia Orchestra. (Handel: Violin Sonata No. 4.) Decca DL-8504. A pretty slight and slightly pretty concerto managed by Stern and a body of strings with a lot of grace and almost some persuasion. Competent recording. Goldberg is on a par, but his recording is not.

Mass

MISSA SOLEMNIS IN B FLAT, "THERESA MASS." Chorus of the Vienna National Opera and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Clemens Krauss. Vox Polydor PL-6740. This, the first mass recorded under other than the Haydn Society's auspices, was announced just prior to press time.

Oratorios

A Cetra version of the "Seasons," in Italian, omits more than two-fifths of the score, and these excisions must bar it from consideration on the same terms as the Haydn Society's satisfactory complete edition.

Sonatas (for piano)

NOS. 1 & 7. Lili Kraus. Vox VL-1740. (10-inch.) Vox Polydor PL-1740. (10-inch.) It is less confusing to think of No. 1, in E Flat, as No. 52; and No. 7, in D, as No. 37. In the familiar E flat Miss Kraus has an off day, fussily portentous where that imposing sonata broods. She is more successful with the lighter moods of No. 37, but in both the dynamics are cramped. The piano *per se* has seldom been so faithfully recorded.

NOS. 8 & 12. Lily Dumont. Concert Hall CHC-18. No. 12, in G, is certainly No. 39 in the B & H list and No. 8, in C, is probably No. 35. The higher number is the slighter work, short, breezy, and capricious. No. 8 (35?) is gay and gallant with a reflective adagio like improvisatory Beethoven. Judging from her adeptness in these sparklers Lily Dumont may be an important pianist; if the treble is reduced in reproduction, the record offers a clean, crisp, and living piano-tone.

NOS. 43 & 51. Charles Rosen. (Nocturne No. 4.) EMS-3. The brilliant Sonata No. 43 (for which Haydn later added a violin accompaniment) sounds better than it is and puts the pianist thoroughly at his ease. Recording is better than average.

Songs

DAS LEBEN IST EIN TRAUM; SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE; HEILER BLICK; THE SAILOR'S SONG. Earl Rogers, tenor. (Mozart: Four Songs.) Allegro AL-13. (10-inch.) All most appealing in the singer's intelligent and unpretentious use of his pleasant tenor. The pianist (very well recorded, incidentally) is foursquare to the point of occasional naïveté.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Symphonies

NO. 53, IN D, "IMPERIAL." Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra. (Liszt: "Les Préludes.") RCA Victor LM-1073. The unvexed Haydn of legend in a sinuous performance without monkeyshines by Dr. Stokowski, in a restrained exhibition of superior tonal beauty.

NO. 64, IN A. Henry Swoboda and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 91.) Westminster WL 50-23. This is a poor recording of a symphony that should be delightful in its ever-varying moods, few of which are realized in a careless performance.

NO. 73, IN D, "HUNT." Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LMX-31. (10-inch.) Lesser Haydn grandiosely played. The orchestra has felicities at *mf* or below but is coarse above, qualities faithfully pointed by the recording.

NO. 77, IN B FLAT. Henry Swoboda and the "Concert Hall" Symphony Orchestra. ((Symphony No. 78.) Concert Hall CHC-30. Eighteenth-century sunlight in four enlightened guises, generally well reflected save in the rapidity of the "Il mio tesoro" adagio. Fair recording.

NO. 78, IN C MINOR. Henry Swoboda and the "Concert Hall" Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 77.) Concert Hall CHC-30. Stauncher, more dramatic, and darker than its obverse immediately above. The Symphony receives conscientious treatment except in the adagio which is rushed. Recording is superior to that of No. 77.

NO. 80, IN D MINOR. Hermann Scherchen and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 103.) Westminster WL-50-50. The exciting instability of mood, in a work which will be better known because of this record, requires a flexible stick in a sympathetic hand. A remarkable performance, very well recorded.

NO. 82, IN C, "THE BEAR." Hans Rosbaud and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra. (Symphony No. 104.) Mercury MG-10050. Well played; recording so-so after manipulation of controls, far below the Haydn Society's edition; coupled with a bad "London" Symphony as against the Haydn Society's good "Queen."

NO. 86, IN D. Paul Walter and the Mozarteum Orchestra, Salzburg. (Symphony No. 95.) Period SPLP 516. Haydnists love this symphony and might find felicities in Walter's evocation if they could endure the recorded sound. Wavering pitch, heavy rumble.

NO. 88, IN G. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Mozart: Symphony No. 39.) Columbia ML-4109. An irresistible marvel, in its incomparable balance of successive tempers in perfect design the *beau idéal* of symphonic classicism, has been overwhelmed here by a brutal reading and coarse recording. There will be better versions. The Toscanini-NBC dubbing (just received) on RCA Victor LCT-7 is, alas, the most plainly mortal of an otherwise great collection. This conductor's feeling for the eighteenth century is admonitory of its most sensitive perceptions: his 88 is implacably ungracious. Patient Haydnists will wait for a better than the Ormandy or the Toscanini.

NO. 91, IN E FLAT. Henry Swoboda and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 64.)Westminster WL-50-23. The hard tonal quality (probably imposed by the hall), the senseless emphasis on the upper frequencies, and the weak bass leave this recording short of adequacy. Unfortunately, it is the only recording of the symphony ever made.

NO. 92, IN G, "OXFORD." George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. (Symphony No. 101.) Columbia ML-4268. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.") RCA Victor LM-1102. Szell is in tune with this masterpiece of candor and the Clevelanders are in tune with their conductor. The engineers have respected the resultant unified, incisive, and fluent performance. The Koussevitzky is not in this class.

NO. 93, IN D. Guido Cantelli and the NBC Orchestra. (Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler.") RCA Victor LMX-1080. Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (Handel-Beecham: Suite from "Il Pastor Fido.") Columbia ML-54374. A cisalpine view of Haydn all stress and strain meets unfair competition from warmth across the British Ocean. The celebrated Beecham performance is similar to the one on 78's, with the additional appeal of superb orchestral pliancy.

NO. 94, IN G, "SURPRISE." Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. (Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.") Capital P-8038. Sir Malcolm Sargent and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. (Symphony No. 100.) Columbia ML-4276. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-28. (10-inch.) Unquestionably the continuous parade of high spirits in this most-played of Haydn's symphonies has contributed heavily to the disgusting image of the author of the "Creation" as a twinkling codger sustained by tepid milk in an emotional vacuum. The three versions are not transfers from tape, and all betray similar but commendably slight defects, principally in the blurred contours of the bass. Honors of display go to the German.

NO. 95, IN C MINOR. Hermann Scherchen and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 100.) Westminster WL-50-45. Paul Walter and the Mozarteum Orchestra. Salzburg. (Symphony No. 86.) Period SPLP 516. The beguiling subtleties of an amazing work unfolded by the always-alert investigatory intelligence of a great Haydn conductor, Scherchen. He is followed by an inspired orchestra in a recording of the highest merit. The Walter performance is musicianly, the recording poor.

NO. 99, IN E FLAT. Royalton Kisch and the London Symphony Orchestra. London LPS-171. (10-inch.) Vivace—all fire; adagio—all tenderness; minuet—foolery and reproof; vivace—bluff *au revoir:* the procession is the essence of the best classicism. Kisch's command is remarkable and the recording is splendid. One of those sinister waifs whom all record companies have lurking in their editorial rooms decided roguishly to separate the sides in the middle of the adagio. This spirit of fun is only half appreciated: half-price would double its allure.

NO. 100, IN G, "MILITARY." Hermann Scherchen and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 95.) Westminster WL-50-45. Hugo Rignold and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. (Symphony No. 94.) Columbia ML-4276. Here twenty pages could be used to extoll Scherchen's work. There is no space for Rignold's decent effort. The symphony is martial throughout, despite an easy tradition that ascribes the title to the use of added "Turkish" percussion in the second and last movements. Haydn used his kettles vigorously; when he added bass drum, cymbals, triangle, and tambourine he meant —and everyone who knows Haydn knows what he meant, specifying *fortissimo*—that they were to be whammed. Except Scherchen, no one ever whams them: the effect is spectacular. The allegretto is a restrained eighteenth-century lament for the dead in the endless imperial wars; and Scherchen's whams show what killed them. This is the ultimate performance of a grand work, recorded to the best standards we have known.

NO. 101, IN D, "CLOCK." Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Symphony No. 92.) Columbia ML-4268. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. (Mozart: Symphony No. 35.) RCA Victor LM-1038. Ernest Ansermet and the Orchestra of La Suisse Romande, Geneva. London LPS-54. (10-inch.) All are good; the similarities of phrasing, stress, and tempo suggest that in each case the laudable procedure was followed of modeling interpretation upon Toscanini's fine old version with the New York Philharmonic. The palm goes where least expected, to Ormandy, very lithe here, for the superior tonal quality of his recording. Addendum: A version by Fritz Busch and the "Austrian" Symphony Orchestra, on a ten-inch Remington, No. RLP-149-32, is worth attention because of the caliber of Busch (although his minuet is languid) and a price of $1.69. It is recorded with that high-frequency overbearingness which seems to be the whooping-cough or chicken-pox of infant LP companies.

NO. 103, IN E FLAT, "DRUM-ROLL." Hermann Scherchen and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Symphony No. 80.) Westminster WL-50-50. George Solti and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LPS-124. (10-inch.) The London performance and the London recording are absolutely first-prize: the Vienna achievements are *hors concours*. There is nothing like them in Haydn's recorded repertory except Westminster WL-50-45 above. The recording establishes a new standard for the pre-Beethoven orchestra, particularly in the projection of wood, horns, and drums.

NO. 104, IN D, "LONDON." Charles Münch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-49. (10-inch.) Alfons Dressel and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra. (Symphony No. 82.) Mercury MG-10050. The quality of its recording removes the Dressel effort from consideration. Remains Münch, whom the RCA Victor engineers have treated capitally. Despite their resonant sound, and the possibilities offered by one of the most robust of Haydn's symphonies, the performance is curiously undistinguished, although it will serve until we have a better.

TOY SYMPHONY. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor 49-3013. (7-inch.) Not LP but 45; but no movement is split here and this is the only available edition. The conductor's remarkable hurry banishes the tenderness from the minuet, but the engineers have accomplished a spectacular recording of the nation's leading virtuosos on the rattle, cuckoo, whistle, and tin trumpet. The joke is nearly two centuries old and has not soured.

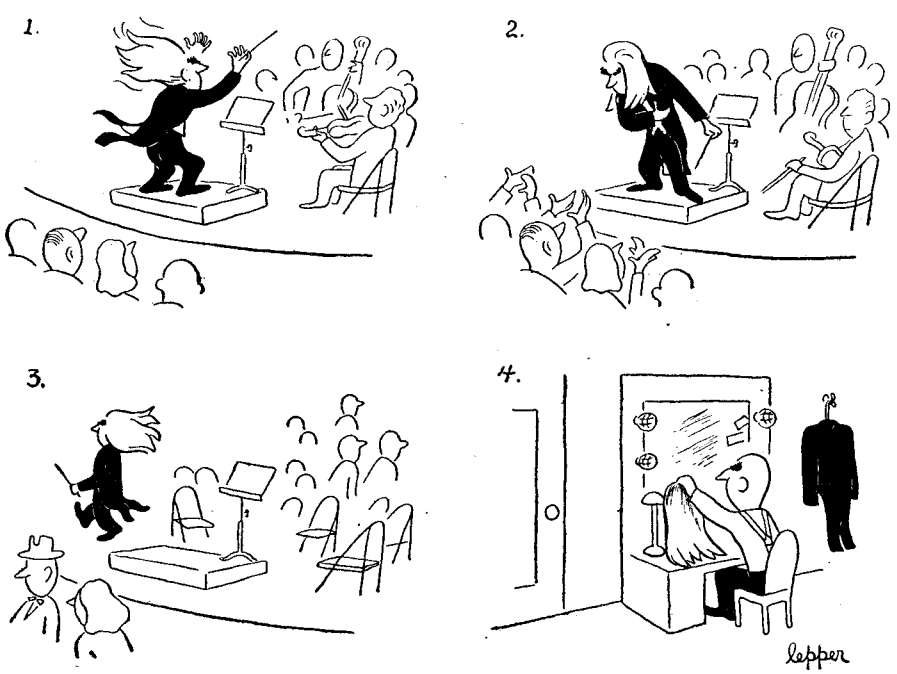
Postscript

The two discs of the "Saint Cecilia" Mass (Haydn Society HSLP-2028) arrived in time to permit a single hearing of their seventy-four minutes' duration and a tentative evaluation of their merit. The work has not the dramatic impact of the three Haydn Masses previously issued by the Society, but it has been accorded the best inclusive performance and is easily the best recording of the four.

Records announced but not received include these:

Symphony No. 88. Paul Walter and the Salzburg Festival Orchestra. (Remington RLP-149-29.)

Symphonies No. 97 and 102. Hermann Scherchen and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Westminster WL-5062.)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Armstrong's Earlier Works

WILDER HOBSON

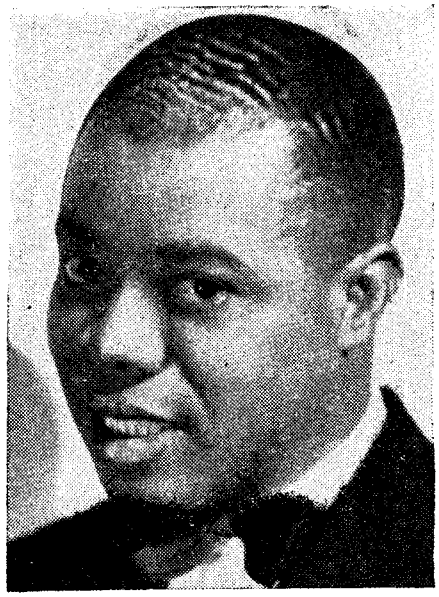
LOUIS ARMSTRONG occupies a place in hot music equivalent to that of Einstein in physics or Hoppe in billiards. He is a world master, acknowledged by virtually everyone who cares for *le jazz hot*, savored by the be-bop enthusiasts as well as the partisans of his own New Orleans tradition. Perhaps the only sizable group who do not regard him as *the* world master are the sticklers for the crystal purity of the late Bix Beiderbecke's cornet style. But even they are usually devotees of Armstrong's trumpet and singing voice. Even they will be glad to hear that Columbia has just issued an anthology of no less than forty-eight of the early sides which made Armstrong famous, most of them first published between 1925 and 1930 under the Okeh label.*

The virtues of Louis Armstrong have often been stated, and will not be itemized here at great length. Springing out of the lyrical New Orleans activity, which consisted very largely of group improvisation, he is noted for the richness and variety of his invention, and for the gusto of his performance. What he has to say is poetic, and he says it passionately. The range is wide—from raucous comedy through blue Louisiana melancholy to seraphic trumpet playing in the mood of the great folk spirituals. All these things can be sampled in the new anthology.

But the anthology has very properly and interestingly been divided into three sections. For the fact is that jazz, as most of its students know, showed many rapid changes of character once it emerged from its folk-musical sources into the public light. In the space of a few years—for discussion's sake we may say the two decades between 1915 and 1935—it ran a little capsule esthetic history of its own, from the primitive to the decadent, from the utterly spontaneous to the highly self-conscious, from folk music to be-bop. And in most parts of the scene, of course, from the natural to the commercial. Certain stages of this development may be seen even in the scant half-dozen years of music in the Armstrong anthology. Armstrong himself, be it noted, has for more than a quarter of a century remained substantially the same artist, with the same expressive "voice" either on his trumpet or in his gravelly throat. But the uses to which he has been put, the material he has worked with, the types of musical combinations with which he has played have widely differed. The Columbia anthology, in short, has a good many esthetic suggestions to make in addition to its specific musical fascinations.

To come down to cases, the first twenty-four sides are by two of the earliest Armstrong recording bands—the Hot Five and the Hot Seven. These were centrally the same small, informal outfit, with Johnny Dodds on the clarinet and Kid Ory on the trombone. The Hot Five began recording about 1925 in Chicago and placed a great deal of emphasis on solo as well as ensemble passages. Now it was of the essence of this band that, elaborate as were many of its improvisations, it was still very close to the grass roots of jazz. Armstrong and Dodds often played in a style of such opulence that it strained, and sometimes shattered, even their remarkable techniques. But the support provided by the rest of the band could be characterized as eloquently simple—and technically limited. And the main point to be made is that the group were still wonderfully natural, with pioneering vigor and never a note of slickness or virtuosity *per se*. They were charged with lyrical ardor, and the rapport between them produced a remarkable heightening of the whole language of jazz; they offered a kind of brazen beauty, unfinished in spots but dazzling in others, whose effect has only grown stronger with the years.

From them you may hear the forlorn, lovely, pulsing nocturne which bears the unimposing title "Skid-Dat-De-Dat" and the strutting "Gut Bucket Blues," in which Armstrong earns our appreciation by introducing the other members of the band individually (one of them responds in kind). Each of these twenty-four sides has its own distinction. I have always felt that the most ecstatic passage in jazz—the adjective is not used lightly—is Armstrong's last trumpet chorus in "Strutin' with Some Barbecue," where the jubilation suggests all the religious riches of the colored South. On the secular side there is Armstrong's positive erotic statement in "I'm Not Rough," aptly punctuated by Johnny St. Cyr's guitar, and the Hot Seven discs include a positively baroque masterpiece—the combination stomp and blues known as "Gully Low."



Louis Armstrong — "brazen beauty."

This is all, in the most laudatory sense of the word, tough music. A few months later Armstrong surrounded himself with other musicians, notably the brilliant jazz pianist Earl Hines. They are represented on the next twelve sides of the anthology. If the Hot Five and Hot Seven recordings may be thought of, easily enough, as golden age then it may be said that the Armstrong-Hines group moved towards the silver. Armstrong was becoming an established Chicago figure, open to new, Northern ideas of syncopated polish. There was nothing effete about the band, but there was a perceptible increase in musical refinement and ingenuity at the expense of lyricism and force. This trend was perfectly symbolized by the syncopated nuances of the pianist Hines in such discs as "Tight Like This," "Muggles," "Skip the Gutter"—and in his unaccompanied duet with Armstrong called "Weather Bird" as deft a matching of musical wits as one could well imagine. Gone from the new band was the fervid, luxuriant clarinet of Dodds, gone the ripe trombone of Ory—their replacements, Jimmy Strong and Fred Robinson, were musicians of fewer ideas, less heat, a blander notion of ensemble cooperation. The band had become Armstrong and Hines and Friends rather than a Hot Five or a Hot Seven.

It was still, however, Armstrong's personally selected recording band, and it made hot classics. But as the Thirties came on Armstrong began to acquire popular reputation outside the field of hot jazz. It was widely discovered that his voice was a strikingly original vehicle for the delivery of popular tunes and that his trumpet could embroider those airs with thermal effect. And so he began to record largely in this spirit, appearing as a

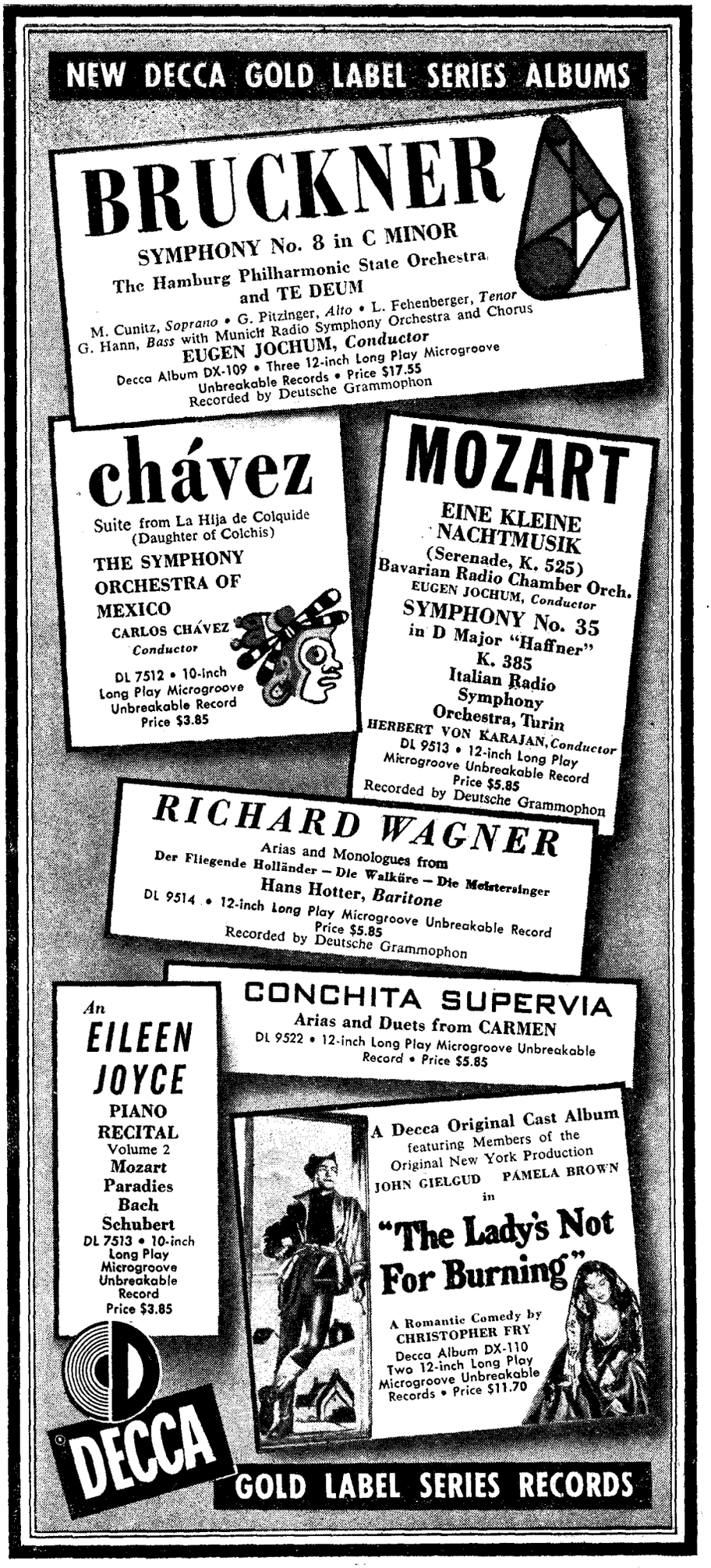
"The Louis Armstrong Story" is on four twelve-inch LP discs: ML 54383, 54384, 54385, 54386—$5.45 apiece, and also on seven-inch 45 rpm sets: B-237, 238, 239, 240—$5.45 apiece.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

featured soloist with various large colored dance bands and offering fast, virtuoso exhibitions of hot trumpet playing as climax material. His artistry with trumpet and voice is extraordinary—to hear him render "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," "Stardust," or "Body and Soul" is to hear him transform these songs into his own infectious music; he makes sentimental fantasias both feasible and comic. But I wish to emphasize here how far he has strayed in a few years from the tradition in which he began.

In recent years he has returned to it; and I, for one, am glad and not too surprised to find him there. The New Orleans tradition has held up sturdily for at least forty years and today has the largest audience of its public life. This historic fact alone would seem to argue something about the vitality of the music.

The value of hot jazz for the other arts is, of course, another question. Apparently there has been and can be very little real influence, and most of the claimed influences must be attributed either to ignorance of traditional jazz or to pretentiousness. The characteristically self-conscious, highly cerebral, analytical modern arts everywhere show a seeking for individual directions among a welter of inherited tendencies (indeed be-bop may be regarded in one sense as the belated attempt of certain of the more self-conscious jazz musicians to catch up with some of the modern aspects of formal composition). In this scene, New Orleans jazz is a sport, a freak of artistic history proceeding out of the musical collisions following on the slave trade. Its best players *have* their tradition, know it instinctively, feel perfectly at home, musically as well as personally, in the Afro-American community.

Their music may make an irresistible appeal to the intellectualized modern artist. But while Piet Mondrian called one of his canvases "Broadway Boogie Woogie," there is nothing spare, rectangular, or analytical about boogie pianism. While Stravinsky, Milhaud, and others have been much moved by New Orleans music, their own compositions cannot be expected to have close connections with the essentially spontaneous fabric of hot jazz. Nor, of course, are the New Orleans musicians properly to be likened to modern "primitive" painters. Louis Armstrong is not a striking but unschooled talent; he is, as I have said, a grand master of his musical idiom. That idiom is a vivid, moving product of certain shifts of population, and we are fortunate that so many of its beauties have been caught on the phonograph record and so well reproduced on the new speeds.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Met and Glyndebourne

VERDI: *"Don Carlo" excerpts. Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill, Blanche Thebom, and Italo Tajo, with orchestra conducted by Renato Cellini.* (RCA Victor LP 1128, $5.72; 45 rpm album 1495, $4.90.)

MOZART: *"Cosi fan tutte" excerpts. Sena Jurinac, Blanche Thebom, Richard Lewis, Erich Kunz, and Mario Borriello, with Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra conducted by Fritz Busch.* (RCA Victor LP 1126, $5.72; 45 rpm album 1500, $7.10.)

EACH of these has enough relationship to an actuality to invite comparisons or stimulate hopes, also enough dissimilarity to make such resemblance purely conversational. The reference, of course, is to last season's Metropolitan "Don Carlo," in which Bjoerling, Merrill, and Thebom took part but neither Tajo nor Cellini, and to the promised "Cosi fan tutte" for next season, in which Thebom will and Kunz may take part, though not Busch.

As a record, then, of the past "Don Carlo" this is decidedly fragmentary, though excellent enough for Merrill's robust Roderigo, Bjoerling's brilliant Carlo, and Thebom's virtuoso Eboli. The last of these did her singing in England (Warwick Braithwaite is the able conductor), and it is a mark of new esteem for American recording that little difference in sound is apparent. However, the English orchestra is larger. She sings the "Veil" aria and "O don fatale," Merrill and Bjoerling do the first-act duet, and the baritone adds the eloquent music of the prison scene. Tajo's "Dormirò sol nel manto" is impressive, though he mouths the text more than I like and some wayward *parlandos* defile Verdi's noble line. Cellini, remembered for the vigorous "Rigoletto" of last fall, does this job in a way to make further opportunities for him mandatory.

The "Cosi fan tutte" excerpts are far more homogeneous—to the point, indeed, that one wonders why, if twelve sides be done, the full forty to parallel the older Glyndebourne classic were not undertaken. This is probably the first occasion in phonographic history that the conductor of a complete version of an opera had the opportunity to remake even this much a dozen years later, and the splendid level of Busch's first achievement is not only attained but surpassed, thanks to more just reproduction.

Here, for example, he has taken an American (Thebom as Dorabella), a Slav (Jurinac as Fiordiligi), an Austrian (Erich Kunz as Guglielmo), an Englishman (Richard Lewis as Ferrando), and an Italian (Mario Borriello as Don Alfonso) and infused in them a perfect sense of partnership in Mozart's most sophisticated score. Since Victor has neglected to include either a libretto or an abbreviated text for the music—the tendered chapter from E. J. Dent's "History of Opera" is an interesting, but irrelevant substitute—I am forced to fall back on the admirable brochure, with the complete text, provided in the previous Glyndebourne set. The excerpts in the new issue parallel these sides of the old one: sides 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, part of 9, and 14 ("Come scoglio," the great air of Fiordiligi), all from Act I; sides 23, 26, 27, 28, 30, and 33, from Act II. Over all is the care, the exactness, the clarity of sound which has made Glyndebourne a name to conjure with in recorded opera—now, even more than before.

Slezak, Schwartz, Tauber

STRAUSS: *"Fledermaus" duet, "Butterfly" excerpt, etc. Vera Schwartz, soprano, with Richard Tauber, tenor.* (Eterna LP 454, $3.85.)

MOZART: *"Das Veilchen," etc. Leo Slezak, tenor.* (Eterna LP 453, $3.85.)

IF THERE is any voice less well known to today's public than that of Leo Slezak, it would certainly be Vera Schwartz's; for if some phonophiles have at some time or other come across a Slezak record, the name of Schwartz is one of those legends to which one can attach place and time (Berlin in the Twenties) but no distinctive sound.

Such need be the case no longer, for this dubbing of duets from "Fledermaus" and "Butterfly" (Acts II and I, respectively) plus "O Schöne Mai" (Strauss) and "Un bel di" (in German) show it to have been a lyric organ of uncommon breadth, richness, and flexibility, utilized with impressive sensitivity. Whether the style for "Fledermaus" is relaxed or closer to careless, I wouldn't dare say; but it is full of its own kind of sensuality, as are the insinuating commentaries by Tauber. The reproduction is early electric, with the limitations thus implied, but the impact of the art is strong.

Allowing for even weaker sound, the Slezak experience is just as strong, in a repertory that includes Strauss's "Ständchen," Liszt's "O Komm im Traum," Rubinstein's "Die Träne," and Brüll's "Sechse, Sieben, oder Acht." I was particularly struck by the phenomenon of so virile a voice, with so easy a soaring top range, utilized in music usually comprised by vocal limitations. The sound, it should be understood, is definitely poor, but the art is rich. Melchior at his best was the only recent tenor to sound like Slezak in the Strauss "Ständchen."

Late, Great Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet in A minor, Opus 132. Griller Quartet.* (London LP 318, $5.95.)

ALMOST as if by common agreement the late Beethoven quartets have been placed "off limits" in the latest phonographic era, save for those which already exist in some adaptable form, such as the Budapest wiry C sharp minor or the F major by the Paganini. The more credit, then, to London and the Grillers for attacking a notoriously difficult work—the A minor with the "Heiliger Dankgesang"—and providing it in its first continuous form.

The distinctions do not stop there by any means. This is one of the great quartet recordings, excelled only by some of the Vienna examples in which the throbbing vitality of the players add a dimension to the pure sound not provided by the Grillers. Taken collectively the latter play extremely well in slow or moderate tempi; but in the churning fast movements of such a work as this, or in some of the agitated passages of the slow movement, the structure tends to fall apart, with phrases tumbling in upon each other. Most of this is to be found in the first movement, and those who do not find over-impetuousness distracting here will enjoy the remainder. In any case the recording is splendid.

Franck for Strings

FRANCK: *Sonata in A major. Lola Bobesco, violin, and Jacques Genty, piano.* (London LP 326, $4.95.) THE SAME. *Marcel Hubert, cello, and Harold Dart, piano;* also DEBUSSY: *Sonata for cello and piano.* (Allegro LP 110, $5.45.)

I CAN'T say that the Hubert-Dart proposition that the familiar Franck sonata for violin and piano could also be played by a cellist and pianist came as a complete surprise to me, but it is a long time since I have encountered it thus. The first impression

(*Continued on page 57*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

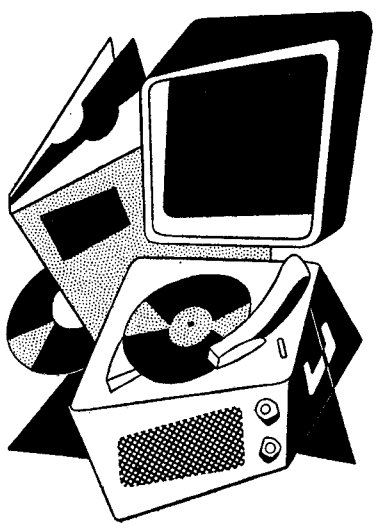
"Le Martyre" de Oklahoma

LAST year Houston put Paris to shame by sponsoring the first recording of a major orchestral score by Erik Satie. This month Oklahoma City has its innings with a first recording of Debussy's unfamiliar "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien" (Allegro LP 100, $5.45). Victor Alessandro conducts the Oklahoma City Symphony and Chorale; Frances Yeend, Anna Kaskas, and Miriam Stewart account for the vocal solos. "Le Martyre" has been described as Debussy's "Parsifal," although such similarity as exists applies to its position in the composer's chronology and to D'Annunzio's text (a mish-mash of paganism, Christianity, and mysticism) rather than to any qualities inherent in the music itself. Unlike Wagner's last music-drama, "Le Martyre" has never been good box office. When given in full it suffers from the *longueurs* of D'Annunzio's fustian; when given without narration, as in this recording, it is apt to seem—even more than most incidental music — disconnected and chaotic. All this is most unfortunate, because—as Ernest Newman recently wrote—the score contains "some of Debussy's maturest and subtlest thinking."

Stylistically it is kin to the ballet "Jeux," with sharp rhythmic contours, astringent harmonies, and a forthright sense of musical rhetoric. No composer traveled further in one decade than did Debussy between "Pelléas" and "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien." If the incidental music to D'Annunzio's play adds up to an incohesive total, taken separately section by section it offers many treasurable moments. Debussy never surpassed the woodwind introduction to "La Cour des Lys," the Vox Coelestis air (ravishingly sung here by Frances Yeend), the brass fanfares in "Le Concile des Faux Dieux," or the *a cappella* polyphony in "Le Paradis." Several minor cuts have been made, apparently to accommodate the music on one disc, although the accompanying notes breathe no hint of this. I feel sure that a Toscanini or an Ansermet could bring order out of certain passages that here sound muddled and tentative, but on the whole Victor Alessandro and his forces deserve praise for a thoroughly creditable rendering of a difficult work. Allegro's engineers have done their duty in a satisfactory though hardly superlative manner.

Westminster's initial sortie into the realm of contemporary French music increases by four items the rapidly expanding discography of Darius Milhaud. The latest increment comprises "Five Studies for Piano and Orchestra" (1920), "Serenade for Orchestra" (1921), "Trois Rag Caprices" (1927), and a Suite from the opera "Maximilien" (1932). Once again a native son of France has been honored by *étrangers*, for these stylish performances come from the Vienna Symphony under Henry Swoboda (Westminster LP 50-51, $5.95). In the two earlier works Milhaud is sometimes overly concerned with keeping things moving for the sake of the motion—as in the third "Study," which the composer describes as "a superposition of a four-part fugue in A in the woodwinds, a three-part fugue in D flat in the brass, a four-part fugue in F in the strings, and a fugue with a subject combining the notes of these three tonalities in the piano"! However, the "Rag Caprices" and "Maximilien" Suite are both first-rate Milhaud, replete with his own unmistakable flow of invention and grandeur of execution. Special note should be taken of Westminster's luminous recording and of Badura-Skoda's exquisite piano playing in the "Five Studies."

I CONFESS to a deficiency in the proper appreciation of Gabriel Fauré. That ordered serenity of his, prized by so many, charms me at first but invariably ends by my stifling a yawn. A recent batch of recorded music from his pen does nothing to allay this failing. The fairly early Piano Quartet in C minor, Opus 15, is energetically delivered by Artur Rubinstein and members of the Paganini Quartet (RCA Victor LP 52, $4.67) in an interpretation that accentuates the music's Brahmsian qualities. Save for an appealing melody in the second movement's Trio, I find the quartet either derivative or tedious, or both.



Kathleen Long presents a sampling of Fauré's piano music on a London disc (LP 246, $4.95). Included in her collection is the much-praised Nocturne No. 6, Opus 63, of which Alfred Cortot would have us believe that "the emotion inherent in this work truly surpasses the bounds of personal sentiment and attains that state of universal aspiration which is the mark of a masterpiece." Perhaps M. Cortot lays it on a bit thickly, but there is no denying the gentle beauty of this Sixth Nocturne nor of the Thirteenth, written by Fauré near the end of his long life. The pianist plays this music with loving care, albeit stodgily at times.

Finally, there are eight songs sung by Ninon Vallin (Vox LP 1730, $4.75). The genteel, salon cadre in which Fauré worked seems to me especially enervating in his songs, but they have so many partisans that I express this opinion with considerable diffidence. In any event, the record is worthy of attention if only for the artistry of Mme. Vallin, who sings—as always—with vocal surety and a veteran's command of effective musical declamation. The Fauré songs in this collection, ranging from "Le Secret" (1880) to "En Sourdine" (1900), do not—as the notes proclaim—"represent almost his entire creative span." The composer's activity in this genre continued up to 1922. Complete texts are provided, and the dubbing from 78-rpm Pathé masters has been well accomplished.

For the It Never Rains But It Pours Department I nominate Ravel's Sonata for violin and piano. After a quarter century of neglect it has now in the space of six months been recorded four times, twice in France and twice here. The latest American version is by Bela and Virginia Urban (Classic Editions LP 1002, $5.95). Between this and the earlier recording by Eidus and Smith, noted in RECORDINGS for January, there is little to choose. The Urbans may display more imagination, but this interpretive asset is counterbalanced by a technical debit, for the surfaces (on my copy, at least) are particularly crackly. On the reverse side Simeon Bellison joins the duo in an innocuous Clarinet Trio by Khachaturian.

To end on a cheerful note I herald the appearance on LP of Chabrier's "Trois Valses Romantiques," in the excellent interpretation of Robert and Gaby Casadesus (Columbia LP 2146, $4). This hearty expression, buttressed with vivid harmonies and droll rhythms, has always captivated this listener. It is as bracing as cold salt air. Never did it sound a more welcome note than after ninety minutes of Fauré.

—ROLAND GELATT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 63 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in C minor (Opus 37). Clara Haskil, piano, with Winterthur Orchestra conducted by Henry Swoboda. Westminster 5057, $5.95.	A first-rate accomplishment for Miss Haskil and the Westminster technicians, something less for Swoboda and the orchestra. At that, it plays better here than in anything previously recorded. Perhaps Miss Haskil will, next time, have cooperation worthy of her very unusual abilities.
Beethoven: Concerto in E flat (Opus 73). Rudolf Serkin, piano, with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia LP 54373, $5.95.	Remarkably powerful reproduction of the massive sound produced by Serkin and the orchestra in the Academy of Music, also strong, assertive projection of the music. If it lacks something of the iron will and discipline to make the "Emperor" truly imperial, that is equally true of every LP version save Schnabel's, and that (with Stock) is in another category of recording.
Brahms: "Vier Ernste Gesänge." Randolph Symonette, bass-baritone, with Alberta Masiello, piano. Colosseum LP 1002, $5.95.	Not since the issue of Alexander Kipnis has there been vocalization of this power and freedom in one of the most challenging assignments a singer can undertake. Symonette is not so eloquent an artist as Ferrier (see March RECORDINGS), but those who prefer a male voice in this material will find his masculine indeed. Overside he sings three "Italian" songs of Schubert (Opus 83) with fine style, "Der Kampf" with ugly strained sound. The voice is better reproduced than the piano.
Grétry: "Céphale et Pocris" Suite. INR Symphony Orchestra of Brussels conducted by Franz André. Capitol LP 8135, $3.98.	Since few will consider the rather feeble sound of this orchestra in Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" a reasonable challenge for Toscanini and the NBC ensemble or Ormandy and the Philadelphia, we might as well concentrate attention on the charming but infrequently favored Grétry. That attention is well merited by André's delightful feeling for the material, the skill of his solo players, and the good quality of the reproduction.
Liszt: Sonata in B minor. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol LP 8136, $4.98.	Pennario is one of our more talented young pianists, but he has challenged a back-breaking task in attempting to make convincing this complex work. Overside are the "Sonnet of Petrarch," No. 104; "St. Francis's Sermon to the Birds"; and the "Hungarian Rhapsody," No. 12. The piano recording throughout is soggy, without the ring of brilliance expected today.
Liszt: "Bergsymphonie." Joseph Stroble conducting the Munich Tonkünstler Orchestra. Mercury LP 10006, $4.85.	The first of Liszt's ventures into orchestral writing, full of flashing thought and orchestral innovation, but empty of much musical meaning. It would impress more in a reproduction less spotty than this one; too often important details are lost for want of volume, and the string tone tends to be shrill.
MacDowell: "Woodland Sketches," "Sea Pieces," etc. John Kirkpatrick, piano. Columbia LP 54372, $5.45.	A welcome attention to a literature long ignored, with Kirkpatrick an intermediary of directness and taste. The pieces are not mooned over, neither are they patronized; what results is self-explanatory, in no need of apologia. Good piano sound throughout.
Rachmaninoff: Sonata No. 2; Eight "Etudes-Tableaux." Bernhard Weiser, piano. Rachmaninoff Society LP 1, $5.95.	An initial venture on behalf of the late Rachmaninoff, with Weiser an understanding and qualified interpreter. The sonata has a customary quota of engaging ideas, without the organizational impulse to unify them. The "Etudes-Tableaux" are more agreeable listening, if eight in succession is close to surfeit. Dull piano sound, which is deplorable in a venture intended to glorify a composer for that instrument.
Saint-Saëns: "Danse Macabre"; "Le Rouet d'Omphale." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 2170, $4.	Coarse, heavy-footed performances by the Philharmonic, under Mitropoulos's insensitive leadership. Certainly its status as a great orchestra would not be supported by this rough-textured, dull-spirited evidence. Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne," on the second side, is rather more creditable. The recording is more notable for mass than detail or balance.
Schubert: Symphony No. 3. Willem van Hoogstraten conducting the Stuttgart Philharmonic Orchestra. Period LP 517, $5.95.	Though long scorned by concert hall and phonographic conductors alike, this work of Schubert's twentieth year has warm appeal and a considerable quantity of musical distinction. Especially absorbing are its premonitions of the great C major Symphony to come. Hoogstraten's direction is rhythmically animated, and the recording is clean if oddly unbalanced. The whole second side is given over to the Quartet Satz in C minor—eight minutes of music on a twelve-inch LP side!
Schubert: "Rosamunde" music; B minor Symphony ("Unfinished"). Robert Heger conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Mercury 10034, $4.85.	Heger's name is suggestive of more quality than this disc actually offers: the "Rosamunde" excerpts begin and end with *part* only of the D minor overture ("Alfonso and Estrella") which Schubert utilized before choosing the C major overture (which now bears the name "Rosamunde") to go with the other excerpts. Otherwise included are the B minor entr'acte and ballet, the B flat entr'acte, and the G major ballet. The recording is nasal and pinched, with the steel-wire string tone of early LP days. The direction is sensitive, both here and in the symphony, but the mechanical disadvantages are severe. However, Heger's measured pace for the first movement is a welcome corrective to some recent tendencies, the Toscanini in particular.
Schumann: "Kinderscenen." Jacqueline Blancard, piano. Vanguard LP 415, $5.95.	A gentler, more introspective treatment than the lately admired one by Horowitz, and possibly more sympathetic for some tastes. Robert Blake, who could not do much with the engineering problems of the Rachmaninoff Society issue above, handles these with excellent results. I do not find Miss Blancard nearly so much at ease in the G minor Sonata (Opus 22) on the second side. Technical details are recurrently blurred, sheer muscular effort substituted for tone. Where she is physically relaxed, as in the Andantino, the results are notably good. However, that is insufficient reason to endorse the whole.
Verdi: "Stabat Mater." Joseph Kugler conducting the Bavarian Radio Choir and Orchestra. Mercury LP 15011, $3.85.	One of the four "Sacred Pieces" which crowned Verdi's lifetime of composing, and a marvelously expressive one. Kugler's direction is discerning, the choral singing good, the reproduction impressive for scope and quality, save for wiry string tone. With it are Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5 of the part songs grouped in Brahms's Opus 104. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that it is a good deal harder for such a good cellist as Hubert to play than it is for the average violinist, and that hardly adds to an impression of ease and confidence. It does contribute a sobriety not unwelcome in this usually effervescent work, especially as Hubert and his pianistic colleague are both straightforward musicians with little inclination to extraneous mannerism. Hubert's tone is uncommonly ingratiating, and both instruments are better reproduced than in any previous Allegro offering I have heard.

As for Bobesco and Genty, neither is known to me by reputation or previous works. The lady is especially impressive for her strong sonorous tone, which has fine texture as well as excellent body. So far as Franck is concerned, she hardly renders unto Caesar what is Caesar's: the playing is strongly assured and well-sounding, but without much inflection or nuance.

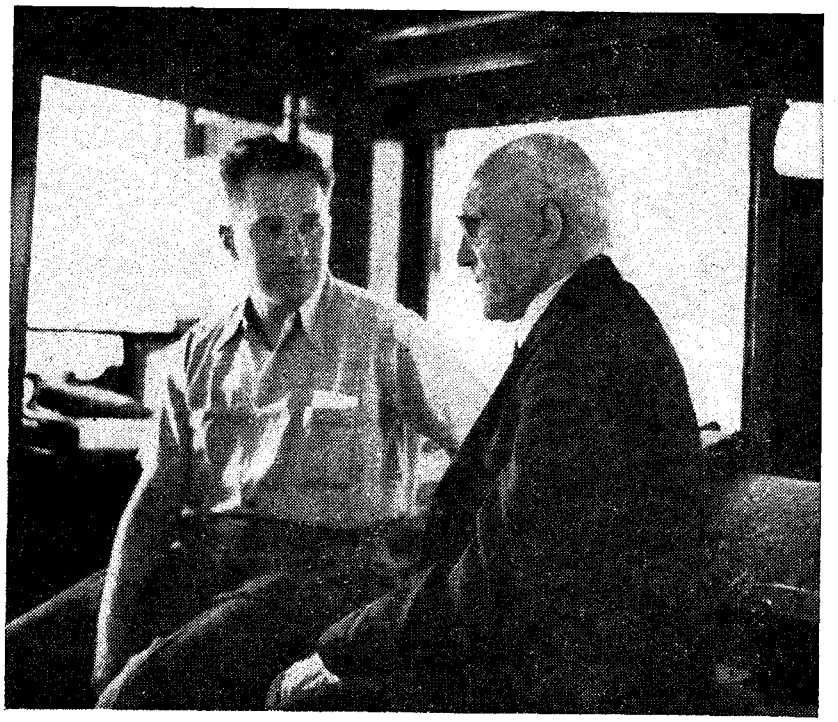
"Wanderer" by Curzon

SCHUBERT: *Fantasy in C ("Wanderer," Opus 15). Clifford Curzon, piano.* (London LPS 83, $4.95.)

CLIFFORD CURZON and this work have a peculiar affinity, at least so far as America or New York are concerned. It is but two years since he came onto the stage of Town Hall one Saturday afternoon, a pianist of some esteem, to begin a recital with this "Wanderer" Fantasy. When he had finished it his audience recognized in him one of the consequential musicians of the postwar epoch. I speak not from hearsay, for I was present, saw it happen, heard the response.

What London presents is in substance the same performance, with its precious values of insight and feeling, understanding and projection relatively intact. I insert the qualification largely, I think, because it would be difficult indeed for Curzon, or any other interpreter, to re-create creation itself—the generation of an esteem such as I have described. But the stride and fulness of this performance, its largeness of thought and minuteness of detail are of themselves intently Schubertian, which is as much as one can reasonably ask. The scattered entries of the past—whether by Edwin Fischer, Walter Rehberg, or the more recent Orazio Frugoni on Vox—are little more than memories besides Curzon's manful exposition of the music and its forceful reproduction.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Out of hundreds of conversations with

TOSCANINI

an unusual biography was born.

A BOOK about Toscanini—20 years in preparation—has just been published. The author, *New York Times* music editor Howard Taubman, has based much of it on informal talks with the Maestro's friends, family, and musical associates—and with Toscanini himself.*

The result is a biography full of authentic anecdote and conversation: 342 pages that are a joy to read and to quote from.

THE MAESTRO: The Life of Arturo Toscanini by Howard Taubman. With photographs and family snapshots. Price, $5. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

* *Pictured here with Mr Taubman on The NBC Symphony tour train.*

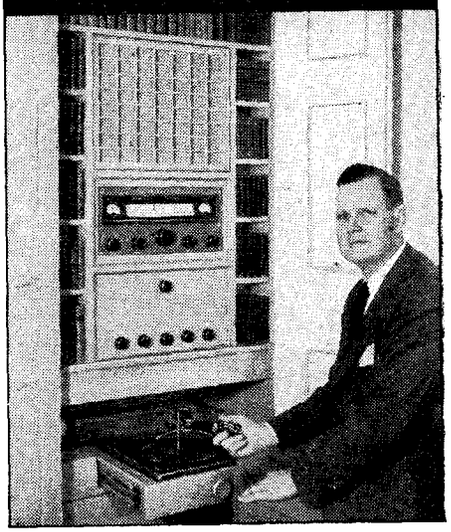
Help Send Food for the Mind...

• Your contribution to the new CARE-UNESCO Book Program will replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe and Asia with the latest scientific and technical books in English. Full information available.

CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.

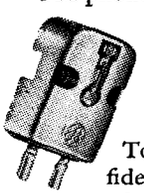
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In my custom installations I use THE BEST..."



VARIABLE RELUCTANCE CARTRIDGE

"CUSTOMER satisfaction means everything in my business. That's why General Electric cartridges are standard in all my installations." This is the opinion of custom designer Philip C. Kelsey of Guilford, Connecticut, shown above beside one of his made-to-order FM-phonograph combinations.



...and General Electric Diamond and Sapphire Styli"

To get the full brilliance and fidelity out of your recordings —and to lengthen their life—have your dealer or serviceman equip your present set with a G-E cartridge... The difference will startle you.

FREE FOLDER

Contains interesting facts about needle wear and illustrates the many advantages of using a diamond stylus.

General Electric Company
Section 8841
Electronics Park,
Syracuse, New York

Please send me new Stylus Folder.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

WHEN these lines appear in print only five days will remain until the opening of the Festival of Britain, an event that is bound to figure prominently in any account of what is happening on "the other side" during the next few months. Music being in the nature of things the most festive of the arts, it will be laid on in vast quantities. During London's Festival Season of the Arts, from May 3 to June 30, this surfeit of riches will include orchestral concerts at the Festival and Albert Hall each day, opera at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, as well as innumerable recitals and chamber concerts. In the past few weeks, however, a shadow has crept over these proceedings, the shadow of an injured knee that has robbed the inaugural week of its glory and luster. When the London County Council invited Toscanini to conduct the first few concerts in our new Hall it did so in the face of considerable opposition from certain sections of the musical press, whose understandable view was that a British conductor should have this honor bestowed upon him. The Council's determination to make the inauguration as musically memorable as possible was, however, enthusiastically supported by the public, which showed once again that Toscanini and Danny Kaye are the only two people in the world who can throw our box-offices into a complete state of chaos.

Then came the sad news, a shattering blow to the public as much as to the unfortunate organizers, who had by then alienated the one person able to take Toscanini's place without letting this great occasion assume the character of a damp squib. When his plan of a week of British music had been turned down in favor of Toscanini and the Ninth Symphony, Sir Thomas Beecham turned his back on the Council and its concert hall, strengthened in his well-known aversion to public authorities who meddle with music, and decided that all those wishing to hear him and his orchestra this summer must brave the echo of the Albert Hall. I will spare myself any comment on the appointment of the immaculate Sir Malcolm Sargent who will now fill the breach, beyond recording that tickets for the three concerts in question can now be obtained with ease.

If Toscanini's non-appearance has taken the edge from the concert program, there still remains an operatic season largely devoted to Wagner and Flagstad, with Vaughan Williams's new opera, "The Pilgrim's Progress," as an outstanding British contribution. For the first time since before the war the complete post-"Lohengrin" Wagnerian repertoire will be given with Flagstad, in what is said to be her farewell season, assuming the parts of Brünnhilde, Isolde, and Kundry, as well as singing Leonore in "Fidelio." Principal support for Flagstad in these strenuous weeks will come from Svanholm and Hotter, while for "Meistersinger" it is confidently expected that Victoria de los Angeles will be Eva, with Beecham in charge.

IN the gramophone world there is thus far little to distinguish 1951 from any other year. With the exception of some Decca LP issues, there has been a dearth of interesting records, a fact which can be at least partly attributed to EMI's continuing indecision on future policy. Unfortunately, the raw material situation has become so tight in this country, due to world shortages and the rearmament program, that soon it may not be possible for the combine to launch any system involving the manufacture of large quantities of new equipment. It is presumably with that fact in mind that EMI is now said to be considering the use of the "Variable Micrograde" technique as developed by Deutsche Grammophon, which enables an increase in playing time of up to about 80 per cent without altering turntable speed or stylus. Thus Decca will have to bear the burden unaided for some time yet, a prospect which does not appear to dismay them unduly, especially as they have recently managed to tweak their great rival's nose when they secured the complete soundtrack of the new film of "The Tales of Hoffmann." Sir Thomas brought an unsuccessful action to restrain them from issuing these discs, but the court upheld the right of the film company to do what they wished with a soundtrack that was their property.

HMV has prepared us for the forthcoming visit, during the Festival, of Leopold Stokowski by releasing two records of his, though they will

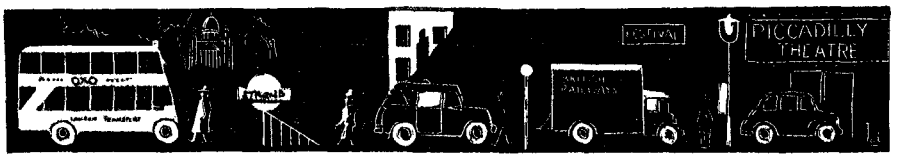
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scarcely enhance his reputation. There is little magic in his handling of the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," a stupid hotch-potch of a piece at the best of times, but the disc calling itself "Les Sylphides" surely marks a new low in his taste. The rubati have as little in common with ballet as the syrupy orchestrations of the four pieces have with poor Chopin. A new version of Mozart's great E flat Symphony is welcome, since a really satisfactory set does not exist over here. After a disappointing first movement, the Vienna Philharmonic under Karajan settles down to give us some splendid playing, the finale being really first rate. Under Furtwängler's direction, and on the HMV label, the same orchestra is heard in a distinguished performance of Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," a work which can still thrill by the sheer opulence of the scoring, even if few of us would wish to spend eternity in Strauss's paradise of interminable suspensions.

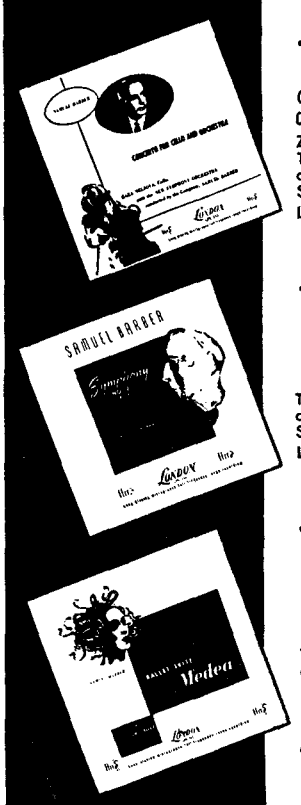
William Walton's most popular composition is undoubtedly the witty and debunking "Facade," originally written as accompaniment for poems by Edith Sitwell and subsequently re-scored as a ballet for the Sadler's Wells company. Columbia's new recording of the Suite is brilliantly done in their best pre-tape manner, the performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Constant Lambert being in every way superior to the prewar set conducted by the composer. The same company, with the backing of the Maharajah of Mysore, is responsible for the second version we have had in less than a year of Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta," one of the master's most significant works. Unfortunately, the performance does not appear to have had adequate preparation. Karajan and the Philharmonia give us the notes with tolerable accuracy, but they do not enter into the spirit of the composition as did the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony under Harold Byrns.

The most notable recording this month is undoubtedly Mozart's A minor Piano Sonata, K.310, made in Geneva last summer by the late Dinu Lipatti. As always his playing is a miracle of clarity and intelligence, and the Columbia engineers have done their task nobly. The younger generation of pianists is certainly claiming much of the limelight just now. Friedrich Gulda is an Austrian barely out of his teens, yet his playing of Beethoven's last but one Sonata (in A flat, Opus 110) is anything but immature. He handles the music in most poetic fashion.

Among vocal discs easily the most distinguished comes from Decca, for whom Julius Patzak and the Vienna Philharmonic under Böhm have recorded Florestan's soliloquy from Act II of "Fidelio." Patzak shows some slight signs of strain in the notorious passage that ends this scene, but elsewhere his singing is most beautiful. The important orchestral part is finely played and the recording of excellent quality. Flagstad, who has been playing Leonore opposite Patzak's Florestan at Salzburg during the last few years, this month enters the field of sacred music with the celebrated aria "Erbarme Dich" from the "St. Matthew Passion." Though the tessitura of this song lies a little low for her, this is a noble and restrained performance, well supported by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Süsskind and admirably captured by HMV's engineers. —THOMAS HEINITZ.



NEW LONG PLAYING RECORDS



CONCERTO FOR 'CELLO AND ORCHESTRA (Barber)
Zara Nelsova, 'Cello, with The New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Samuel Barber
LPS. 332 $4.95

SYMPHONY NO. 2, Op. 19 (Barber)
The New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Samuel Barber
LPS. 334 $4.95

"MEDEA"—BALLET SUITE (Barber)
The New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Samuel Barber
LPS. 333 $4.95

LONDON
ffrr
PROUDLY PRESENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME ON RECORDS
THREE MAJOR AMERICAN WORKS CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER
SAMUEL BARBER
ffrr
LONDON
LONDON ffrr . . . The Finest Sound on Record!

RACHMANINOFF: TWENTY-FOUR PRELUDES – Complete
Moura Lympany, Piano
LLP. 328/9 $11.90 (in Album)

TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN E MINOR, Op. 64
Sergiu Celibidache conducting The London Philharmonic Orchestra
LLP. 168 $5.95

SCHUMANN: FANTASIA IN C MAJOR, Op. 17
Robert Weisz, Piano (1st Prize, Geneva Concours, 1949)
LPS. 152 $4.95

WAGNER: RIENZI: OVERTURE
*SIEGFRIED: Act II, Scene 2 "Forest Murmurs"
Hans Knappertsbusch conducting The Philharmonic Orchestra
*with Franz Lechleitner, Tenor
LPS. 290 $4.95

SCHUBERT: FANTASIA IN C MAJOR, "WANDERER"
Clifford Curzon, Piano
LPS. 83 $4.95

BEETHOVEN: QUARTET IN A MINOR, Op. 132
The Griller String Quartet
LLP. 318 $5.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST
COMPLETE RECORDING

To be released May 10th

Richard Wagner's TRISTAN UND ISOLDE

Cast includes Margarete Bäumer, Ludwig Suthaus and Gottlob Frick, Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra and Chorus of Mittledeutsche Rundfunk, Leipzig conducted by Franz Konwitschny.

5 12" LP Records URLP 202 Price $30.25

Release May 20th

COUPERIN: Twenty-fourth Harpsichord Suite with Eta Harich Schneider.
—URLP 5001 $4.75
1 10" LP Record

DVORAK: Six Legends, op. 59 and The Wood Dove, op. 110 — Symphonic Poem Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin, Fritz Lehmann, conductor
—URLP 7010 $5.95
1 12" LP Record

DVORAK: Strains from Moravia, op. 32 Twelve Duets for soprano and contralto. M. FUCHS (s), M. KLOSE (c), M. Raucheisen, piano
—URLP 5002 $4.75
1 10" LP Record

LISZT: A recital of piano music played by SIEGFRIED GRUNDEIS (Waldesrauschen, Eroica Etude, Un Sospiro, Mephisto Waltz etc.)
—URLP 7011 $5.95
1 12" LP Record

SPECIAL RELEASE

A Lieder recital by the World Famous soprano

TIANA LEMNITZ: Wagner: Five Wesendonck Gedichte
Wolf: Three Songs
Cornelius: Five Songs
—URLP 7013 $5.95

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4 "THE ROMANTIC", The Leipzig Symphony Orchestra, Prof. HERMAN ABENDROTH, conductor

Released April 20th

Richard Strauss' DER ROSENKAVALIER

Cast includes Margarete Bäumer, Tiana Lemnitz and Kurt Böhme Saxonian State Orchestra and Chorus of the Dresden State Opera conducted by Rudolf Kempe.

4 12" LP Records URLP 201 Price $25.25

URANIA RECORDS
667 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD
a "live" orchestra in your living room

Unless you have listened to a
Childs Handmade-to-Order Sound System.

For an eye-opening demonstration
WITHOUT OBLIGATION
WITHOUT SALESTALK—phone

Ulric J. Childs, *Audio Engineer*
TRafalgar 9-8290
1601 First Ave., (cor. 83rd St.) N.Y. 28, N.Y.

RECORDS

Make the

Perfect Gift

Three Operas from Europe

THOUGH the whole idea may seem dismally commonplace, the consequence of hearing the latest batch of recorded operas—nothing less than "Carmen," "Tales of Hoffmann," and "The Girl of the Golden West"—is the strong feeling that the way to make a good opera is to take a good opera company into a studio and record them for the one purpose of home listening and no other. Here, for example, we have a "Carmen" made that way, a "Tales of Hoffmann" derived from a film soundtrack, and "The Girl" according to Cetra-Soria's customary formula of reproducing a radio broadcast. It may be only a coincidence that they strike us in order of merit as noted above, but there seems to be a relationship to the procedure employed.

More to the point, however, is that this "Carmen," with an Opéra-Comique cast directed by André Cluytens (Columbia SL 109, $15.63), has the strongest correlation of great music, fine artists, and suitable reproduction. It also has an authentic singing talent of quality in Solange Michel, whose Carmen is the most consistently well sung I have heard, on discs or off. That, to be sure, is no all-inclusive recommendation, for good Carmens have been scarce in my listening experience. But Michel—otherwise unknown to me—has a voluminous voice with a rich mezzoish bottom and middle range plus the extension to manage a B handily.

Such a secure performer is an advantageous beginning for any "Carmen," and this one does not dissipate its opportunity for want of supporting talent. Martha Angelici is almost as good a Micaëla as Michel is a Carmen, and Michel Dens is a highly satisfactory Escamillo. Our old friend Raoul Jobin is the José, and good enough, too, save for his "Air de fleur," which has an all-too-familiar ring of desperation not wholly counterfeit.

A word is in order about the version and the technical treatment. Spoken text is used where Bizet wrote no music, and I find the "novelty" of this much to my taste. It adds pace and variety to the dramatic action, does away with the dreary stretches of dialogue that are no better for being done in recitative. Cluytens is no fire-breathing conductor, but he is extremely methodical, with a fine sense of pace. The recording (made in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées) sometimes booms a bit, and the dancing feet at the beginning of Act II suggest that Lillas Pastia's inn is the size of Madison Square Garden, but most ordinary problems are well solved.

As opera-in-English, "Hoffmann" (London LP set 4, $17.85) is as convincing an example as I have heard, due in large part to the excellent text by Dennis Arundell. It also has some passages of breathtaking force and animation under the Beecham baton, particularly in the ensembles of the Prologue, the Doll Song (neatly sung by Dorothy Bond), the Waltz of the Puppets, the Barcarolle, and the fine duet in the Antonia episode between Robert Rounseville, the Hoffmann, and Ann Ayars, who sings Antonia. Moreover, Bruce Dargavel (Coccchenile, Crespel, and Dappertutto) is all that rumor has proclaimed him to be: a bass baritone of virile sound, amazing range, and keen artistry.

However, this "Hoffmann" was made for reproduction in film theatres, and I do not find the proportions too well adapted for home use. The percussion is overpowering at many points; if the volume level is reduced to suit a normal living room, luster and warmth depart from the sound, particularly of the orchestra. It can be doctored and modified to produce a relatively pleasant experience, but it does not match in mechanical quality the best associated either with London or Beecham. There is, of course, a controversy raging about the secondary use of a product designed for one specific purpose. It seems only fair to say that for ear alone Beecham would have worked quite differently than he did for ear and eye together.

Based on the evidence provided by Cetra-Soria's full-length version (Cetra-Soria LP set 1215, $17.85), "The Girl of the Golden West" could easily be the weakest of Puccini's operas. I reserve decision only because such others as "Edgardo" and "La Rondine" are unknown to me. One can sense that Puccini meant this to be an advance on its direct predecessor ("Butterfly") in apt characterization, fresh orchestration, bold imagination. But it is hardly for any of these things that one tolerates Puccini's particular kind of theatricality.

The performance has as much to be said for it as anything so basically unconvincing could earn. Carla Gavazzi sounds as though she might look like Minnie, Vasco Campagnano is a loud enough Dick Johnson, and Ugo Savarese does artistic work as Rance. A multitude of associates perform creditably under the direction of Arturo Basile. However, this version doesn't have the dramatic fervor or unified ensemble to bridge all too frequent dulness in the score. The recording is well among Cetra-Soria's best.

—THE EDITOR.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cuenod Quality

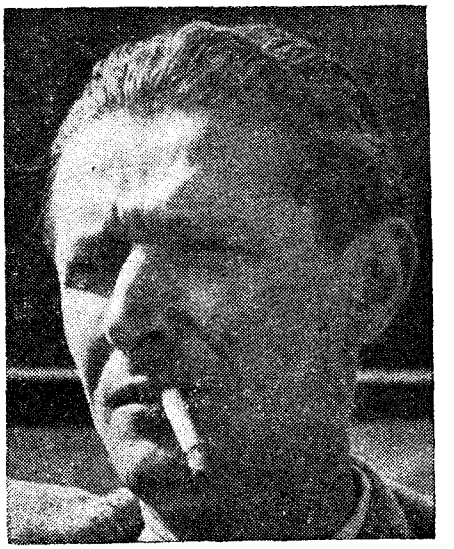
COUPERIN: *"First Tenebrae Service"; "Audite Omnes"; songs. Hugues Cuenod, tenor, Daniel Pinkham, harpsichord, and string players.* (Allegro LP 91, $5.45.)

ITALIAN AND SPANISH SONGS (*XVI and XVII centuries*). *Cuenod and Hermann Leeb, lute.* (Westminster LP 5059, $5.95.)

FAURÉ: *"Les Melodies de Venise"*; also DEBUSSY: *"Ariettes Oubliées. Cuenod and Jacqueline Blancard, piano.* (Vanguard LP 414, $5.95.)

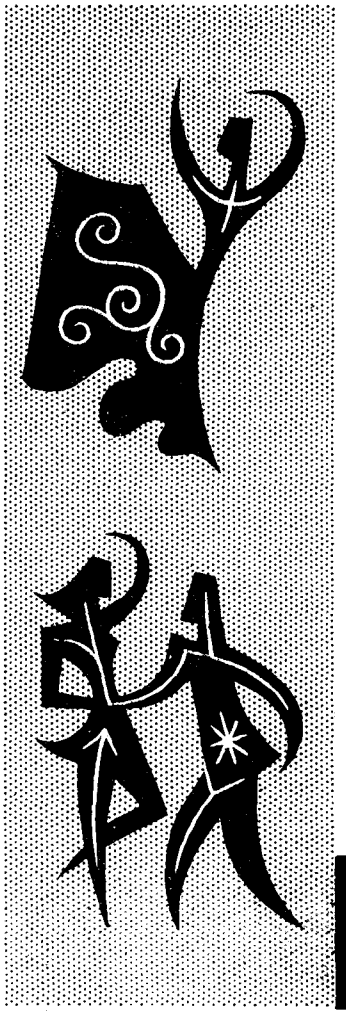
THOUGH Hugues Cuenod is no newcomer to discs (witness his participation in the prewar Nadia Boulanger albums of Brahms and Monteverdi), never has he had such scope to demonstrate his striking musicianship as in these three recently issued LP's. Those who expect from all tenors a plush, opulent sound of the Lanza persuasion may find the vocal quality of Cuenod hard to assimilate. His strange reedy timbre is as far removed from the great big beautiful Hollywood conception of tenorism as Tabuteau's oboe from Elman's violin. Uncommon is its quality; uncommon, too, is this Swiss artist's ultra-secure technique, his keen sense of pitch, his fine musical and poetic perceptions.

Of the three records, the Couperin contains the richest confluence of musical substance and interpretive finesse. The "First Tenebrae"—with its mysterious vocalises on Hebrew syllables, its austerely noble ariosos—gives impressive testimony (if it were still needed) that Couperin counts for far more than a fabricator of charming keyboard trifles. On the Westminster offering Cuenod ranges among the Renaissance song literature of Italy and Spain, paying special attention to Luis Milan and Alonso de Mudarra. It may be just the modal cast of these melodies, but every song in the collection seems to ring doleful. I cannot say for sure that such was the composers' intent, because Westminster has unaccountably neglected to furnish texts. Paul Verlaine provided inspiration for both the Fauré and Debussy cycles recorded by Vanguard; indeed, in several instances each composer set the same verse. The comparison thus afforded redounds, to my taste, consistently to Debussy's advantage—even though this be immature



Hugues Cuenod — "far removed from the Hollywood conception."

Debussy, his settings (1888) preceding Fauré's by two years. Intelligence and good taste inform Cuenod's interpretations, which are aided in no small measure by Mme. Blancard's accompaniments. Still, this accomplishment ranks lowest of the three. The Cuenod timbre seems better attuned to *la musique ancienne*, and I cannot be persuaded that Fauré holds this singer's entire interest. Reproduction on all three discs is excellent. —R. G.



NOW AT YOUR NEAREST RECORD DEALER . . .

William Schuman's thrilling symphonic dance masterpieces

JUDITH
CHOREOGRAPHIC POEM
(commissioned by the Louisville Philharmonic Society for Martha Graham)

UNDERTOW
CHOREOGRAPHIC EPISODES
(commissioned by Ballet Theatre)

played by the LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
Robert Whitney—William Schuman conducting

MG10088—12"—$4.85

Hear these other distinguished Mercury Classics featuring American artists.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS Concerto for Oboe and Strings • Cimarosa: Concerto for Oboe and Strings (arr. Benjamin) • Mitchell Miller with the Saidenberg Little Symphony under Daniel Saidenberg. MG10003—12"—$4.85

MOZART Divertimento in D (K. 251) • Vivaldi: Concerto Grosso in D Minor, Op. 3, No. 11 • Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra—Alexander Schneider, Leader. MG10002—12"—$4.85

STRAVINSKY Dumbarton Oaks Concerto • Dumbarton Oaks Festival Orchestra under Igor Stravinsky. MG10014—12"—$4.85

MERCURY CLASSICS LONG PLAYING RECORDS
REEVES FAIRCHILD MARGIN CONTROL · YOUR GUARANTEE OF SUPERIOR QUALITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTMINSTER'S
MAY RELEASES

WL 5066
HAYDN
Symphony No. 104, D Major
Symphony No. 55 E Flat Major (The Schoolmaster)
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen

WL 5067
J. S. BACH
Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G Major (Original Version With Recorders)
Cantata No. 152 ("Tritt Auf Die Glaubensbahn")
London Baroque Ensemble
Dorothy Bond—Soprano
Robert Irwin—Baritone
Conducted by Karl Haas

WL 5068
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF
Concerto For Piano and Orchestra
SCRIABIN
Concerto For Piano and Orchestra
Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 5069
MOZART
Sonata For Two Pianos, D Major, K. 448
Andante Con Variazione, G Major, K. 501
Piano Four Hands
Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus
J. C. BACH
Sonata For Two Pianos, G Major
Joerg Demus & Paul Badura-Skoda

WL 5075
BEETHOVEN
Piano Sonata, Op. 2 No. 2, A Major
Piano Sonata, Op. 111, C Minor
Kurt Appelbaum—Piano

Westminster records may be heard on WABF (99.5 on FM dial) every Wed. 7:30 to 8:00 PM & alternate Sundays 7:30 to 8:00 PM.

All 12" Long Playing 33⅓ RPM - $5.95 ea.

Order today from your dealer

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO WESTMINSTER RECORDING CO. 233 W. 42 St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please put me on the list to receive information on future Westminster releases. SR

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....ZONE.....STATE.....

DEALER'S NAME .....

BUY 3—GET 1 FREE

Save on All Selections of

LONG PLAYING RECORDS

Save from 25% or more and build up your collection of LP records this new, convenient way. From our complete 76-page catalog of all LP records — Columbia, R.C.A., London F.F.R.R., etc. — select whatever records you want whenever you wish. With third selection at the same price within six months, you receive any one LP record—of equal price—absolutely FREE! Quick, safe delivery to your door is guaranteed!

Yes, it's as simple as that. You buy as few or as many records as you choose—you pay no membership dues or fees of any kind—and with every three records purchased, you get a bonus record without extra cost.

Write for full details to Dept. 18

BONUS RECORD CLUB
40 East 23rd St. New York 10, N. Y.

FIRST TIME! * from "Bach-Gesellsch." † from "Urtext" ed.

Pocket-sized, Low-Priced Editions

BACH* 6 English & 6 French Suites..... .98
BEETHOVEN† Violin Sonatas, 2 vols., each..... .98
& MANY OTHERS. **WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG**

Order From your Dealer, or Direct From

LEA POCKET SCORES Dept. A, Box 138 New York 32, N. Y.

Troubles with Pitch

ARE LP RECORDS generally less steady in pitch than the old 78 rpm shellacs? That's a question in plenty of minds lately and one that needs a bit of analysis. It cannot be answered with a mere yes or no. Decidedly, as an offshoot of the gratifying widening of musical horizons at low cost that LP has brought to us there has been also a noticeable increase in troubles with unsteady pitch. No point in glossing that over. But can we blame LP itself?

What has confused us quite inevitably is that with the expansion of LP has come the development of tape recording and the now almost universal practice of copying recordings from one tape to another and in the end from tape to disc at assorted optional speeds. Sound quality is now, as we all know, pretty well under control—so that a fine LP is as good or better, though copied, than its equivalent on 78 rpm shellac. Perfection, no. But I'd say there's enough top quality sound on the new speeds to prove their validity in this respect. This leaves us with the question of steadiness of speed, a purely mechanical problem hardly related to the electrical one of accurate, undistorted reproduction.

Steadiness begins at home as far as our own personal recorded libraries are concerned. Yes, you are right in suspecting that a slower speed requires more accurate machining in order to equal the accuracy of 78's. With LP, tiny changes of speed make more difference. And unfortunately the fly-wheel steadying effect of the turntable is lessened; a slower turning table must be proportionately heavier for a similar effect. No doubt about it, there is an inherently higher standard to meet here. On the other hand it can be and has been met beautifully, considering the price of our popular player mechanisms. (Perhaps $10 of your changer's cost goes for motor and turntable.) The cheap turntable is made to please the Average Ear, at all speeds, and judging from sales it most assuredly has. Frankly, I don't think the cure of present pitch troubles lies in better playing equipment for the slow speeds. The trouble in a good number of cases is, you will find, built into the record itself—which implies faults not at home but in the recording process. Specifically, the questioning finger must be pointed at magnetic tape—though such annoyances as off-center and warped records persist as of old.

In the old days, we must realize, the shellac records we bought were direct molded or "cast" replicas of the actual original recordings made on discs. The only factors that could possibly trouble the musical pitch were the accuracy of the original recording turntable (usually a weighty behemoth with the stability of an ocean liner) and, of course, the pressing process. This is at once evident, I think, in the sound of older piano records, the piano being of all instruments the most sensitive in the hearing to pitch wavers. Records, as we bought them, were usually excellent, given correct center holes.

NOW the situation is different. Recording is universally done on magnetic tape—with enormous advantages to us but one signal disadvantage, the inherent instability and unsteadiness of the medium, surmountable only by concentrated engineering prowess. Moreover, we deal not with one tape machine but with a series, the errors (if and when) being cumulative. There is the original recording machine, the (usually) different one which plays the tape for copying, the third which copies the edited sound on a new tape, perhaps still another for more copying; and finally there is one which plays the ultimate tape for the making of the various disc masters at different speeds. It does not help to say that it is a small wonder how accurate most records are even so! The combined sum of many minute inaccuracies all along the line may amount to a thoroughly queazy sound, which, if the ear is not available to reject it courageously and start all over again, will inevitably appear in your own loudspeaker from the finished record.

And there is the crux! Tape is a difficult medium to work with, pitchwise. Though most professional tape machines now claim steadiness to compare with the best disc turntable or better, evidence before all of our ears shows that tape has a good way to go before we unaverage-eared listeners can rest comfortably. It's not engineering skill, either, that is lacking, I'd say. Just ears—in the right places. Engineers, to spot and to check and to do maintenance work so that never a record is issued, as now, where pianos waver and flutter like Hawaiian guitars!

Nothing to do with LP at all, you see, for today's wavers appear on all three speeds. Tape, it seems clear, is to blame. But tape is steadily improving and hope runs high, at least hereabouts.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pop Roundup

POPULAR releases have been heavy in recent weeks, what with the profusion of film and show scores, folk-song revivals, adaptations of foreign hits, etc. We especially liked: ELLA SINGS GERSHWIN (DEC DL-5300), which is superb in every respect. Gershwin's love songs have rarely been sung with more warmth and inherent jazz feeling, and Miss Fitzgerald again proves herself head and shoulders above her closest competitor. The tunes are complete with verses, and accompaniment is provided by pianist Ellis Larkin—one of the best around. Included are "How Long Has This Been Going On?," "My One and Only," and "I've Got a Crush on You." The latter pops up in two other programs, but the treatment is dissimilar, and we wouldn't want to part with any one. One is in SARAH VAUGHAN SINGS (MGM E-544), which also offers "Body and Soul" and "You're Not the Kind." These were cut about four years ago for Musicraft, when Miss Vaughan's art was pure. It's a pleasure to hear them now in MGM's fine LP pressing. . . . The other is by Miss Lee Wiley, one-time darling of the local jazz coterie, who shares billing here with trumpeter Bobby Hackett and pianist Joe Bushkin in an affair called NIGHT IN MANHATTAN (COL CL-6199). The illusive, nostalgic flavor of the metropolis—which also pervades the Gershwin set—is present. Four of the tunes, including "Street of Dreams," are by Victor Young. The Rodgers-Hart "Manhattan" is the appropriate opener, with some unfamiliar lyrics. Hackett's pure, fluid trumpeting is always worth hearing.

One of the important collections in modern jazz has finally found its way onto an LP disc. It's CHARLEY CHRISTIAN (ESOTERIC ESJ-1), featuring the late guitarist in an informal jam session with several other pioneers of the "progressive" idiom. These were cut in a Harlem musicians' hangout in 1941 by Jerry Newman, and were first brought to light four years ago in a shellac edition by Vox. Christian's style has served as the model for many present-day boppers and certainly was instrumental in establishing the electric guitar as a favored solo instrument. Each side features a long single number, with chorus after chorus by Christian.

Rumba Report

Columbia, long-term purveyor of Cugat rhythms, has at long last released a flock of authentic *rumba* and *mambo* sides from its Mexican catalogue. Some are on LP, and the programs have been selected with an ear to well-defined rhythm.

Most suitable for the average Yankee are two collections featuring the Venezuela-born pianist Damy Simon. Simon's style is clean, simple, and tasteful, granting a full partnership to the rhythm instruments. On *guarachas* he may contribute heavy cross rhythms, building to an exciting climax. PIANO MAGIC—DAMY SIMON, VOL. 1 (COL FL-9511) is our favorite. It includes several standards of U.S.A. origin—among them a *bolero*, "Amor que florece," more familiar in Jack Benny's fiddle arrangement perhaps. Other numbers offer a variety of tempi. VOL 2 (FL-9521) contains less familiar tunes, but is just as useful to dancers. "Oye mi rumba" is especially good. . . . Noro Morales, lately of Decca, offers equally energetic piano and rhythm with modern Cuban flavor. The excellent coupling is "Mambo Riff" (instrumental) with "Voy 'Pa' la Loma"—the latter featuring primitive group chanting (COL 39268).

More proficient rumbaphiles may prefer the modern *mambo* as interpreted by big hands. The acclaimed "King of the Mambo," Perez Prado, like his Yankee counterpart, Stan Kenton, occasionally eschews toe appeal in favor of ear-tickling instrumental effects. "Jersey Bounce" (RCA 23-5379) is a slow *mambo*, mainly for jazz collectors. The overside "Guao" is brisk, crisp *mambo* fare, with a consistent dance beat.

From Broadway

The first records from THE KING AND I, the new Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, are now at hand. "Shall We Dance?" is a crisp, sophisticated rhythm tune more typical of the old Rodgers, though Vaughn Monroe is the last person we'd expect to sing it (RCA 47-4114). Perry Como, who makes most ballads sound alike (which is often pleasant), does "Hello, Young Lovers" and "We Kissed in a Shadow" (RCA 47-4112). The latter is also available by Doris Day (COL 39293), this time backed by a somewhat tricky melody, "Something Wonderful." The latter sounds less tricky and more operetta-like as sung by Jane Powell (MGM 30351), and she backs it with a light, innocuous "I Whistle a Happy Tune." The complete original cast version will be issued by Decca, and you can't lose much by waiting.

—BILL SIMON.

VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.

DISCRIMINATING SELECTION
DISTINGUISHED PERFORMANCE

MAY RELEASES

BEETHOVEN:
Sonata No. 17 in D Minor, Opus 31, No. 2 & Sonata No. 26 in E-Flat, Opus 81A; GUIOMAR NOVAES, *piano* PL6270 1-12" $5.95

BEETHOVEN:
Sonatas for Cello and Piano, Opus 5, No. 2 in G Minor & Opus 102 No. 1 in C Major; Nikolai and Joanna Graudan, *cello-piano duo* PL6770 1-12" $5.95

BERLIOZ:
Symphonie Fantastique, Opus 14; Orchestre des Concerts Colonne — PAUL PARAY, *conductor* PL6950 1-12" $5.95

LISZT:
A Faust Symphony: George Jouatte, *tenor*—Alexis Vlasoff Choir—Paris Philharmonic Orchestra—SELMAR MEYROWITZ, *conductor* PL6920 1-12" $5.95

MAHLER:
Das Lied von der Erde; Elsa Cavelti, *mezzo*, Anton Dermota, *tenor*, Vienna Symphony, OTTO KLEMPERER, *conductor* PL7000 1-12" $5.95

MOZART:
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 27 in B Flat Major, K.595; Andor Foldes, *piano*—Pro Musica Orchestra, Arthur Goldschmidt, *conductor*. Variations: Unser Dummer Poebel Meint, K.455; Andor Foldes, *piano* PL6810 1-12" $5.95

SCHUMANN:
Scenes from Childhood, Opus 15 ("Kinderszenen") & Papillons, Opus 2; GUIOMAR NOVAES, *piano* PL6900 1-12" $5.95

RECENT RELEASES

BEETHOVEN:
Cantata on the Death of the Emperor Joseph II PL6820 1-12" $5.95

BEETHOVEN:
Choral Fantasia in C Minor, Opus 80 for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus—& SCHUBERT: Gesang der Geister Ueber den Wassern, Opus 167 PL6480 1-12" $5.95

FAURE:
Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 111 and DEBUSSY: Pour Le Piano: Prelude • Sarabande • Toccata PL1780 1-10" $4.75

FAURE:
Six Barcarolles • Trois Romances Sans Paroles, Opus 14 • Improvisation • Clair De Lune PL6910 1-12" $5.95

HAYDN:
Mass in B Flat Major—"Theresienmesse" PL6740 1-12" $5.95

SCHUBERT:
Symphony No. 4 in C Minor "Tragic" & Sonata for Piano and Arpeggione PL6800 1-12" $5.95

SCHUBERT:
Trio No. 1, B Flat Major, Opus 99 PL1770 1-10" $4.75

SCHUETZ:
Seven Words from the Cross & 5 Motets PL6860 1-12" $5.95

SCHUMANN:
Carnaval, Opus 9 &

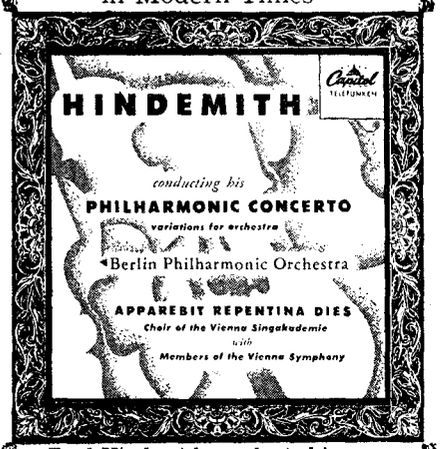
CHOPIN:
Sonata No. 3 in B Minor, Opus 58 PL6710 1-12" $5.95

All records 33-1/3 RPM Microgroove

For COMPLETE catalog ask your DEALER or write to

VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.
236 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greatest
'Display Piece' for Orchestra
in Modern Times"

Paul Hindemith conducts his own compositions, "Philharmonic Concerto," with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; and his "Apparebit Repentina Dies" with the Vienna Singakademie Choir and orchestra. Available for the first time in the United States as exclusively recorded by Capitol Telefunken.

Write for free booklet "Ten Capitol Classics That Belong in Every Home"—with critical notes. Dept. S-4, Capitol Records, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood 28

Capitol RECORDS

DIAMOND NEEDLES **$9.75 EACH POSTPAID**

Let us re-tip your present replacement needle assembly with a DIAMOND tip. Send us your replacement needle assembly *or complete cartridge, if you cannot remove the replacement needle assembly,* to have a diamond tip installed.

At the price of $9.75 each, postpaid, our diamond styli cost you less because we are the *only* manufacturer offering diamond needles direct to the consumer. Without a diamond needle, your valuable records run the risk of damage unless you change needles at least every 20 hours of playing time (especially Microgroove). A DIAMOND tipped needle will last a minimum of 1000 playing hours without causing any damage to your records while giving you highest fidelity reproduction and NO distortion. Using ordinary needles for the same 1000 hours could cost you as much as $90.00 in needle replacements.

Here Are The Facts About Our DIAMOND NEEDLES

1. 70% of the diamond styli used by broadcasting stations are made at our plant.
2. Our Styli are made from whole, natural diamonds—Not chips or splints.
3. Tip radius accurate to plus or minus .0001".
4. Inspected by microscope and shadowgraph to insure high polish and accurate radius.
5. UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.
6. Prompt return shipment.

Diamond tips made for LP or STANDARD records. Send check or money order with your needle assembly or replacement needle type cartridge (except Pickering cartridges) to:

THE TRANSCRIBER CO.
Diamond Styli Manufacturers
172-8 GREEN STREET, BOSTON 30, MASS.

Price effective only for orders placed before August 31, 1951

Spotlight on the Moderns

ARTHUR BERGER

BEFORE Stravinsky relinquished the nationalist vein of "Petrouchka" for his cosmopolitan style he vacillated between the two for about a decade, until 1923. During this time he wrote several little masterpieces that are sequels to "Petrouchka" in their wonderful synthesis of folklore and their garrulous native humor. With them, he felt he had done all there was for him to do with Russian source material. While they languish on the shelf we are told over and over again what a pity it was that Stravinsky abandoned an indigenous language with "Le Sacre" of 1913!

Several things have prevented a wide audience from making the acquaintance of these little works. They have vocal texts, which make translation a problem, especially since their humor is peculiarly Russian. Also, Stravinsky was intrigued during those years by unusual combinations of winds and percussion, and the standard concert media make no provisions for them. "Renard" (Dial LP 10, $5.95), for example, calls for a cymbalom—an instrument you hear at Hungarian restaurants, where it is usually in the hands of a folk artist who hammers tremulously on harp-like strings in free improvisation to produce easy heart throbs in a half-attentive audience. Stravinsky exacts a discipline that is entirely foreign to this metier. Last season's New York performance under Robert Craft's direction was feasible only after Michael Zittai had given months to the cymbalom part. What a pity it would have been if the result of his efforts and of the dedicated group of singers and instrumentalists had been allowed to dissipate itself after a single hearing. The performance as recorded here is much more spontaneous and stable than it was in concert. The reproduction well conveys the clear diction, so that we—and the children too—may enjoy the fable of the fox in the barnyard. Timbres are bright, and the nursery-rhyme rhythms and evocations of the barnyard are all on a sophisticated plane.

"Mavra," too, is great fun without being obvious, however much it stoops to the Russian vernacular (Dial LP 12, $5.95). It reaches more obliquely to folk sources, since its model is Glinka's opera buffa, a genre of Western European tradition. But the folk element is there. Stravinsky's handling of it is more durable than that of other contemporaries because his aim is not to reproduce it but to exploit it as he would any malleable material. "Parasha's Air," the main motive, with its simple vamp accompaniment, is like a ballad that has undergone astonishing transformation by having the caesuras suppressed that normally separate the phrases (or lines of the text). The result is one long impulse, the sections always resuming the thread as they are about to come to rest. The melodies of this one-act opera are tender, the wind orchestra produces distinguished sounds, and there are lovely florid passages for soprano, admirably executed by Phyllis Curtin. She dominates the performing group under Mr. Craft's direction, which here as in "Renard" reflects letter-perfect knowledge of the score.

An LP of Schönberg music bearing the title "Ode to Napoleon" on the envelope (Dial 3, $5.95) seems to me more significant for the String Trio, Opus 45, which is on the reverse side of the setting of Byron. The "Ode" gave promise in 1942 of a more tonal direction for Schönberg, a work where frank major triads could be admitted. But in the trio of 1946 a daring handling of atonal means was back and with it the flights of fancy in choice of effects that make up for the absence of the unity and variety available to composers in recognizable tonalities. These effects take the form of abrupt thrusts—a tremolo, a few harmonics up high, some deep bass

—*Gene Fenn.*

Igor Stravinsky — "wonderful synthesis of folklore and garrulous native humor."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPORTANT EVENT
in the
HISTORY of RECORDINGS

HANDEL SOCIETY
in cooperation with
CONCERT HALL SOCIETY
& VOX PRODUCTIONS
announces the first two releases of its forthcoming extensive recording program

ACIS and GALATHEA
(3—12" L.P.)

ISRAEL in EGYPT
(2—12" L.P.)

Performed from original scores by the Choir and Orchestra of The Handel Society of England; Margaret Ritchie, Marjorie Thomas, Elsie Morison, Richard Lewis, Trevor Anthony and William Herbert, soloists, under the direction of Walter Goehr.

These performances represent the complete unabridged works from original scores, recorded with the most modern techniques.

(SCHEDULED FOR MAY 1951)

For further information please write to
HANDEL SOCIETY, INC.
250 W. 57th St., New York 19

for music lovers only

Your records (LP's or Standard) need not produce fuzzy, noisy, distorted music. In their sound grooves is fine musical realism of concert hall quality that can be recreated by record players if equipped with fine audio components: pickup, arm, compensator, preamplifier, etc. Such components by Pickering are the finest available; the choice of engineers, leading record critics, music lovers and specialists in the production of custom record playing systems.

Pickering High Fidelity Components are available through leading jobbers and distributors everywhere; detailed literature will be sent upon request.

PICKERING & CO., Inc.
Oceanside, L. I., N. Y.
Address Department D.

notes, a tapping of the wooden part of the bow on the strings. The Trio verges precariously on showmanship and naive melodrama. But there are some sustained passages of counterpoint of considerable beauty, and there are some of Schönberg's finest pages in it. The astonishingly accurate reading of the trio, coached by the composer, also does a great deal for it. What virtues the "Ode" may have are eclipsed by awkward application of German *sprechstimme* to English, with a result that resembles nothing so much as school-boy elocution—the sing-song, the upward inflection on a syllable that should curve downwards. (Ellen Adler's youthful voice, though very faithful to the rhythmic indications, underscores this resemblance and she adds a few upward inflections of her own.) The performance under the direction of René Leibowitz is the best I have heard.

PRAISE of the performances contemporary works are getting these days on records is becoming a familiar refrain, though not long ago it was something that applied to the exception. Patricia Travers gives the Violin Sonata No. 2 of Ives and the Duo for Violin and Piano of Sessions (Columbia LP 2169, $4.) the kind of treatment the big names reserve for the standard classics. The Sessions work, which I had always regarded as an over-restless, tense piece, is invested with just the right amount of repose — revealing intrinsic beauties I had only vaguely suspected it of having. The Ives, by contrast, which has been played in a rambling fashion, ruminating over the hymn-tune and the country-dance, takes on remarkable shape in her reading.

The Stuyvesant Quartet has had the bright idea of investigating one of the neglected areas of contemporary literature that well merit renewed attention. Malipiero's "Respetti e Strambotti" (Philharmonia LP 101, $4.85) in their first-rate performance whets our appetite to hear again some of this composer's other works in this form, "Cantare alla Madrigalesca" in particular. The "Philharmonic Concerto" and the choral work, "Apparebit Repentina Dies," recorded abroad (Capitol LP 8134, $4.98), do not represent Hindemith at his best, but better playing and reproduction would make them not altogether undesirable items. Gösta Nystroem is a sixty-year-old Swedish composer whose name penetrates to our shores from time to time as being one of the shining lights among current European musicians. His "Sinfonia del mare" (Dial LP 11, $5.95) is a grave disappointment, grandiose music with all the clichés.

CONCERT HALL SOCIETY
ANNOUNCES ITS
New Releases

SACRED MUSIC AROUND THE CHURCH YEAR
The Trapp Family Singers
CHS-1100 1-12" record $5.95

AT HOME WITH THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS
A Program of Folk Songs and Hymns
CHS-1101 1-12" record $5.95

MACHAUT, Guillaume de
MASS: NOTRE DAME
Dessoff Choirs
CHS-1107 1-12" record $5.95

MILHAUD, Darius
SACRED SERVICE (Service Sacré)
Central Synagogue Choir
CHS-1103 2-12" records $11.90

STAINER, John
THE CRUCIFIXION
The Whitehall Choir
CHS-1110 2-12" records $11.90

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, Nicolas
CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, OP. 34
"COQ D'OR" Introduction and March
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra, Victor Desarzens, Conductor
CHS-1106 1-12" record $5.95

MENDELSSOHN, Felix
SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN C MINOR, OP. 11
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra, Victor Desarzens, Conductor
CHS-1080 1-12" record $5.95

IBERT, Jacques
CONCERTO FOR FLUTE AND ORCH.

MARTIN, Frank
CONCERTO FOR SEVEN WIND INSTRUMENTS, etc.
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra, Victor Desarzens, Conductor
CHS-1109 1-12" record $5.95

OTHER OUTSTANDING RELEASES

MONTEVERDI, Claudio
TIRSI E CLORI (OPERA)
Max Meili, tenor; Elsa Scherzmeister, soprano; August Weinzinger, Conductor
CHS-1085 1-12" record $5.95

VIVALDI, Antonio
IL CIMENTO DELL'ARMONIA E DELL INVENZIONE, OP. 8
Louis Kaufman, violinist; Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra
CHS-1064 2-12" records $11.90

BACH, J. S.
MAGNIFICAT IN D
Walter Reinhart, conducting the Reinhart Chorus
CHC-60 1-12" record $5.45

MOZART, Wolfgang Amadeus
VESPERAE DE DOMINICA, K. 321
Walter Reinhart conducting the Reinhart Chorus
CHS-1083 1-12" record $5.95

BEETHOVEN
THE CREATURES OF PROMETHEUS, Ballet, Op. 43
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra, Walter Goehr, Conductor
CHS-1063 2-12" records $11.90

FIRST RELEASES OF
BEETHOVEN QUARTET SERIES
Performed by the Celebrated
PASCAL STRING QUARTET

QUARTET OP. 127, No. 12 in E-FLAT
CHS-1209 1-12" record $5.95

QUARTET OP. 130, No. 13 in B-FLAT
CHS-1210 1-12" record $5.95

Concert Hall Society, Inc.
250 West 57th Street • New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE NOW ON

LONG-PLAYING RECORDS!!

★ **GEORGE GERSHWIN songs by LEE WILEY**
LMS-1004-8 selections **$3.85**

★ **COLE PORTER songs by LEE WILEY**
LMS-1003-8 selections **$3.85**

★ **30 MINUTES WITH BEATRICE LILLIE**
LMS-1002-9 hilarious selections **$3.85**

★ **MELODIES OF THE TWENTIES**
Emile Petti and his Orchestra
LMS-1000-30 hits of '20 thru '29 **$3.85**

★ **MELODIES OF THE THIRTIES**
Emile Petti and his Orchestra
LMS-1001-30 hits of '30 thru '39 **$3.85**

★ **PIANO STYLES OF CY WALTER**
LMS-1007-musical comedy tunes **$3.85**

★ **MELODY BOUQUET** Emile Petti and his Orch.
LMS-1006-Medley from Musicals **$3.85**

★ **AN EVENING AT EL MOROCCO**
Chauncey Gray and his El Morocco Orchestra
LMS-1005-For dancing **$3.85**

Exclusively at
LIBERTY Music Shops
Madison Ave. at 50th St. • Madison Ave. at 67th St.
Madison Ave. at 76th St., New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Rd., White Plains, N. Y.

Collector's Item
Choice of Leading Music Critics!

GARRARD

World's Finest 3 Speed Record Changer
Installed easily in your present set.
Write for FREE literature
GARRARD SALES CORP., 164 DUANE ST., NEW YORK 13

Gentlemen:
I am interested in learning what to look for when purchasing a 3-speed record changer. Please send me, without obligation, your FACT SHEET.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ZONE___STATE_____
Dept. 4S

HIGHEST QUALITY at
EXTREMELY LOW RATES

RECORDING SERVICE

Perfect Reproduction-Without Distortion
CHILDS and DORF
TRafalgar 9-8290
1601 First Ave. (cor. 83rd St.)
New York 28, New York
Free Information Pamphlet On Request

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

What of Slezak?

SIR: I am preparing a critical and biographical study of the late Leo Slezak. . . I do not have accurate data on the phonograph records which he made and would appreciate it if you and readers of RECORDINGS would lend a hand in providing disc information, also anything about the films in which Slezak sang.

KEMP BORDLEY.

Silver Springs, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As noted on page 54, interest in Slezak is not confined to Mr. Bordley. Those with information of the sort he desires may address him at 129 Southampton Drive in the town noted above.*

Wiener Kammerfrauen?

SIR: In reading through the very interesting "Haydn Discography, Part I" [RECORDINGS for April] I notice a reference to the Vienna Chamber Orchestra mentioning its forces as "twenty-seven men." This may be purely an expression to cover the number of elements, though it might be of interest that the orchestra is composed of only two men (other than the conductor), the rest of the players being ladies.

NICCOLO RUCELLO.

New York, N. Y.

Comment by Klipsch

SIR: C. G. Burke's article ["A Second Speaker," RECORDINGS for March] should be accorded general agreement. But let us hasten to add that the second speaker should be provided with a switch, for it is readily shown that multiple sound sources confuse speech and obscure the articulation of "patter songs." . . . Mr. Burke's suggestion is a very practical one; better, apparently, than some proposals by men who by their technical publications might lay claim to "the scientific approach." Experiments with reproduction of organ music indicate we may violate his dictum of not placing speakers in opposite corners. Results with organ music were good. But with orchestra opposite corners were not good; adjacent corners were.

PAUL KLIPSCH.

Hope, Ark.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We note the approbation of Major Klipsch, one of the foremost authorities in this field and developer of the Klipschorn for sound reproduction. The letter arrived too late for comment by Mr. Burke. However, his general statements were not designed to cover every aspect of sound reproduction, but primarily only those of interest to music lovers.*

Votes for Weingartner

SIR: Whatever became of Columbia's decision to transfer to LP the recordings made by Felix Weingartner? Surely with RCA Victor making the transfers of its old shellac masterpieces Columbia could do the same for Weingartner.

STANLEY M. SLOME.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Certainly Beethoven by Weingartner is worth more than Haydn by Toscanini.

GRANDMA MOSES, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or seller's notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 30¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

DO YOU ENJOY wearing out your records? If so, DON'T write for free information about the world's finest needle—The Professional Diamond. TELEVEX, 474 West 238 St., NYC 63.

WANTED: Recordings of Supervia. John Fryer, 903 Rio Grande Blvd., Albuquerque, N. M.

FOR SALE: 300 classical record albums. Price $600. Box 494-G.

JOSQUIN: 14 Secular Songs (Pro Musica Antiqua) E.M.S. 213, $5.95. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17.

QUALITY RADIO PHONOGRAPH TELEVISION parts need individually designed, custom built cabinets to specifications. BERAN-ORBAN, 22 Astor Place, NYC. ORegon 4-6123.

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue 15¢ deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box 99-B.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY. Disposing superb custom audio outfit: Klipschorn, Brook, Browning, Rekokut Hysteresis, Pickering Arm, Diamonds, in tawny mahogany cabinets. Telephone: CHelsea 2-7762, or write: Elliott, 9 Charlton Street, NYC 14.

LOOKING for the World's Finest 3 Speed Record Changer? See and hear the GARRARD "Triumph"—Model RC80. Write to Mr. Leonard, GARRARD SALES CORP., 164 Duane Street, NYC 13.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN record collectors. For the most complete classical library in the area visit CAMPUS RECORD SHOP'S new downtown store at 116 West Fort St. WO 2-6556, west of City Hall. Large selection of LP records. Also 78 RPM imports. We mail anywhere. Uptown: 6314 West McNichols at Livernois, UN 3-0900. Open evenings.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U. S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box 900-H.

RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE offers greatest vocal records from collectors' items to just "good listening." Write or visit 502 East 88 St., NYC. REgent 7-7611.

MONTHLY SALE of rare vocal and instrumental records. Early Victor, Columbia, G.&T., Fonotipia, Ogden, etc. Write for list. Collections bought. DARTON RECORD LIBRARY, 160 West 56 St., NYC 19.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now-Caruso's Records Sound Like **CARUSO**...

and Melchior's Sound Like **MELCHIOR**

The Reason...

ZENITH'S NEW COBRA-MATIC Record Player with PITCH and TEMPO CONTROL!

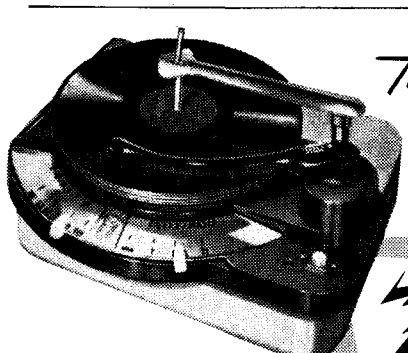
Did you know that records should be played at *exactly* the same speed they were recorded? Otherwise they will be "off" not only in pitch and tempo, but in *tone quality* as well.

It's a little known fact, but all record players (including Zenith's prior to the Cobra-Matic) vary in turntable speed at time of manufacture and get worse as they grow older. A difference of only 1 R.P.M. (Revolution Per Minute) will make an LP (Long Playing 33⅓) record sound sharp or flat by more than a quarter tone! And two brand new phonographs may differ by almost a full half-tone in pitch!

ZENITH COBRA-MATIC is the *only* automatic record player that lets you play records at the *exact* speed for perfect pitch, tempo and timbre! It plays not only 33⅓, 45 and 78 R.P.M. but thousands of speeds between, including the coming new 16 R.P.M. Now, even your cherished old time Gold Seals, Columbias, Victors, Brunswicks, that were recorded at different speeds, can be played with perfect pitch, tempo and thrilling new tonal quality!

You *must* see and hear this greatest development in modern record playing before you buy *any* phonograph. Your Zenith dealer invites you — today.

Cobra-Matic Record Player and Black Magic TV Make Zenith the World's Greatest TV-Radio-Phonograph Combination! Illustrated—the New Zenith® "Keats," with 146 sq. in. Glare-Ban "Blaxide"® Rectangular Tube Screen, and built-in provision for proposed new UHF channels; Cobra-Matic Record Player; FM-AM Radio. Period cabinet, luxurious Mahogany veneers.



The Music Lover's Dream

©1951

ZENITH "LONG DISTANCE" RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Another great "ZENITH FIRST"—*obtainable* ONLY IN ZENITH

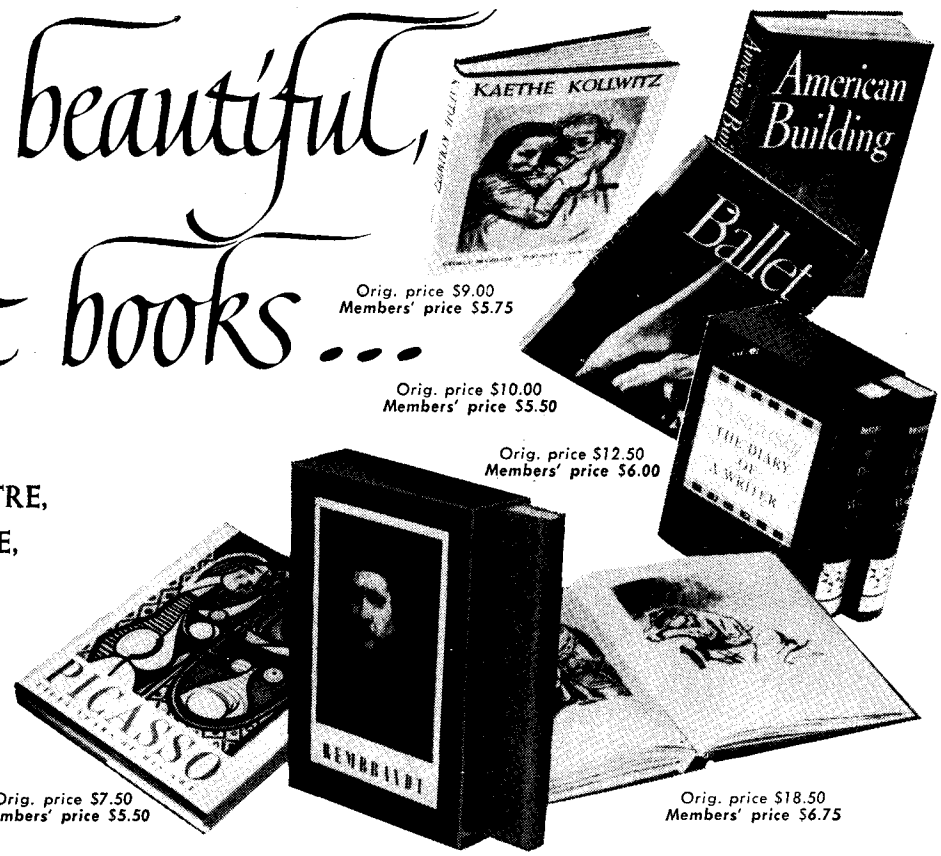
Zenith Radio Corporation • Chicago 39, Illinois • *Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively*
Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most beautiful, the finest books . . .

IN PAINTING, MUSIC, THEATRE, ARCHITECTURE, THE DANCE, POETRY, SCULPTURE

The Seven Arts Book Society was formed to bring to a select and discriminating audience the finest books in the arts—



Orig. price $5.00
Members' price $3.00

Orig. price $9.00
Members' price $5.75

Orig. price $10.00
Members' price $5.50

Orig. price $12.50
Members' price $6.00

Orig. price $7.50
Members' price $5.50

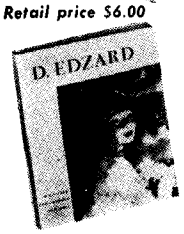
Orig. price $18.50
Members' price $6.75

AT SAVINGS UP TO 50% OR MORE

Now, after one year—with a membership of over 13,000—we are able to effect even greater economies with no sacrifice whatsoever as to quality. Thus such a beautiful book as the 2-volume REMBRANDT, by Jakob Rosenberg (*Harvard University Press*), with one entire volume devoted to 281 full-page gravure reproductions, was published originally at $18.50, but as a member you pay only $6.75—an actual saving of $11.75.

To introduce you to the many advantages of membership in the Seven Arts Book Society, you may choose as a *FREE* Gift Book any one of such distinguished library volumes as THE LIMITS OF ART, containing in "one beautifully printed enormous volume those selections [of world literature] which competent critics have pronounced the very finest of their kind," (*Clifton Fadiman*), Retail Price $6.50; Merle Armitage's DANCE MEMORANDA, lavishly illustrated with over 250 photographs, Retail Price $6.00; Morris Davidson's AN APPROACH TO MODERN PAINTING, a lucid explanation of the origins and development of modern art, with 112 illustrations, Retail Price $6.00; or the fine volume on EDZARD, with 112 plates, Retail Price $7.50.

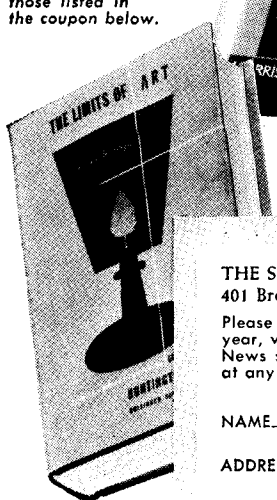
Retail price $6.00



Retail price $7.50

RECEIVE *free* LIBRARY VOLUME

Just select your FREE Gift Book and your first selection from those listed in the coupon below.



Retail price $6.00

Retail price $6.50

MEMBERSHIP in the Society is simple. Each month you will receive *free* the Seven Arts News, describing the forthcoming selection, and listing all other books available. If the selection is a book that you think would not make a welcome addition to your library, you send back a form (*always provided along with a prepaid envelope*), specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply indicate, "Send me nothing next month." • Please remember that *you do not have to* take a book every month. You may take as few as four in an entire year and still enjoy all the advantages of membership. You pay only for the books you want – books of your own choice – and you save on every book you purchase.

SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY DD2-6
401 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I may accept as few as 4 books a year, which I may choose from the Society's illustrated Seven Arts News sent to me free each month. I may cancel my membership at any time after taking 4 books.

NAME_____
(Please Print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ *Enclosed find Check or Money Order.*

Please send me as my free gift book
Also send me the book(s) checked below at the special membership price (plus 24c postage and handling).

	List Price	Members' Price
☐ DIARY OF A WRITER	$12.50	$6.00
☐ WOODCUTS OF ARISTIDE MAILLOL	18.00	5.75
☐ REMBRANDT	18.50	6.75
☐ KAETHE KOLLWITZ	9.00	5.75
☐ PICASSO—50 YEARS OF HIS ART	7.50	5.50
☐ BALLET	10.00	5.50
☐ AMERICAN BUILDING	5.00	3.00
☐ COMPLETE ETCHINGS OF GOYA	.....	5.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED